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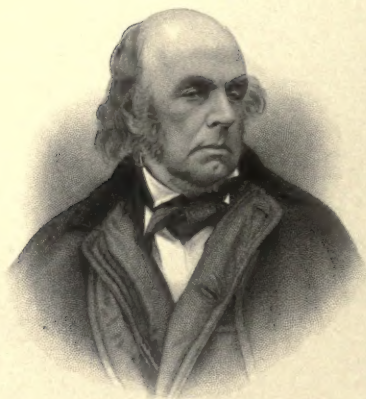
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LETTERS
AND
LITERARY REMAINS
OF
EDWARD FITZGERALD.





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LETTERS
AND
LITERARY REMAINS
OF
EDWARD FITZGERALD

EDITED BY
WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
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1889

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PREFACE.

AFTER Mr FitzGerald's death in June 1883 a small tin box addressed to me was found by his executors, containing among other things corrected copies of his printed works, and the following letter, which must have been written shortly after my last visit to him at Easter that year :

WOODBIDGE : *May 1/83.*

My dear WRIGHT

I do not suppose it likely that any of my works should be reprinted after my Death. Possibly the three Plays from the Greek, and Calderon's *Mágico* : which have a certain merit in the Form they are cast into, and also in the Versification.

However this may be, I venture to commit to you this Box containing Copies of all that I have corrected in the way that I would have them appear, if any of them ever should be resuscitated.

The C. Lamb papers are only materials for you, or any one else, to use at pleasure.

The Crabbe volume would, I think, serve for an almost sufficient Selection from him ; and some such Selection will have to be made, I believe, if he is to be resuscitated. Two of the Poems—'The Happy Day' and 'The Family of Love'—seem to me to have needed some such abridgement

as the 'Tales of the Hall,' for which I have done little more than hastily to sketch the Plan. For all the other Poems, simple Extracts from them will suffice: with a short notice concerning their Dates of Composition &c. at the Beginning.

My poor old Lowestoft Sea-slang may amuse yourself to look over perhaps.

And so, asking your pardon for inflicting this Box upon you, I am ever sincerely yours

E. F. G.

In endeavouring to carry out these last wishes of my friend I thought that of the many who know him only as a translator some would be glad to have a picture of him as he appeared to the small circle of his intimate acquaintances. The mere narrative of the life of a man of leisure and literary tastes would have contained too few incidents to be of general interest, and it appeared to me best to let him be his own biographer, telling his own story and revealing his own character in his letters. Fortunately there are many of these, and I have endeavoured to give such a selection from them as would serve this purpose, adding a few words here and there to connect them and explain what was not sufficiently evident. As the letters begin from the time that he left College and continue with shorter or longer intervals till the day before his death, it was only necessary to introduce them by a short sketch of his early life in order to make the narrative complete.

FitzGerald's letters, like his conversation, were perfectly unaffected and full of quiet humour. In his lonely life they were the chief means he had of talking with his friends and they were always welcome. In reply to one of them Carlyle wrote: "Thanks for your friendly human

letter ; which gave us much entertainment in the reading (at breakfast time the other day), and is still pleasant to think of. One gets so many *inhuman* letters, ovine, bovine, porcine &c. &c. : I wish you would write a little oftener ; when the beneficent Daimon suggests, fail not to lend ear to him." Another, who has since followed him 'from sunshine to the sunless land,' and to whom he wrote of domestic affairs, said, "The striking feature in his correspondence with me is the exquisite tenderness of feeling which it exhibits in regard to all family matters ; the letters might have been written by a mother or a sister." He said of himself that his friendships were more like loves, and as he was constant in affectionate loyalty to others, he might also say with Brutus,

'In all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.'

The Poet-Laureate, on hearing of his death, wrote to the late Sir Frederic Pollock : "I had no truer friend : he was one of the kindest of men, and I have never known one of so fine and delicate a wit. I had written a poem to him the last week, a dedication, which he will never see."

When Thackeray, not long before he died, was asked by his daughter which of his old friends he had loved most, he replied, "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure ; and Brookfield."

And Carlyle, quick of eye to discern the faults and weaknesses of others, had nothing but kindness, with perhaps a touch of condescension, "for the peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man, and his innocent far niente life."

It was something to have been intimate with three such friends, and one can only regret that more of his letters addressed to them have not been preserved. Of those

written to the earliest and dearest friend of all, James Spedding, not one is left.

One of his few surviving contemporaries, speaking from a lifelong experience, described him with perfect truth as an eccentric man of genius, who took more pains to avoid fame than others do to seek it.

His love of music was one of his earliest passions, and remained with him to the last. I cannot refrain from quoting some recollections of the late Archdeacon Groome, a friend of his College days, and so near a neighbour in later life that few letters passed between them. 'He was a true musician; not that he was a great performer on any instrument, but that he so truly appreciated all that was good and beautiful in music. He was a good performer on the piano, and could get such full harmonies out of the organ that stood in one corner of his entrance room at Little Grange as did good to the listener. Sometimes it would be a bit from one of Mozart's Masses, or from one of the finales of some one of his or Beethoven's Operas. And then at times he would fill up the harmonies with his voice, true and resonant almost to the last. I have heard him say, "Did you never observe how an Italian organ-grinder will sometimes put in a few notes of his own in such perfect keeping with the air which he was grinding?" He was not a great, but he was a good composer. Some of his songs have been printed, and many still remain in manuscript. Then what pleasant talk I have had with him about the singers of our early years; never forgetting to speak of Mrs Frere of Downing, as the most perfect private singer we had ever heard. And so indeed she was. Who that had ever heard her sing Handel's songs can ever forget the purity of her phrasing and the pathos of her voice? She had no particle of vanity in her, and yet she would say, "Of course,

I can sing Handel. I was a pupil of John Sall, and he was a pupil of Handel." To her old age she still retained the charm of musical expression, though her voice was but a thread. And so we spoke of her; two old men with all the enthusiastic admiration of fifty years ago. Pleasant was it also to hear him speak of the public singers of those early days. Braham, so great, spite of his vulgarity; Miss Stephens, so sweet to listen to, though she had no voice of power; and poor Vaughan, who had so feeble a voice, and yet was always called "such a chaste singer." How he would roar with laughter, when I would imitate Vaughan singing

‘His hiddeus (*sic*) love provokes my rage,
Weak as I am, I must engage,”

from Acis and Galatea. Then too his reminiscences of the said Acis and Galatea as given at the Concerts for Ancient Music. "I can see them now, the dear old *creeters* with the gold eye-glasses and their turbans, noddling their heads as they sang

O the pleasures of the plains!"

‘These old *creeters* being, as he said, the sopranos who had sung first as girls, when George the Third was king.

‘He was a great lover of our old English composers, specially of Shield. Handel, he said, has a scroll in his marble hand in the Abbey on which are written the first bars of

‘I know that my Redeemer liveth;’

and Shield should hold a like scroll, only on it should be written the first bars of

‘A flaxen-headed ploughboy.’

‘He was fond of telling a story of Handel, which I, at

least, have never seen in print. When Handel was blind he composed his 'Samson,' in which there is that most touching of all songs, specially to any one whose powers of sight are waning—"Total Eclipse." Mr Beard was the great tenor singer of the day, who was to sing this song. Handel sent for him. "Mr Beard," he said, "I cannot sing it as it should be sung, but I can tell you how it ought to be sung." And then he sang it, with what strange pathos need not be told. Beard stood listening, and when it was finished said, with tears in his eyes, "But Mr Handel, I can never sing it like that." And so he would tell the story with tears in his voice, such as those best remember, who ever heard him read some piece of his dear old Crabbe, and break down in the reading.'

With this I will conclude, and I have only now to express my sincere thanks to all who have entrusted me with letters addressed to themselves or to those whom they represent. It has been my endeavour to justify their confidence by discretion. To Messrs Richard Bentley and Son I am indebted for permission to reprint Virgil's Garden from the Temple Bar Magazine.

The portrait is from a photograph by Cade and White of Ipswich taken in 1873.

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

20 May, 1889.

LETTERS
OF
EDWARD FITZGERALD.

EDWARD FITZGERALD was born at Bredfield House in Suffolk, an old Jacobean mansion about two miles from Woodbridge, on the 31st of March, 1809. He was the third son of John Purcell, who married his cousin Mary Frances FitzGerald, and upon the death of her father in 1818 took the name and arms of FitzGerald. In 1816 Mr Purcell went to France, and for a time settled with his family at St Germain. FitzGerald in later life would often speak of the royal hunting parties which he remembered seeing in the forest. They afterwards removed to Paris, occupying the house in which Robespierre had once lived, and here FitzGerald had for his drillmaster one of Napoleon's Old Guard. Even at this early period the vivacious humour which afterwards characterized him appears to have shewn itself, for his father writing to some friends in England speaks of little Edward keeping the whole family in good spirits by his unfailing fun and droll speeches. The dramatic circumstances of the assassination of M. Fualdès, a magistrate at Rodez, in 1817, and the remarkable trial which followed, fastened themselves on FitzGerald's memory, and he was familiar with all the details which he had heard

spoken of when quite a child in Paris. In 1821 he was sent to King Edward the Sixth's School at Bury St Edmunds, where his two elder brothers were already under the charge of Dr Malkin, who, like himself in after life, was a great admirer of Crabbe. Among his schoolfellows were James Spedding and his elder brother, W. B. Donne, J. M. Kemble, and William Airy the brother of Sir George Airy, formerly Astronomer Royal. I have often heard him say that the best piece of declamation he had ever listened to was Kemble's recitation of Hotspur's speech, beginning 'My liege, I did deny no prisoners,' on a prize day at Bury. When he left for Cambridge in 1826 the Speddings were at the head of the School. He was entered at Trinity on 6 February 1826 under Mr (afterwards Dean) Peacock and went into residence in due course in the following October, living in lodgings at Mrs Perry's (now Oakley's), No. 19, King's Parade. James Spedding did not come up till the year following, and his greatest friends in later life, John Allen, afterwards Archdeacon of Salop, W. M. Thackeray, and W. H. Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity, were his juniors at the University by two years. The three Tennysons were also his contemporaries, but it does not appear that he knew them till after he had left Cambridge. Indeed, in a letter to Mrs Richmond Ritchie (Miss Thackeray), written in 1882, he says of the Laureate, 'I can tell you nothing of his College days; for I did not know him till they were over, though I had seen him two or three times before. I remember him well—a sort of Hyperion.'

FitzGerald was unambitious of University distinctions and was not in the technical sense a reading man, but he passed through his course in a leisurely manner, amusing himself with music and drawing and poetry, and modestly went out in the Poll in January 1830, after a period of

suspense during which he was apprehensive of not passing at all. Immediately after taking his degree he went to stay with his brother in law, Mr Kerrich, at Geldestone Hall, near Beccles, where he afterwards spent much of his time. While there, and still undecided as to his future movements, he writes to his friend John Allen that his father had to some extent decided for him by reducing his allowance, a measure which would compel him to go and live in France. It was apparently not in consequence of this, for the difficulty with his father was satisfactorily arranged, that he went in the spring of 1830 to Paris, where his aunt Miss Purcell was living. Thackeray joined him for a short time in April, but left suddenly and was the bearer of a hurried letter written by FitzGerald at the Palais Royal to the friend who was at this time his chief correspondent.

‘If you see Roe (the Engraver, not the Haberdasher) give him my remembrance and tell him I often wish for him in the Louvre: as I do for you, my dear Allen: for I think you would like it very much. There are delightful portraits (which you love most), and statues so beautiful that you would for ever prefer statues to pictures. There are as fine pictures in England: but not one statue so fine as any here. There is a lovely and very modest Venus: and the Gladiator: and a very majestic Demosthenes, sitting in a chair, with a roll of writing in his hands, and seemingly meditating before rising to speak. It is quite awful.’

FitzGerald remained in France till about the end of May, and before leaving wrote again to Allen, not perhaps altogether seriously, yet with more truth than he imagined, of his future mode of life.

‘I start for England in a week, as I purpose now: I shall go by Havre de Grace and Southampton, and stay for a month or two perhaps at Dartmouth, a place on the Devonshire

coast. Tell Thackeray that he is never to invite me to his house, as I intend never to go: not that I would not go out there rather than any place perhaps, but I cannot stand seeing new faces in the polite circles. You must know I am going to become a great bear: and have got all sorts of Utopian ideas into my head about society: these may all be very absurd, but I try the experiment on myself, so I can do no great hurt. Where I shall go in the summer I know not.'

In the end he made Southampton his headquarters and spent several weeks there, going on short excursions to visit some college acquaintances. In November he was at Naseby where his father had a considerable estate, including the famous battle-field of which we shall hear more in his later correspondence. 'This place is solitary enough,' he writes to John Allen, 'but I am well off in a nice farm-house. I wish you could come and see the primitive inhabitants, and the fine field of Naseby. There are grand views on every side: and all is interesting... Do you know, Allen, that this is a very curious place with odd fossils: and mixed with bones and bullets of the fight at Naseby; and the identical spot where King Charles stood to see the battle... I do wish you and Sansum were here to see the curiosities. Can't you come? I am quite the King here I promise you... I am going to-day to dine with the Carpenter, a Mr Ringrose, and to hear his daughter play on the piano-forte. Fact.

'My blue surtout daily does wonders. At Church its effect is truly delightful.'

It was at Naseby, in the spring of the following year (1831), that he made his earliest attempt in verse, the earliest at any rate which has yet been discovered. Charles Lamb, writing to Moxon in August, tells him, 'The

Athenæum has been hoaxed with some exquisite poetry, that was, two or three months ago, in Hone's Book... The poem I mean is in Hone's Book as far back as April. I do not know who wrote it; but 'tis a poem I envy—*that* and Montgomery's "Last Man": I envy the writers, because I feel I could have done something like them.' It first appeared in Hone's Year Book for April 30, 1831, with the title 'The Meadows in Spring' and the following letter to the Editor. 'These verses are in the old style; rather homely in expression; but I honestly profess to stick more to the simplicity of the old poets than the moderns, and to love the philosophical good humor of our old writers more than the sickly melancholy of the Byronian wits. If my verses be not good, they are good humored, and that is something.' With a few verbal changes they were sent to the Athenæum, and appeared in that paper on July 9, 1831, accompanied by a note of the Editor's, from which it is evident that he supposed them to have been written by Lamb.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,

These verses are something in the old style, but not the worse for that: not that I mean to call them good: but I am sure they would not have been better, if dressed up in the newest Montgomery fashion, for which I cannot say I have much love. If they are fitted for your paper, you are welcome to them. I send them to you, because I find only in your paper a love of our old literature, which is almost monstrous in the eyes of modern ladies and gentlemen. My verses are certainly not in the present fashion; but, I must own, though there may not be the same merit in the thoughts, I think the style much better:

and this with no credit to myself, but to the merry old writers of more manly times.

Your humble servant,

EPSILON.

'Tis a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing:
Sighing, oh! sighing.

When such a time cometh,
I do retire
Into an old room
Beside a bright fire:
Oh, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit
Reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels,
While the wind sings—
Oh, drearily sings!

I never look out
Nor attend to the blast;
For all to be seen
Is the leaves falling fast:
Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth,
Like a cricket, sit I,
Reading of summer
And chivalry—
Gallant chivalry!

Then with an old friend
I talk of our youth—
How 'twas gladsome, but often
Foolish, forsooth:
But gladsome, gladsome!

Or to get merry
We sing some old rhyme,
That made the wood ring again
In summer time—
Sweet summer time!

Then go we to smoking,
Silent and snug;
Nought passes between us,
Save a brown jug—
Sometimes!

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily!

And ere to bed
Go we, go we,
Down on the ashes
We kneel on the knee,
Praying together!

Thus, then, live I,
Till, 'mid all the gloom,
By heaven! the bold sun
Is with me in the room,
Shining, shining!

Then the clouds part,
Swallows soaring between;
The spring is alive,
And the meadows are green!

I jump up, like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again!

I had very little hesitation, from internal evidence alone, in identifying these verses with those which FitzGerald had

written, as he said, when a lad, or little more than a lad, and sent to the Athenæum, but all question has been set at rest by the discovery of a copy in a common-place book belonging to the late Archdeacon Allen, with the heading 'E. F.G.', and the date 'Naseby, Spring, 1831.' This copy differs slightly from those in the Year Book and in the Athenæum, and in place of the tenth stanza it has,

So winter passeth
Like a long sleep
From falling autumn
To primrose-peep.

But although at this time he appears to have written nothing more himself he was not unmindful of what was done by others, for in May 1831 he writes to Allen 'I have bought A. Tennyson's poems. How good Mariana is!' And again a year later, after a night-ride on the coach to London, 'I forgot to tell you that when I came up in the mail, and fell a dozing in the morning, the sights of the pages in crimson and the funerals which the Lady of Shalott saw and wove, floated before me: really, the poem has taken lodging in my poor head.'

The correspondence will now for the most part tell its own story and with it all that is to be told of FitzGerald's life.

In October and November 1831 he was for three weeks in town with Thackeray and in the following summer was thinking of joining him at Havre when he wrote to his friend Allen.

[SOUTHAMPTON]

July 31, Tuesday [1832.]

My dear ALLEN,

...And now I will tell you of a pilgrimage I made that put me in mind of you much. I went to

Salisbury to see the Cathedral, but more to walk to Bemerton, George Herbert's village. It is about a mile and half from Salisbury alongside a pleasant stream with old fashioned watermills beside: through fields very fertile. When I got to Bemerton I scarcely knew what to do with myself. It is a very pretty village with the Church and Parsonage much as Herbert must have left it. But there is no memorial of him either in or outside the walls of the church: though there have been Bishops and Deans and I know not what all so close at hand at Salisbury. This is a great shame indeed. I would gladly put up a plain stone if I could get the Rector's leave. I was very sorry to see no tablet of any kind. The people in the Cottages had heard of a very pious man named Herbert, and had read his books—but they don't know where he lies. I have drawn the church and the village: the little woodcut of it in Walton's Lives is very like. I thought I must have passed along the spot in the road where he assisted the men with the fallen horse: and to shew the benefit of good examples, I was serviceable that very evening in the town to some people coming in a cart: for the driver was drunk and driving furiously home from the races, and I believe would have fallen out, but that some folks, amongst whom I was one, stopped the cart. This long history is now at an end. I wanted John Allen much to be with me. I noticed the little window into which Herbert's friend looked, and saw him kneeling so long before the altar, when he was first ordained.

In the summer and autumn of this year FitzGerald spent some weeks at Tenby and was a good deal with Allen to whom he wrote on his return to London.

LONDON, *Nov.* 21, 1832.

My dear ALLEN,

I suppose it must seem strange to you that I should like writing letters: and indeed I don't know that I do like it in general. However, here I see no companions, so I am pleased to talk to my old friend John Allen: which indeed keeps alive my humanity very much....I have been about to divers Bookshops and have bought several books—a Bacon's Essays, Evelyn's Sylva, Browne's Religio Medici, Hazlitt's Poets &c. The latter I bought to add to my Paradise, which however has stood still of late. I mean to write out Carew's verses in this letter for you, and your Paradise. As to the Religio, I have read it again: and keep my opinion of it: except admiring the eloquence, and beauty of the notions, more. But the arguments are not more convincing. Nevertheless, it is a very fine piece of English: which is, I believe, all that you contend for. Hazlitt's Poets is the best selection I have ever seen. I have read some Chaucer too, which I like. In short I have been reading a good deal since I have been here: but not much in the way of knowledge.

...As I lay in bed this morning, half dozing, I walked in imagination all the way from Tenby to Freestone by the road I know so well: by the watermill, by Gumfreston, Ivy tower, and through the gates, and the long road that leads to Carew.

Now for the poet Carew:

1.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose:
For in your beauty's orient deep,
The flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

2.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day :
For in pure love did Heav'n prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

3.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when June is past :
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

4.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downward fall at dead of night :
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

5.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest :
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

These lines are exaggerated, as all in Charles's time,
but very beautiful....

Yours most affectionately, E.

LONDON, *Nov.* [27, 1832.]

My dear ALLEN,

The first thing I do in answering your letter is to tell you that I am angry at your saying that your conscience pricks you for not having written to me before. I am of that superior race of men, that are quite content to hear

themselves talk, and read their own writing. But, in seriousness, I have such love of you, and of myself, that once every week, at least, I feel spurred on by a sort of gathering up of feelings, to vent myself in a letter upon you: but if once I hear you say that it makes your conscience thus uneasy till you answer, I shall give it up. Upon my word I tell you, that I do not in the least require it. You, who do not love writing, cannot think that any one else does: but I am sorry to say that I have a very young-lady-like partiality to writing to those that I love.....I have been reading Shakespeare's Sonnets: and I believe I am unprejudiced when I say, I had but half an idea of him, Demigod as he seemed before, till I read them carefully. How can Hazlitt call Warton's the finest sonnets? There is the air of pedantry and labour in his. But Shakespeare's are perfectly simple, and have the very essence of tenderness that is only to be found in the best parts of his *Romeo and Juliet* besides. I have truly been lapped in these Sonnets for some time: they seem all stuck about my heart, like the ballads that used to be on the walls of London. I have put a great many into my *Paradise*, giving each a fair white sheet for himself: there being nothing worthy to be in the same page. I could talk for an hour about them: but it is not fit in a letter...

I shall tell you of myself, that I have been better since I wrote to you. Mazzinghi¹ tells me that November weather breeds Blue Devils—so that there is a French proverb, 'In October, de Englishman shoot de pheasant: in November he shoot himself.' This I suppose is the case with me: so away with November, as soon as may be.

¹ Now Librarian of the William Salt Library at Stafford: introduced to Fitzgerald at Cambridge by Thackeray.

'Canst thou my Clora' is being put in proper musical trim: and I will write it out for you when all is right. I am sorry you are getting so musical: and if I take your advice about so big a thing as Christianity, take you mine about music. I am sure that this pleasure of music grows so on people, that many of the hours that you would have devoted to Jeremy Taylor, &c. will be melted down into tunes, and the idle train of thought that music puts us into. I fancy I have discovered the true philosophy of this: but I think you must have heard me enlarge. Therefore 'satis.'

I have gabbled on so long that there is scarce room for my quotation. But it shall come though in a shapeless manner, for the sake of room. Have you got in your Christian Poet, a poem by Sir H. Wotton—'How happy is he born or taught, that serveth not another's will'? It is very beautiful, and fit for a Paradise of any kind. Here are some lines from old Lily, which your ear will put in the proper metre. It gives a fine description of a fellow walking in Spring, and looking here and there, and pricking up his ears, as different birds sing. 'What bird so sings, but doth so wail? Oh! 'tis the ravish'd nightingale: "Jug, jug, jug, jug, terue," she cries, and still her woes at midnight rise. Brave prick-song! who is 't now we hear? It is the lark so shrill and clear: against heaven's gate he claps his wings, the morn not waking till he sings. Hark, too, with what a pretty note poor Robin Redbreast tunes his throat: Hark how the jolly Cuckoos sing "Cuckoo" to welcome in the Spring: "Cuckoo" to welcome in the Spring.' This is very English, and pleasant, I think: and so I hope you will. I could have sent you many a more sentimental thing, but nothing better. I admit nothing into my Paradise, but such as breathe content, and virtue: I count 'Back and syde' to breathe both of these, with a little good drink over.

Wednesday [28 Nov. 1832].

P.S. I sealed up my letter yesterday, forgetting to finish. I write thus soon 'becase I gets a frank.' You shall benefit by another bit of poetry. I do not admit it into my Paradise, being too gloomy : but it will please both of us. It is the prototype of the Penseroso.

Hence all you vain delights !
As short as are the nights
Wherein ye spend your folly !
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy ;
Oh sweetest melancholy !
Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh, that piercing mortifies,
A look that 's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound !

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves !
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls !
A midnight dell, a passing groan !
These are the sounds we feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as melancholy.

(From the *Nice Valour, or the Passionate Madman* by Fletcher).

I think these lines are quite of the finest order, and have a more headlong melancholy than Milton's, which are distinctly copied from these, as you must confess. And now this is a very long letter, and the best thing you can do when you get to the end, is to Da Capo, and read what I ordered you about answering. My dear fellow, it is a great pleasure to me to write to you ; and to write out these dear poems....Believe me that I am your very loving friend, E. F.G.

[Dec. 7, 1832.]

My dear ALLEN,

You can hardly have got through my last letter by this time. I hope you liked the verses I sent you. The news of this week is that Thackeray has come to London but is going to leave it again for Devonshire directly. He came very opportunely to divert my Blue Devils: notwithstanding, we do not see very much of each other: and he has now so many friends (especially the Bulls) that he has no such wish for my society. He is as full of good humour and kindness as ever. The next news is that a new volume of Tennyson is out: containing nothing more than you have in MS. except one or two things not worth having...

When you write back (of which there is no hurry) send me an account that you and your Brother were once telling me at Bosherton, of three Generals condemned to die after the siege of Pembroke in Cromwell's time: and of the lot being brought by a little child. Give me their names &c. (if you can) pretty circumstantially: or else, tell me where I can find some notice of it...

I have been poring over Wordsworth lately: which has had much effect in bettering my Blue Devils: for his philosophy does not abjure melancholy, but puts a pleasant countenance upon it, and connects it with humanity. It is very well, if the sensibility that makes us fearful of ourselves is diverted to become a cause of sympathy and interest with Nature and mankind: and this I think Wordsworth tends to do. I think I told you of Shakespeare's sonnets before: I cannot tell you what sweetness I find in them.

So by Shakespeare's Sonnets roasted, and Wordsworth's poems basted,

My heart will be well toasted, and excellently tasted.

This beautiful couplet must delight you, I think. I will also give you the two last verses about Clora: though it is more complete and better without them; strange to say. You must have the goodness to repeat those you know over first, and then fall upon these: for there is a sort of reasoning in them, which requires proper order, as much as a proposition of Euclid. The first of them is not to my liking, but it is too much trouble about a little thing to work it into a better. You have the two first stanzas—"ergo"

3.

Nothing can utterly die:
 Music aloft upspringing
 Turns to pure atoms of sky
 Each golden note of thy singing:
 And that to which morning did listen
 At eve in a rainbow may glisten.

4.

Beauty, when laid in the grave,
 Feedeth the lily beside her:
 Therefore the soul cannot have
 Station or honour denied her:
 She will not better her essence,
 But wear a crown in God's presence. Q. E. D.

And I think there is quite enough of Clora and her music. I am hunting about the town for an ancient drinking cup, which I may use when I am in my house, in quality of housekeeper. Have the goodness to make my remembrances to all at that most pleasant house Freestone: I am quite serious in telling you how it is by far the pleasantest family I ever was among.

My sister is far better. We walk very much and see

such sights as the town affords. To day I have bought a little terrier to keep me company. You will think this is from my reading of Wordsworth: but if that were my cue, I should go no further than keeping a primrose in a pot for society. Farewell, dear Allen. I am astonished to find myself writing a very long letter once a week to you: but it is next to talking to you: and after having seen you so much this summer, I cannot break off suddenly.

I am your most affectionate friend, E. F. G.

Have you got this beginning to your MS. of the Dream of Fair Women? It is very splendid.

I.

As when a man that sails in a balloon
Down looking sees the solid shining ground
Stream from beneath him in the broad blue noon,—
Tilth, hamlet, mead and mound:

2.

And takes his flags, and waves them to the mob
That shout below, all faces turn'd to where
Glow rubylike the far up crimson globe
Filled with a finer air:

3.

So, lifted high, the Poet at his will
Lets the great world flit from him, seeing all,
Higher through secret splendours mounting still
Self-poised, nor fears to fall,

4.

Hearing apart the echoes of his fame—

This is in his best style: no fretful epithet, nor a word too much.

[CASTLE IRWELL]

MANCHESTER, *February 24*, 1833.

Dear ALLEN,

...I am fearful to boast, lest I should lose what I boast of: but I think I have achieved a victory over my evil spirits here: for they have full opportunity to come, and I often observe their approaches, but hitherto I have managed to keep them off. Lord Bacon's Essay on Friendship is wonderful for its truth: and I often feel its truth. He says that with a Friend 'a man *tosseth* his thoughts,' an admirable saying, which one can understand, but not express otherwise. But I feel that, being alone, one's thoughts and feelings, from want of communication, become heaped up and clotted together, as it were: and so lie like undigested food heavy upon the mind: but with a friend one *tosseth* them about, so that the air gets between them, and keeps them fresh and sweet. I know not from what metaphor Bacon took his 'tosseth,' but it seems to me as if it was from the way haymakers toss hay, so that it does not press into a heavy lump, but is tossed about in the air, and separated, and thus kept sweet.

Your most affectionate friend,

E. FITZGERALD.

*To W. B. Donne*¹.GELDESTONE, *Sept. 27*, [1833].

Dear DONNE,

...As to my history since I have seen you, there is little to tell. Divinity is not outraged by your not ad-

¹ 'My dear Donne,' as FitzGerald called him, 'who shares with Spedding my oldest and deepest love.' He afterwards succeeded

dressing me as a Reverend—I not being one. I am a very lazy fellow, who do nothing: and this I have been doing in different places ever since I saw you last. I have not been well for the last week: for I am at present rather liable to be overset by any weariness (and where can any be found that can match the effect of two Oratorios?), since for the last three months I have lived on vegetables—that is, I have given up meat. When I was talking of this to Vipan, he told me that you had once tried it, and given it up. I shall hear your account of its effect on you. The truth is, that mine is the wrong time of life to begin a change of that kind: it is either too early, or too late. But I have no doubt at all of the advantage of giving up meat: I find already much good from it, in lightness and airiness of head, whereas I was always before clouded and more or less morbid after meat. The loss of strength is to be expected: I shall keep on and see if that also will turn, and change into strength. I have almost Utopian notions about *vegetable diet*, begging pardon for making use of such a vile, Cheltenhamic, phrase. Why do you not bring up your children to it? To be sure, the chances are, that, after guarding their vegetable morals for years, they would be seduced by some roast partridge with bread sauce, and become ungodly. This actually happened to the son of a Dr Newton who wrote a book¹ about it and bred up his

J. M. Kemble as Licenser of Plays. The late Master of Trinity, then Greek Professor, wrote to me of him more than five and twenty years ago, 'It may do no harm that you should be known to Mr Donne, whose acquaintance I hope you will keep up. He is one of the finest gentlemen I know, and no ordinary scholar—remarkable also for his fidelity to his friends.'

¹ The Return to Nature, or, a Defence of the Vegetable Regimen, dedicated to Dr W. Lambe, and written in 1811. It was printed in 1821 in The Pamphleteer, No. 38, p. 497.

children to it—but all such things I will tell you when I meet you. Gods! it is a pleasant notion that one is about to meet an old acquaintance in a day or two.

Believe me then your most sincere friend,

E. FITZGERALD.

Pipes—are their names ever heard with you? I have given them up, except at Cambridge. But the word has something sweet in it—Do you ever smoke?

7, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, BLOOMSBURY,

[Oct. 25, 1833.]

Dear DONNE,

...As to myself, and my diet, about which you give such excellent advice: I am still determined to give the diet I have proposed a good trial: a year's trial. I agree with you about vegetables, and soups: but my diet is chiefly *bread*: which is only a little less nourishing than flesh: and, being compact, and baked, and dry, has none of the washy, diluent effects of green vegetables. I scarcely ever touch the latter: but only pears, apples, &c. I have found no benefit yet; except, as I think, in more lightness of spirits: which is a great good. But I shall see in time.

I am living in London in the quarter of the town which I have noticed above: in a very happy bachelor-like way. Would you would come up here for a few days. I can give you bed, board, &c. Do have some business in town, please. Spedding is here: taking lessons of drawing, before he goes for good into Cumberland: whither, for my sake and that of all his friends, I wish he never would go: for there are few such men, as far [as] I know. He and I have been theatricalizing lately. We saw an awful Hamlet the other night—a Mr Serle—and a very good Wolsey, in

Macready: and a very bad Queen Catherine, in Mrs Sloman, whom you must remember. I am going to-night to see Macready in Macbeth: I have seen him before in it: and I go for the sake of his two last acts, which are amazingly fine, I think.... I am close to the British Museum, in which I take great pleasure in reading in my rambling way. I hear of Kemble lately that he has been making some discoveries in Anglo-Saxon MSS. at Cambridge that, they say, are important to the interests of the church: and there is talk of publishing them, I believe. He is a strange fellow for that fiery industry of his: and, I am sure, deserves some steady recompence.

Tennyson has been in town for some time: he has been making fresh poems, which are finer, they say, than any he has done. But I believe he is chiefly meditating on the purging and subliming of what he has already done: and repents that he has published at all yet. It is fine to see how in each succeeding poem the smaller ornaments and fancies drop away, and leave the grand ideas single....

I have lately bought a little pamphlet which is very difficult to be got, called *The Songs of Innocence*, written and adorned with drawings by W. Blake (if you know his name) who was quite mad: but of a madness that was really the elements of great genius ill-sorted: in fact, a genius with a screw loose, as we used to say. I shall shew you this book when I see you: to me there is particular interest in this man's writing and drawing, from the strangeness of the constitution of his mind. He was a man that used to see visions: and make drawings and paintings of Alexander the Great, Cæsar, &c. who, he declared, stood before him while he drew...

Your very affectionate friend,

E. FITZGERALD.

7 SOUTHAMPTON ROW,

Nov. 19, 1833.

Dear DONNE,

Your book I got: and read through all that seemed to concern me the first day. I have doubted whether it would be most considerate to return you thanks for it, making you pay for a letter: or to leave you thankless, with a shilling more in your pocket. You see I have taken the latter [? former], and God forgive me for it. The book is a good one, I think, as any book is, that notes down *facts alone*, especially about health. I wish we had diaries of the lives of half the unknown men that have lived. Like all other men who have got a theory into their heads, I can only see things in the light of that theory; and whatever is brought to me to convince me to the contrary is only wrought and tortured to my view of the question. This lasts till a reaction is brought about by some of the usual means: as time, and love of novelty, &c. I am still very obstinate and persist in my practices. I do not think Stark is an instance of vegetable diet: consider how many things he tried grossly animal: lard, and butter, and fat: besides thwarting Nature in every way by eating when he wanted not to eat, and the contrary. Besides the editor says in the preface that he thinks his death was brought about as much by vexation as by the course of his diet: but I suppose the truth is that vexation could not have had so strong hold except upon a weakened body. However, altogether I do not at all admit Stark to be any instance: to be set up like a scarecrow to frighten us from the corn &c. Last night I went to hear a man lecture at Owen of Lanark's establishment (where I had never been before) and the subject happened to be about Vegetable Diet: but it was only the termination of a former lecture, so that I suppose all the good arguments (if there were any) were gone before. Do

you know anything of a book by a Doctor Lamb upon this subject? I do not feel it to be disgusting to talk of myself upon this subject, because I think there is great interest in the subject itself. So I shall say that I am just now very well: in fine spirits. I have only eaten meat once for many weeks: and that was at a party where I did not like to be singled out. Neither have I tasted wine, except two or three times. If I fail at last I shall think it a very great bore: but assuredly the first cut of a leg of mutton will be some consolation for my wounded judgement: that first cut is a fine thing. So much for this...Have you heard that Arthur Malkin is to be married? to a Miss Carr, with what Addison might call a pleasing fortune: or perhaps Nicholas Rowe. 'Sweet, pleasing friendship, &c. &c.' Mrs Malkin is in high spirits about it, I hear: and I am very glad indeed. God send that you have not heard this before: for a man likes to be the first teller of a pretty piece of news. Spedding and I went to see Macready in Hamlet the other night: with which he was pretty well content, but not wholly. For my part, I have given up deciding on how Hamlet should be played: or rather have decided it shouldn't be played at all. I take pleasure in reading things I don't wholly understand; just as the old women like sermons: I think it is of a piece with an admiration of all Nature around us. I think there is a greater charm in the half meanings and glimpses of meaning that come in through Blake's wilder visions: though his difficulties arose from a very different source from Shakespeare's. But somewhat too much of this. I suspect I have found out this as an useful solution, when I am asked the meaning of any thing that I am admiring, and don't know it.

Believe me, dear Donne, to be ever your affect. friend,

E. FITZGERALD.

FitzGerald spent the May term of 1834 at Cambridge 'rejoicing in the sunshine of James Spedding's presence.'

To John Allen.

WHERSTEAD LODGE, IPSWICH¹.

June 31 (so) 1834.

Dear my Johnny,

...I have been reading the Spectator since I have been here: and I like it very much. Don't you think it would make a nice book to publish all the papers about Sir Roger de Coverley alone, with illustrations by Thackeray? It is a thing that is wanted: to bring that standard of the old English Gentleman forward out of the mass of little topics, and fashions, that occupy the greater part of the Spectator. Thackeray has illustrated my Undine in about fourteen little coloured drawings—very nicely...

I am here in the country in brave health: rising at six withal: and pruning of rose trees in the garden. Why don't you get up early? in the summer at least. The next time we meet in town I mean to get an artist to make me your portrait: for I often wish for it. It must be looking at me. Now write very soon: else I shall be gone: and know that I am your very true friend,

E. F.G.

GELDESTONE HALL, *Sept. 9, [1834].*

Dear ALLEN,

I have really nothing to say, and I am ashamed to be sending this third letter all the way from here to

¹ Wherstead Lodge on the West bank of the Orwell about two miles from Ipswich formerly belonged to the Vernon family. The FitzGeralds lived there for about ten years, from 1825 to 1835, when they removed to Boulge near Woodbridge, the adjoining parish to Bredfield.

Pembrokeshire for no earthly purpose: but I have just received yours: and you will know how very welcome all your letters are to me when you see how the perusal of this one has excited me to such an instant reply. It has indeed been a long time coming: but it is all the more delicious. Perhaps you can't imagine how wistfully I have looked for it: how, after a walk, my eyes have turned to the table, on coming into the room, to see it. Sometimes I have been tempted to be angry with you: but then I thought that I was sure you would come a hundred miles to serve me, though you were too lazy to sit down to a letter. I suppose that people who are engaged in serious ways of life, and are of well filled minds, don't think much about the interchange of letters with any anxiety: but I am an idle fellow, of a very ladylike turn of sentiment: and my friendships are more like loves, I think. Your letter found me reading the *Merry Wives of Windsor* too: I had been laughing aloud to myself: think of what another coat of happiness came over my former good mood. You are a dear good fellow, and I love you with all my heart and soul. The truth is I was anxious about this letter, as I really didn't know whether you were married or not—or ill—I fancied you might be anything, or anywhere...

As to reading I have not done much. I am going through the *Spectator*: which people nowadays think a poor book: but I honour it much. What a noble kind of Journal it was! There is certainly a good deal of what may be called '*pill*,' but there is a great deal of wisdom, I believe, only it is couched so simply that people can't believe it to be real absolute wisdom. The little book you speak of I will order and buy. I heard from Thackeray, who is just upon the point of going to France; indeed he may be there by this time. I shall miss him much...

Farewell my dearest fellow : you have made me very happy to hear from you : and to know that all is so well with you. Believe me to be your ever affectionate friend,

E. FITZGERALD.

To W. B. Donne.

[LONDON, 17 GLOUCESTER STREET, QUEEN SQUARE].

1834.

Dear DONNE,

...I have been buying two Shakespeares, a second and third Folio—the second Folio pleases me much : and I can read him with a greater zest now. One had need of a big book to remember him by : for he is lost to the theatre : I saw Mr Vandenhoff play Macbeth in a sad way a few nights ago : and such a set of dirty ragamuffins as the rest were could not disgrace any country barn. Manfred I have missed by some chance : and I believe ‘it was all for the best’ as pious people say. The Theatre is bare beyond anything I ever saw : and one begins to hope that it has touched the bottom of its badness, and will rise again. I was looking the other day at Sir W. Davenant’s alteration of Macbeth : who dies, saying, ‘Farewell, vain world : and that which is vainest in’t, Ambition!’

Edgeworth, whom I think you remember at Cambridge, is come to live in town : and I see him often at the Museum. The want of books chiefly drove him from Italy : besides that he tells me he likes a constant change of scenes and ideas, and would be always about if he could. He is a very original man I think, and throws out much to be chewed and digested : but he is deficient in some elements that must combine to govern my love and admiration. He has much imagination

of head, but none of heart: perhaps these are absurd distinctions: but I am no hand at these definitions. His great study is metaphysics: and Kant is his idol. He is rather without company in London, and I wish much to introduce him to such men as I know: but most of your Apostolic party who could best exchange ideas with him are not in town. He is full of his subjects, and only wants opponents to tilt at...

The life of Coleridge¹ is indeed an unsatisfactory thing: I believe that everybody thinks so. You seem to think that it is purposely unsatisfactory, or rather dissatisfactory: but it seems to me to proceed from a kind of enervation in De Quincey. However, I don't know how he supports himself in other writings...

To fill up my letter I send you a sonnet of C. Lamb's, out of his Album Verses—please to like it—'Leisure.'

To John Allen.

MANCHESTER, May 23, 1835.

Dear ALLEN,

I think that the fatal two months have elapsed, by which a letter shall become due to me from you. Ask Mrs Allen if this is not so. Mind, I don't speak this upbraidingly, because I know that you didn't know where I was. I will tell you all about this by degrees. In the first place, I staid at Mirehouse till the beginning of May, and then, going homeward, spent a week at Ambleside, which, perhaps you don't know, is on the shore of Winandermere. It was very pleasant there: though it was to be wished that the weather had been a little better. I have scarce done

¹ By De Quincey, in Tait's Magazine, Sept. 1834 etc.

anything since I saw you but abuse the weather: but these four last days have made amends for all: and are, I hope, the beginning of summer at last. Alfred Tennyson staid with me at Ambleside: Spedding was forced to go home, till the last two days of my stay there. I will say no more of Tennyson than that the more I have seen of him, the more cause I have to think him great. His little humours and grumpinesses were so droll, that I was always laughing: and was often put in mind (strange to say) of my little unknown friend, Undine—I must however say, further, that I felt what Charles Lamb describes, a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own: this (though it may seem vain to say so) I never experienced before, though I have often been with much greater intellects: but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind; and perhaps I have received some benefit in the now more distinct consciousness of my dwarfishness. I think that you should keep all this to yourself, my dear Allen: I mean, that it is only to you that I would write so freely about myself. You know most of my secrets, and I am not afraid of entrusting even my vanities to so true a man...

Pray, do not forget to say how the Freestone party are. My heart jumped to them, when I read in a guide book at Ambleside, that from Scawfell (a mountain in Westmoreland) you could see Snowdon. Perhaps you will not see the chain of ideas: but I suppose there was one, else I don't know how it was that I tumbled, as it were, from the very summit of Scawfell, upon the threshold of Freestone. The mind soon traverses Wales. I have not been reading very much—(as if you ever expected that I did!)—but I mean, not very much for me—some Dante, by the aid of a Dictionary: and some Milton—and some Wordsworth—

and some Selections from Jeremy Taylor, Barrow &c., compiled by Basil Montagu—of course you know the book: it is published by Pickering. I do not think that it is very well done: but it has served to delight, and, I think, to instruct me much. Do you know South? He must be very great, I think. It seems to me that our old Divines will hereafter be considered our Classics—(in Prose, I mean)—I am not aware that any other nations have such books. A single selection from Jeremy Taylor is fine: but it requires a skilful hand to put many detached bits from him together: for a common editor only picks out the flowery, metaphorical, morsels: and so rather cloy: and gives quite a wrong estimate of the Authour, to those who had no previous acquaintance with him: for, rich as Taylor's illustrations, and grotesque as his images, are, no one keeps a grander proportion: he never huddles illustration upon the matter so as to overlay it, nor crowds images too thick together: which these Selections might make one unacquainted with him to suppose. This is always the fault of Selections: but Taylor is particularly liable to injury on this score. What a man he is! He has such a knowledge of the nature of man, and such powers of expressing its properties, that I sometimes feel as if he had had some exact counterpart of my own individual character under his eye, when he lays open the depths of the heart, or traces some sin to its root. The eye of his portrait expresses this keen intuition: and I think I should less like to have stood with a lie on my tongue before him, than before any other I know of....

I beg you to give my best remembrances to your lady, who may be always sure that in all I wish of well for you, she is included: so that I take less care to make mention of her separately....

WHERSTEAD, *July 4, 1835.*

Dear ALLEN,

...My brother John's wife, always delicate, has had an attack this year, which she can never get over: and while we are all living in this house cheerfully, she lives in separate rooms, can scarcely speak to us, or see us: and bears upon her cheek the marks of death. She has shewn great Christian dignity all through her sickness: was the only cheerful person when they supposed she could not live: and is now very composed and happy. You say sometimes how like things are to dreams: or, as I think, to the shifting scenes of a play. So does this place seem to me. All our family, except my mother, are collected here: all my brothers and sisters, with their wives, husbands, and children: sitting at different occupations, or wandering about the grounds and gardens, discoursing each their separate concerns, but all united into one whole. The weather is delightful: and when I see them passing to and fro, and hear their voices, it is like scenes of a play. I came here only yesterday. I have much to tell you of: I mean, much in my small way: I will keep all till I see you, for I don't know with what to begin in a letter....

Edgeworth introduced me to his wife and sister in law, who are very handsome Spanish ladies, seemingly of excellent sense. The wife is the gentler, and more feminine: and the sister more regularly handsome, and vivacious. I think that he is a very remarkable man: and I like him more the more I see of him.

What you say of Tennyson and Wordsworth is not, I think, wholly just. I don't think that a man can turn himself so directly to the service of morality, unless naturally inclined: I think Wordsworth's is a natural bias that way. Besides, one must have labourers of different kinds in the

vineyard of morality, which I certainly look up to as the chief object of our cultivation: Wordsworth is first in the craft: but Tennyson does no little by raising and filling the brain with noble images and thoughts, which, if they do not direct us to our duty, purify and cleanse us from mean and vicious objects, and so prepare and fit us for the reception of the higher philosophy. A man might forsake a drunken party to read Byron's *Corsair*: and Byron's *Corsair* for Shelley's *Alastor*: and the *Alastor* for the *Dream of Fair Women* or the *Palace of Art*: and then I won't say that he would forsake these two last for anything of Wordsworth's, but his mind would be sufficiently refined and spiritualised to admit Wordsworth, and profit by him, and he might keep all the former imaginations as so many pictures, or pieces of music, in his mind. But I think that you will see Tennyson acquire all that at present you miss: when he has *felt* life, he will not die fruitless of instruction to man as he is. But I dislike this kind of criticism, especially in a letter. I don't know any one who has thought out any thing so little as I have. I don't see to any end, and should keep silent till I have got a little more, and that little better arranged.

I am sorry that all this page is filled with this botheration, when I have a thousand truer and better things that I want to talk to you about. I will write to you again soon. If you please to write (but consider it no call upon you, for the letter I have just got from you is a stock that will last me in comfort this long while) I shall be at Wherstead all July—after that I know not where, but probably in Suffolk. Farewell, my best of fellows: there is no use saying how much I wish that all your sorrow will be turned to hope, and all your hope to joy. As far as we men can judge, you are worthy of all earthly happiness.

At the end of July, 1835, FitzGerald writes from Wherstead to Thackeray, who was then in Paris studying art :

‘My Father is determined to inhabit an empty house of his about fourteen miles off¹ : and we are very sorry to leave this really beautiful place. The other house has no great merit. So there is nothing now but packing up sofas, and pictures, and so on. I rather think that I shall be hanging about this part of the world all the winter : for my two sisters are about to inhabit this new house alone, and I cannot but wish to add my company to them now and then...

My dear boy, God bless thee a thousand times over ! When are we to see thee ? How long are you going to be at Paris ? What have you been doing ? The drawing you sent me was very pretty. So you don't like Raphael ! Well, I am his inveterate admirer : and say, with as little affectation as I can, that his worst scrap fills my head more than all Rubens and Paul Veronese together—‘the mind, the mind, Master Shallow !’ You think this cant, I dare say : but I say it truly, indeed. Raphael's are the only pictures that cannot be described : no one can get words to describe their perfection. Next to him, I retreat to the Gothic imagination, and love the mysteries of old chairs, Sir Rogers, &c. in which thou, my dear boy, art and shalt be a Raphael. To depict the true old English gentleman, is as great a work as to depict a Saint John, and I think in my heart I would rather have the former than the latter. There are plenty of pictures in London—some good Water-colours by Lewis—Spanish things. Two or three very vulgar portraits by Wilkie, at the Exhibition : and a big one of Columbus, half good, and half bad. There is always

¹ At Boulge.

a spice of vulgarity about Wilkie. There is an Eastlake, but I missed it. Etty has boats full of naked backs as usual: but what they mean, I didn't stop to enquire. He has one picture, however, of the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, which is sublime: though I believe nobody saw it, or thought about it but myself.'

About the same time that FitzGerald went to Boulge, George Crabbe, the Poet's eldest son and biographer, was appointed to the Vicarage of the adjoining parish of Bredfield, and a friendship sprang up between them which was only terminated by Mr Crabbe's death in 1857.

To John Allen.

BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE.

October 31, 1835.

Dear ALLEN,

I don't know what has come over me of late, that I have not written to you, nor any body else for several months. I am sure it is not from any decrease of affection towards you. I now begin a letter merely on the score of wanting one from you: to let me know how you are; and Mrs Allen too, especially. I hope to hear good news of her. Many things have happened to you since I saw you: you may be a Bishop, for anything I know. I have been in Suffolk ever since I saw you. We are at [last] come to settle at this place: and I have been enjoying capital health in my old native air. I meant to have come to London for the winter: but my sisters are here, and I do not like to leave them. This parish is a very small one: it scarce contains fifty people: but that next to it, Bredfield, has more than four hundred: and some very poor indeed. We hope to be of some use: but the new Poor Laws have

begun to be set afoot, and we don't know who is to stop in his cottage, or who is to go to the Workhouse. How much depends upon the issue of this measure! I am no politician: but I fear that no political measure will ever adjust matters well between rich and poor....

I have just read Southey's *Life of Cowper*; that is to say, the first Volume. It is not a book to be read by every man at the fall of the leaf. It is a fearful book. Have you read it? Southey hits hard at Newton in the dark; which will give offence to many people: but I perfectly agree with him. At the same time, I think that Newton was a man of great power. Did you ever read his life by himself? Pray do, if you have not. His journal to his wife, written at sea, contains some of the most beautiful things I ever read: fine feeling in very fine English...

Pray do write to me: a few lines soon are better than a three-decker a month hence: for I really want to know where and how you are: and so be a good boy for once in your life. Ever yours lovingly, E. F. G.

To W. B. Donne.

LONDON, *March* [21], 1836.

Dear DONNE,

...As to the sponsorship, I was sure that you and Mrs Donne would receive my apology as I meant it. Indeed I wish with you that people would speak their minds more sincerely than it is the custom to do; and recoin some of the every day compliments into a simpler form: but this is voted a stale subject, I believe. Any how, I will not preach to you who do not err: not to mention that I cannot by any means set up myself as any model of this virtue: whatever you may say to the contrary.

I have consulted my friend John Allen concerning your ancestor's sermons: he says that the book is scarce....I think that you should be possessed of him by all means, considering that you are his descendant. Allen read much of him at the Museum, and has always spoken very highly of him. As to doctrine, I believe Jeremy Taylor has never been quite blameless; but then he wrote many folios instead of Donne's one: and I cannot help agreeing with Bayle that one of the disadvantages of much writing is, that a man is likely to contradict himself. If he does not *positively* do so, he may *seem* to do so, by using different expressions for the same thing; which expressions many readers may construe diversely: and this is especially likely to be the case with so copious and metaphorical a writer as Jeremy.

According to the principles contained in page 1 of this letter I will tell you that I thought the second volume of Southey¹ rather dull. But then I have only read it once; and I think that one is naturally impatient of all matter that does not absolutely touch Cowper: I mean, at the first reading; when one wants to know all about him. I dare say that afterwards I shall relish all the other relative matter, and contemporary history, which seems indeed well done. I am glad that you are so content with the book. We were all talking the other night of Basil Montagu's new Life of Bacon—have you read it? It is said to be very elaborate and tedious. A good life of Bacon is much wanted. But perhaps it is as difficult to find a proper historian for him as for anyone that ever lived. But enough of grave matters. I have been very little to the Play: Vandenhoff's Iago I did not see: for indeed what I

¹ Life of Cowper.

saw of him in other characters did not constrain me to the theatre to see his Iago....Spedding is just now furnishing chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields: so that we may look on him as a fixture in London. He and I went to dine with Tennant at Blackheath last Thursday: there we met Edgeworth, who has got a large house at Eltham, and is lying in wait for pupils: I am afraid he will not find many. We passed a very delightful evening. Tennant is making interest for a school at Cambridge¹: but I do not know if he is likely to succeed. And now I have told all the news I know, except that I hear that ²Sterling is very ill with an attack on his chest which keeps him from preaching: and that Trench has been in London. Neither of these men do I know, but I hear of them.

To John Allen.

[GELDESTONE HALL],

January 1, 1837.

Dear ALLEN,

A merry new year to you and yours. How have you been since I saw you?...

If you can find an old copy of Taylor's Holy Living and Dying cheap and clean at the same time, pray buy it for me. It is for my old friend Mrs Schutz: and she would not allow me to give it her: so that I give you her directions...

I am very deep in my Aristophanes, and find the Edition I bought quite sufficient for my wants. One requires a translation of him less than of any of the Greeks

¹ Probably the Perse Grammar School.

² See Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, c. iv.

I have read, because his construction is so clear and beautiful. Only his long words, and local allusions, make him difficult, so far as I have seen. He has made me laugh heartily, and wonder: but as to your calling him greater than Aeschylus or Sophocles, I do not agree with you. I have read nothing else. What a nice quiet speech Charles Kemble made on quitting the stage: almost the best I can remember on such an occasion. Did Spedding hear him? My dear Allen, I should often wish to see you and him of an evening as heretofore at this season in London: but I don't see any likelihood of my coming till February at nearest. We live here the usual quiet country life: and now that the snow is so deep we are rather at a loss for exercise. It is very hard work toiling along the roads, and besides so blinding to the eyes. I take a spade, and scuppet¹ away the snow from the footpaths...

Write to me at Boulge Hall, Woodbridge; for I think that the snows will be passable, and my sisters arrived there, before you write. There's an insinuation for you. Make my remembrances to Mrs Allen: and believe me

Yours ever most affectionately,

E. FITZGERALD.

[BOULGE HALL],

Tuesday, January 10, 1837.

My dear ALLEN,

Another letter in so short a time will surprise you. My old Lady will be glad of a new edition of Jeremy Taylor, beside the old one. I remember you once gave me a very nice large duodecimo one: are these to be had, and

¹ East Anglian for 'shovel.'

cheap? It must have a good type, to suit old eyes. When you are possessed of these and the other books I begged you to ask for (except the Bacon which is for myself) do me one favour more: which is to book them per Coach at the White Horse, Piccadilly, directed to Mrs Schutz, Gillingham Hall, Beccles. I should not have troubled you again, but that she, poor lady, is anxious to possess the books soon, as she never looks forward to living through a year: and she finds that Jeremy Taylor sounds a good note of preparation for that last hour which she looks upon as drawing nigh. I myself think she will live much longer: as she is wonderfully healthy for her time of life—seventy-six¹. Sometimes I talk to her about you: and she loves you by report. You never grudge any trouble for your friends: but as this is a little act of kindness for an old and noble lady, I shall apologize no more for it. I will pay you all you disburse when I come to London.

I was made glad and sad last night in looking over some of your letters to me, ever since my stay at Tenby. I wonder within myself if we are changed since then. Do you remember that day when we sat upon that rock that runs out into the sea, and looked down into the clear water below? I must go to Tenby one of these days, and walk that old walk to Freestone. How well I remember what a quiet delight it was to walk out and meet you, when you were coming to stay a week with me once at my lodgings...

And now, Sir, when you next go to the British Museum, look for a Poet named Vaughan. Do you know him? I read some fine sacred poems of his in a Collection of John Mitford's: he selects them from a book of Vaughan's called

¹ Mrs Schutz lived till December, 1847.

'Silex Scintillans,' 1621. He seems to have great fancy and fervour and some deep thought. Yet many of the things are in the tricky spirit of that time: but there is a little Poem beginning 'They are all gone into a World of Light,' &c. which shews him to be capable of much. Again farewell, my dear Allen: give my best remembrances to Mrs Allen, who must think that I write to you as if you were still a Bachelor. Indeed, I think you had best burn this letter suddenly, after you have read my commissions. *βρεκεκεκέξ κοάξ κοάξ.* There—I believe I can construe that passage as well as Porson.

BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE.

[1837.]

My dear ALLEN,

Another commission in so short a time is rather too bad: but I know not to whom I can apply but to yourself: for our bookseller here could not get one what I want, seeing that I don't exactly know myself. The book I want is an Athenæus: but the edition I know not: and therefore I apply to you who know my taste...

There is a small Cottage of my Father's close to the Lawn gates, where I shall fit up a room most probably. The garden I have already begun to work in... Sometimes when I have sat dreaming about my own comforts I have thought to myself 'If Allen ever would come and stay with me some days at my Cottage if I live there'—but I think you would not: 'could not' you will say, and perhaps truly...

I am reading Plutarch's Lives, which is one of the most delightful books I ever read. He must have been a Gentleman. My Aristophanes is nearly drained: that is, for the present first reading: for he will never be dry, apply as

often as I may. My sisters are reading to me Lyell's Geology of an Evening: there is an admirable chapter illustrative of human error and prejudice retarding the truth, which will apply to all sciences, I believe: and, if people would consider it, would be more valuable than the geological knowledge, though that is very valuable, I am sure. You see my reading is so small that I can soon enumerate all my books: and here you have them...

[BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE,
21 April, 1837.]

Dear ALLEN,

— Have you done with my Doctor? If you have, will you send him to me here: Boulge Hall, Woodbridge, per Shannon Coach? You may book it at the Boar and Castle, Oxford Street, close by Hanway Passage. This is not far out of your beat. Perhaps I should not have sent — for this book (it is Bernard Barton the Quaker who asks to read it) but that it gives me an excuse also to talk a little to you. Ah! I wish you were here to walk with me now that the warm weather is come at last. Things have been delayed but to be more welcome, and to burst forth twice as thick and beautiful. This is boasting however, and counting of the chickens before they are hatched: the East winds may again plunge us back into winter: but the sunshine of this morning fills one's pores with jollity, as if one had taken laughing gas. Then my house is getting on: the books are up in the bookshelves and do my heart good: then Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims are over the fireplace: Shakespeare in a recess: how I wish you were here for a day or two! My sister is very well and cheerful and we have kept house very pleasantly together. My brother

John's wife is, I fear, declining very fast : it is very probable that I shall have to go and see her before long : though this is a visit I should gladly be spared. They say that her mind is in a very beautiful state of peacefulness. She *may* rally in the summer : but the odds are much against her. We shall lose a perfect Lady, in the complete sense of the word, when she dies.

I have been doing very little since I have been here : having accomplished only a few Idylls of Theocritus, which harmonize with this opening of the fine weather. Is all this poor occupation for a man who has a soul to account for ? You think so certainly. My dear Allen, you, with your accustomed humility, asked me if I did not think you changed when I was last in London : never did I see man less so : indeed you stand on too sure a footing to change, I am persuaded. But you will not thank me for telling you these things : but I wish you to believe that I rejoice as much as ever in the thought of you, and feel confident that you will ever be to me the same best of friends that you ever have been. I owe more to you than to all others put together. I am sure, for myself, that the main difference in our opinions (considered so destructive to friendship by so many pious men) is a difference in the Understanding, not in the Heart : and though you may not agree entirely in this, I am confident that it will never separate you from me.

Mrs Schutz is much delighted with the books you got for her : and still enquires if you hurt your health in searching. This she does in all simplicity and kindness. She has been very ill all the winter : but I see by a letter I have just had from her that her mind is still cheerful and the same. The *mens sana in corpore sano* of old age is most to be wondered at.

*To Bernard Barton*¹.

LONDON, *April*, 1838.

Dear Sir,

John², who is going down into Suffolk, will I hope take this letter and despatch it to you properly. I write more on account of this opportunity than of anything I have to say: for I am very heavy indeed with a kind of Influenza, which has blocked up most of my senses, and put a wet blanket over my brains. This state of head has not been improved by trying to get through a new book much in fashion—Carlyle's French Revolution—written in a German style. An Englishman writes of French Revolutions in a German style. People say the book is very deep: but it appears to me that the meaning *seems* deep from lying under mystical language. There is no repose, nor equable movement in it: all cut up into short sentences half reflective, half narrative; so that one labours through it as vessels do through what is called a short sea—small, contrary going waves caused by shallows, and straits, and meeting tides &c. I like to sail before the wind over the surface of an even-rolling eloquence, like that of Bacon or the Opium Eater. There is also pleasant fresh water sailing with such writers as Addison; is there any *pond*-sailing in literature? that is, drowsy, slow, and of small compass? Perhaps we may say, some Sermons. But this is only conjecture. Certainly Jeremy Taylor rolls along as majestically as any of them. We have had Alfred Tennyson here; very droll, and very wayward: and much sitting up

¹ The Quaker Poet of Woodbridge, whose daughter FitzGerald afterwards married.

² His eldest brother, John Purcell Fitzgerald.

of nights till two and three in the morning with pipes in our mouths : at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking ; and so to bed. All this has not cured my Influenza as you may imagine : but these hours shall be remembered long after the Influenza is forgotten.

I have bought scarce any new books or prints : and am not sorry to see that I want so little more. One large purchase I have made however, the *Biographie Universelle*, 53 Octavo Volumes. It contains everything, and is the very best thing of its kind, and so referred to by all historians &c. Surely nothing is more pleasant than, when some name crosses one, to go and get acquainted with the owner of the name : and this *Biographie* really has found places for people whom one would have thought almost too small for so comprehensive a work—which sounds like a solecism, or Bull, does it not ?

Now I must finish my letter : and a very stupid one it is. Here is a sentence of Warburton's that, I think, is very wittily expressed : though why I put it in here is not very discoverable. "The Church, like the Ark of Noah, is worth saving : not for the sake of the unclean beasts that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality, that was as much distressed by the stink within, as by the tempest without." Is it not good ? It is out of his letters¹ : and the best thing in them. It is also the best thing in mine.

With kind remembrances to Miss Barton, believe me

Yours very affectionately

E. FITZGERALD.

¹ Letters from an eminent Prelate to one of his Friends, 2nd ed. 1809, p. 114, letter XLVI.

[LONDON, 8 *June*, 1838.]

Dear Sir,

I have just come home after accompanying my Father and Lusia to their starting place in the City: they are off for Suffolk for some days. I should have written to you by them: but I only just now found your letter on the mantelpiece: there it has lain some days during which I have been ruralising in Bedfordshire. Delicious has it been there: such weather, such meadows, to enjoy: and the Ouse still wandering along at his ease through pretty villages and vales of his own beautifying. I am much in love with Bedfordshire: it beats our part of the world: and I am sure you would like it. But here I am come back to London for another three weeks I suppose....

I should much like to see your Platonic Brother. By your account he must have a very perfect mental organization: or, phrenologically speaking, he must be fully and equally furnished with the bumps of ideality and causality: which, as Bacon would say, are the two extreme poles on which the perfect 'sound and roundabout' intellect is balanced. A great deficiency of the causality bump causes me to break short in a long discussion which I meant to have favoured you with on this subject. I hope to meet your Brother one of these days: and to learn much from him. 'Guesses at Truth' I know very well: the two Brothers are the Hares: one a fellow of Trinity College Cambridge; the other Author of some Sermons which I think you had from me this winter. 'The Guesses' are well worth reading; nay, buying: very ingenious, with a good deal of pedantry and *onesidedness* (do you know this German word?), which, I believe, chiefly comes from the Trinity Fellow, who was a great pedant. I have just read Mrs Austin's Characteristics of Goethe: which I will bring for

you when I come. It is well worth knowing something of the mind of certainly a great man, and who has had more effect on his age than any one else. There is something almost fearful in the energy of his intellect. I wish indeed you were in London to see all these pictures: I am sure their greatness would not diminish your pleasure in your own small collection. Why should it? There is as genuine a feeling of Nature in one of Nursey's sketches as in the Rubenses and Claudes here: and if that is evident, and serves to cherish and rekindle one's own sympathy with the world about one, the great end is accomplished. I do not know very much of Salvator: is he not rather a melodramatic painter? No doubt, very fine in his way. But Claude and the two Poussins are the great ideal painters of Landscape. Nature looks more stedfast in them than in other painters: all is wrought up into a quietude and harmony that seem eternal. This is also one of the mysterious charms in the Holy Families of Raffaele and of the early painters before him: the faces of the Madonnas are beyond the discomposure of passion, and their very draperies betoken an Elysian atmosphere where wind never blew. The best painter of the unideal Christ is, I think, Rembrandt: as one may see in his picture at the National Gallery, and that most wonderful one of our Saviour and the Disciples at Emmaus in the Louvre: there they sit at supper as they might have sat. Rubens and the Venetian Painters did neither one thing nor the other: their Holy figures are neither ideal nor real: and it is incongruous to see one of Rubens' brawny boors dressed up in the ideal red and blue drapery with which the early Italians clothed their figures of Christ. But enough of all this. I have seen Trench's Sabbath, and like it much: how do you like those centuries of couplets, which are a German fashion?

they are very much in the style of Quarles' Emblems, and other pithy epigrams of that time : only doubtless more artistically polished : perhaps profounder. There were some of the same kind in Blackwood some months ago. My paper is out : and I must again say Good Bye.

To John Allen.

LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK.

August 28 [1838].

Dear ALLEN,

...When I left town I went into Bedfordshire and loitered about there and in Northamptonshire till ten days ago : when I came to join my sisters at this watering place on the Suffolk coast. I have been spending a very pleasant time ; but the worst of it is that the happier I am with Browne the sorrier I am to leave him. To put off this most evil day I have brought him out of Bedfordshire here : and here we are together in a pleasant lodging looking out upon the sea, teaching a great black dog to fetch and carry, playing with our neighbour's children, doing the first five propositions of Euclid (which *I* am teaching him !), shooting gulls on the shore, going out in boats &c. All this must have an end : and as usual my pleasure in his stay is proportionably darkened by the anticipation of his going, and go he must in a very few days. Well, Carlyle told us that we are not to expect to be so happy. I have thought once or twice how equally happy I was with you by the sea-side at Tenby. You and Browne (though in rather different ways) have certainly made me more happy than any men living. Sometimes I behave very ill to him, and am much ashamed of myself : but enough of this.

I have been to see two shew places lately: Boughton in Northamptonshire, a seat of the Duke of Buccleugh's, of the Versailles or Clare Hall style of building, in a very great park planted with the longest avenues I ever saw. But I thought the whole affair gloomy and deserted. There are some fine pictures: and two cartoons said to be by Raffaele: of which one is the vision of Ezechiël—I could not judge of their genuineness. The other place I have seen is Woburn Abbey—the Duke of Bedford's—a fine place but not much to my taste either. There are very fine pictures there of all kinds—one room hung with brilliant Canalettis—and altogether the pictures are better arranged and hung than in any place I have seen. But these kind of places have not much character in them: an old Squire's gable-ended house is much more English and aristocratic to my mind. I wish you had been with me and Browne at an old seat of Lord Dysart's, Helmingham in Suffolk, the other day. There is a portrait there of the present Lady Dysart in the prime of her beauty, by Sir Joshua. She is now 95.

...I am reading Pindar now and then: I don't much care about him I must say: though I suppose he is the very best writer in the Poet Laureate style: that is, writing on occasion for so much money. I see great merits doubtless—a concise and simple way of saying great things &c., but the subjects are not interesting enough to me. I suppose a good poet could have celebrated Dutch Sam¹ as having been descended from King William the Third just as well as Pindar glorifies his boxers with the mythical histories of the Æacidæ, Heraclidæ &c....

¹ A noted prize fighter.

To Frederic Tennyson.

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES,

[10 April, 1839.]

My dear TENNYSON,

I see in the last Atlas a notice of the first Concert of the Società Armonica—there were you to be found of course seated in black velvet waistcoat (for I hope you remember these are dress concerts) on one of the benches, grumbling at most of the music. You had a long symphony of Beethoven's in B flat—I forget how it goes but doubtless there was much good in it. The overture to Egmont is also a fine thing. The Atlas (which is the best weekly critic of Music and all other things that I know of) gives great κῶδος to the Società Armonica: especially this season, as the Directors seem determined to replace Donizetti and Mercadante by Mozart and Rossini, in the vocal department. A good change doubtless. I hear no music now: except that for the last week I have been staying with Spring Rice's mother in law Mrs Frere¹, one of the finest judges of Music I know. She was a very fine singer: but her voice fails now. We used to look over the score of Don Giovanni together, and many a mystery and mastery of composition did she shew me in it. Now then there is enough of Music. I wish you would write me a letter which you can do now and then if you will take it into your head, and let me know how you and my dear old Morton are, and whether you dine and smoke together as heretofore. If you won't write, tell him to do so: or make up a letter between you. What new pictures are there to be seen? Have you settled yet whether spirit can exist separately from matter? Are you convinced of the truth of Murphy's Almanac this

¹ Widow of Serjeant Frere, Master of Downing College, Cambridge.

year? Have you learned any more Astronomy? I live on in a very seedy way, reading occasionally in books which every one else has gone through at school: and what I do read is just in the same way as ladies work: to pass the time away. For little remains in my head. I dare say you think it very absurd that an idle man like me should poke about here in the country, when I might be in London seeing my friends: but such is the humour of the beast. But it is not always to be the case: I shall see your good physiognomy one of these days, and smoke one of your cigars, and listen to Morton saying fine and wild things, 'startling the dull ear of night' with paradoxes that perhaps are truisms in the world where spirits exist independent of matter. You two men have made great commotion in my mind, and left your marks upon it, I can tell you, more than most of the books I read. What is Alfred about, and where is he? Present my homage to him. Don't you rather rejoice in the pickle the King of the French finds himself in? I don't know why, but I have a sneaking dislike of the old knave. How he must pine to summon up Talleyrand's Ghost, and what a Ghost it must be, wherever it is!

To John Allen.

[28 April, 1839.]

My dear ALLEN,

Some one from this house is going to London: and I will try and write you some lines now in half an hour before dinner: I am going out for the evening to my old lady who teaches me the names of the stars, and other chaste information¹. You see, Master John Allen, that if I do not come to London (and I have no thought of going yet) and you will not write, there is likely to be an end of

¹ Probably Mrs Schutz of Gillingham Hall, already mentioned.

our communication: not by the way that I am never to go to London again: but not just yet. Here I live with tolerable content: perhaps with as much as most people arrive at, and what if one were properly grateful one would perhaps call perfect happiness. Here is a glorious sunshiny day: all the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus lying at full length on a bench in the garden: a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this: Nero, and the delicacy of Spring: all very human however. Then at half past one lunch on Cambridge cream cheese: then a ride over hill and dale: then spudding up some weeds from the grass: and then coming in, I sit down to write to you, my sister winding red worsted from the back of a chair, and the most delightful little girl in the world chattering incessantly. So runs the world away. You think I live in Epicurean ease: but this happens to be a jolly day: one isn't always well, or tolerably good, the weather is not always clear, nor nightingales singing, nor Tacitus full of pleasant atrocity. But such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it....

Give my love to Thackeray from your upper window across the street¹. So he has lost a little child: and moreover has been sorry to do so. Well, goodbye my dear John Allen: Auld Lang Syne. My kind regards to your Lady.

Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes:
'T will murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows².

E. F. G.

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES.

¹ Coram Street.

² Wordsworth, *The Fountain*, ed. 1800.

*To Bernard Barton.*BEDFORD, *July 24, 1839.*

Dear BARTON,

...I have brought down here with me Sidney Smith's Works, now first collected: you will delight in them: I shall bring them to Suffolk when I come: and it will not be long, I dare say, before I come, as there is to be rather a large meeting of us at Boulge this August. I have got the fidgets in my right arm and hand (how the inconvenience redoubles as one mentions it)—do you know what the fidgets are?—a true ailment, though perhaps not a dangerous one. Here I am again in the land of old Bunyan—better still in the land of the more perennial Ouse, making many a fantastic winding and going much out of his direct way to fertilize and adorn. Fuller supposes that he lingers thus in the pleasant fields of Bedfordshire being in no hurry to enter the more barren fens of Lincolnshire. So he says. This house is just on the edge of the town: a garden on one side skirted by the public road which again is skirted by a row of such Poplars as only the Ouse knows how to rear—and pleasantly they rustle now—and the room in which I write is quite cool and opens into a greenhouse which opens into said garden: and it's all deuced pleasant. For in half an hour I shall seek my Piscator¹, and we shall go to a Village² two miles off and fish, and have tea in a pot-house, and so walk home. For all which idle ease I think I must be damned. I begin to have dreadful suspicions that this fruitless way of life is not looked upon with satisfaction by the open eyes above. One really ought to dip for a little misery: perhaps however all this ease is only intended to

¹ W. Browne.² Probably Bletsoe.

turn sour by and bye, and so to poison one by the very nature of self-indulgence. Perhaps again as idleness is so very great a trial of virtue, the idle man who keeps himself tolerably chaste &c. may deserve the highest reward: the more idle, the more deserving. Really I don't jest: but I don't propound these things as certain.

There is a fair review of Shelley in the new *Edinburgh*: saying the truth on many points where the truth was not easily enunciated, as I believe.

Now, dear sir, I have said all I have to say: and Carlyle says, you know, it is dangerous to attempt to say more. So farewell for the present: if you like to write soon, direct to the Post Office, Bedford: if not, I shall soon be at Woodbridge to anticipate the use of your pen.

HALVERSTOWN¹, *Sunday, Oct. 20, [1839].*

My dear Sir,

I am very glad that you lifted yourself at last from your mahogany desk, and took such a trip as you describe in your last letter. I don't think you could have made a better in the same given space of time. It is some years since I have seen the Castle at Windsor, except from Eton. The view from the Terrace is the noblest I know of, taking it with all its associations together. Gray's Ode rises up into the mind as one looks around—does it not?—a sure proof that, however people may condemn certain conceits and expressions in the poem, the spirit of it is genuine. 'Ye distant spires, ye antique towers'—very large and noble, like the air that breathes upon one as one looks down along the view. My brother John told me he thought the Waterloo gallery very fine: the portraits by Sir Thomas

¹ Where FitzGerald's uncle, Mr Peter Purcell, lived.

almost as fine as Vandyke. You saw them of course. You say nothing of having seen the National Gallery in London: indeed I rather fear it is closed these two months. This is a great loss to you: the Rubens landscape you would never have forgot. Thank you for the picture of my dear old Bredfield which you have secured for me: it is most welcome. Poor Nursey once made me a very pretty oil sketch of it: but I gave it to Mr Jenney. By all means have it engraved for the pocket book: it is well worthy. Some of the tall ash trees about it used to be visible at sea: but I think their topmost branches are decayed now. This circumstance I put in, because it will tell in your verse illustration of the view. From the road before the lawn, people used plainly to see the topmasts of the men-of-war lying in Hollesley bay during the war. I like the idea of this; the old English house holding up its enquiring chimneys and weathercocks (there is great physiognomy in weathercocks) toward the far off sea, and the ships upon it. How well I remember when we used all to be in the Nursery, and from the window see the hounds come across the lawn, my Father and Mr Jenney in their hunting caps &c. with their long whips: all Daguerreotyped into the mind's eye now—and that is all. Perhaps you are not civilized enough to know what Daguerreotype is: no more do I well. We were all going on here as merrily as possible till this day week, when my Piscator got an order from his Father to go home directly. So go he would the day after. I wanted to go also: but they would have me stay here ten days more. So I stay: I suppose I shall be in London toward the end of this week however: and then it will not be long before I pay you a visit....

I have gone through Homer's Iliad—sorry to have finished it. The accounts of the Zoolu people, with

Dingarn their king &c.¹ give one a very good idea of the Homeric heroes, who were great brutes: but superior to the Gods who governed them: which also has been the case with most nations. It is a lucky thing that God made Man, and that Man has not to make God: we should fare badly, judging by the specimens already produced—Frankenstein Monster Gods, formed out of the worst and rottenest scraps of humanity—gigantic—and to turn destructively upon their Creators—

‘But be ye of good cheer! I have overcome the world—’

So speaks a gentle voice.

I found here a Number of Tait’s Magazine for August last, containing a paper on Southey, Wordsworth &c. by De Quincey. Incomplete and disproportioned like his other papers: but containing two noble passages: one, on certain years of his own Life when Opium shut him out from the world; the other, on Southey’s style: in which he tells a truth which is obvious, directly it is told. Tait seems to be very well worth a shilling a month: that is the price of him, I see. You have bought Carlyle’s Miscellanies, have you not? I long to get them: but one must wait till they are out of print before the Dublin booksellers shall have heard of them. Now here is really a very long letter, and what is more, written with a pen of my own mending—more consolatory to me than to you. Mr Macnish’s inscription² for Milton is—

His lofty spirit was the home
Of inspirations high,
A mighty temple whose great dome
Was hidden in the sky.

¹ By Captain Allen F. Gardiner, R.N. 1836.

² In an article in Blackwood’s Magazine for April, 1830, p. 632,

Who Mr Macnish is, I don't know. Didn't he write some Essays on Drunkenness once? or on Dreams?

Farewell for the present, my dear Sir. We shall soon shake hands again. Ever yours, E. FITZGERALD.

To John Allen.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,

[4 April, 1840.]

My dear ALLEN,

...The country is now shewing symptoms of greenness and warmth. Yesterday I walked (not a common thing for me) eleven miles; partly over a heath, covered with furze bushes just come out into bloom, whose odour the fresh wind blew into my face. Such a day it was, only not so warm, as when you and I used to sit on those rocks overlooking the sea at Tenby, just eight years ago. I am afraid you are growing too good a Christian for me, Master Allen, if you know what I mean by that. Don't be alarmed however. I have just read the first number of Dickens' new work¹: it does not promise much, I think.

Love to all Coram Street².

headed Poetical Portraits by a Modern Pythagorean. FitzGerald either quoted the lines from memory, or intentionally altered them. They originally stood,

His spirit was the home
Of aspirations high;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

Robert Macnish, LL.D. was the author of 'The Anatomy of Drunkenness' and 'The Philosophy of Sleep.'

¹ Master Humphrey's Clock.

² Where Thackeray was then also living.

To Frederic Tennyson.

THE CORPORATE TOWN OF BEDFORD,

June 7, 1840.

Dear FREDERIC,

Your letter dated from the Eternal City on the 15th of May reached me here two days ago. Perhaps you have by this time left Naples to which you bid me direct: or will have left it by the time my letter gets there.....Our letters are dated from two very different kinds of places: but perhaps equally well suited to the genius of the two men. For I am becoming more hebetate every hour: and have not even the ambition to go up to London all this spring to see the Exhibitions &c. I live in general quietly at my brother in law's in Norfolk¹ and I look with tolerable composure on vegetating there for some time to come, and in due time handing out my eldest nieces to waltz &c. at the County Balls. People affect to talk of this kind of life as very beautiful and philosophical: but I don't: men ought to have an ambition to stir, and travel, and fill their heads and senses: but so it is. Enough of what is now generally called the subjective style of writing. This word has made considerable progress in England during the year you have been away, so that people begin to fancy they understand what it means. I have been striving at it, because it is a very *sine qua non* condition in a book which I have just been reading, Eastlake's translation of Goethe's Theory of Colours. I recommend it to you, when you can get hold of it. Come back to England quick and read my copy. Goethe is all in opposition to Newton: and reduces the primitive colours to two. Whewell, I believe, does not

¹ At Geldestone Hall, near Beccles.

patronise it: but it is certainly very Baconically put together. While you are wandering among ruins, waterfalls, and temples, and contemplating them as you sit in your lodgings, I poke about with a book and a colour box by the side of the river Ouse—quiet scenery enough—and make horrible sketches. The best thing to me in Italy would be that you are there. But I hope you will soon come home and install yourself again in Mornington Crescent. I have just come from Leamington: while there, I met Alfred by chance: we made two or three pleasant excursions together: to Stratford upon Avon and Kenilworth &c. Don't these names sound very thin amid your warm southern nomenclature? But I'll be bound you would be pleased to exchange all your fine burnt up places for a look at a Warwickshire pasture every now and then during these hot days....

The sun shines very bright, and there is a kind of bustle in these clean streets, because there is to be a grand True Blue dinner in the town Hall. Not that I am going: in an hour or two I shall be out in the fields rambling alone. I read Burnet's History—*Ex pede Herculem*. Well, say as you will, there is not, and never was, such a country as Old England—never were there such a Gentry as the English. They will be the distinguishing mark and glory of England in History, as the Arts were of Greece, and War of Rome. I am sure no travel would carry me to any land so beautiful, as the good sense, justice, and liberality of my good countrymen make this. And I cling the closer to it, because I feel that we are going down the hill, and shall perhaps live ourselves to talk of all this independence as a thing that has been. To none of which you assent perhaps. At all events, my paper is done, and it is time to have done with this solemn letter. I can see you sitting at a window that looks out on the bay of Naples, and Vesuvius with a faint

smoke in the distance: a half naked man under you cutting up watermelons &c. Haven't I seen it all in Annuals, and in the Ballet of Massaniello long ago?

To John Allen.

BOULGE HALL,

Sunday, July 12/40.

My dear JOHN ALLEN,

I wrote a good bit of a letter to you three weeks ago: but, being non-plussed suddenly, tore it up. Lusia says she has had a letter from Mrs Allen, telling how you had a troublesome and even dangerous passage to Tenby: but that there you arrived at last. And there I suppose you are. The *veteris vestigiæ flammæ*, or old pleasant recollections of our being together at that place make me begin another sheet to you. I am almost convicted in my own mind of ingratitude for not having travelled long ago to Pembrokeshire, to shew my most kind friends of Freestone that I remember their kindness, and that they made my stay so pleasant as to make me wish to test their hospitality again. Nothing but my besetting indolence (the strongest thing about me) could have prevented my doing this. I should like much to see Mr and Mrs Allen again, and Carew Castle, and walk along the old road traversed by you and me several times between Freestone and Tenby. Does old Penelly Top stand where it did, faintly discernible in these rainy skies? Do you sit ever upon that rock that juts out by Tenby harbour, where you and I sat one day seven years ago, and quoted G. Herbert? Lusia tells me also that nice Mary Allen is to be married to your brother—Charles, I think. She is really one of the pleasantest remembrances of womanhood

I have. I suppose she sits still in an upper room, with an old turnip of a watch (tell her I remember this) on the table beside her as she reads wholesome books. As I write, I remember different parts of the house and the garden, and the fields about. Is it absolutely that Mary Allen that is to become Mrs Charles Allen? Pray write, and let me hear of this from yourself. Another thing also: are you to become our Rector in Sussex? This is another of Lusias scandals. I rather hope it is true: but not quite. Lusias pretty well: better, I think, than when she first came down from London....She makes herself tolerably happy down here: and wishes to exert herself: which is the highest wish a FitzGerald can form. I go on as usual, and in a way that needs no explanation to you: reading a little, drawing a little, playing a little, smoking a little, &c. I have got hold of Herodotus now: the most interesting of all Historians. But I find the disadvantage of being so ill grounded and bad a scholar: I can get at the broad sense: but all the delicacies (in which so much of the beauty and character of an author lie) escape me sadly. The more I read, the more I feel this. But what does it all signify? Time goes on, and we get older; and whether my idleness comprehends the distinctions of the 1st and 2nd Aorist will not be noted much in the Book of Life, either on this or the other side of the leaf. Here is a letter written on this Sunday Night, July 12, 1840. And it shall go to-morrow. My kind remembrances to Mrs Allen: and (I beg you to transmit them) to all my fore-known friends at Freestone. And believe me yours now as I have been and hope to be ever affectionately,

E. FITZGERALD.

I shall be here till the end of the month.

N.B. I am growing bald.

BOULGE, *July 25/40.*

My dear fellow,

Many thanks for your kind long letter. It brought me back to the green before the house at Freestone, and the old schoolroom in it. I have always felt within myself that if ever I did go again to Freestone, I should puzzle myself and every one else by bringing back old associations among existing things: I should have felt awkward. The place remains quite whole in my mind: Anne Allen's damask cheek forming part of the colouring therein. I remember a little well somewhere in the woods about a mile from the house: and those faint reports of explosions from towards Milford &c. which we used to hear when we all walked out together. You are to thank Mary Allen for her kind wishes: and tell her she need not doubt that I wish her all good things. I enclose you as you see a little drawing of a Suffolk farm house close here: copied from a sketch of poor Mr Nursey. If you think it worth giving to Mary Allen, do: it seems, and perhaps is, very namby-pamby to send this: but she and I used to talk of drawings together: and this will let her know that I go on just the same as I did eight years ago. N.B. It is not intended as a nuptial present.

Now, you need not answer this letter: as you have done remarkably well already. I am living (did I tell you this before?) at a little cottage close by the lawn gates, where I have my books, a barrel of beer which I tap myself (can you tap a barrel of beer?) and an old woman to do for me. I have also just concocted two gallons of Tar water under the directions of Bishop Berkeley: it is to be bottled off this very day after a careful skimming: and then drunk by those who can and will. It is to be tried first on my old woman:

if she survives, I am to begin: and it will then gradually spread into the Parish, through England, Europe &c.: 'as the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake.' Good people here are much scandalized at Thirlwall's being made a Bishop: Isabella¹ brought home a report from a clergyman that Thirlwall had so bad a character at Trinity that many would not associate with him. I do not think however that I would have made him Bishop: I am all for good and not great Bishops. Old Evans² would have done better. I am become an Oxford High Church Divine after Newman: whose sermons are the best that ever were written in my judgment. Cecil I have read: and liked for his good sense. Is the croft at Tenby still green: and does Mary Allen take a turn on it in a riding habit as of old? And I remember a ravine on the horn of the bay opposite the town where the sea rushes up. I mean as you go on past the croft. I can walk there as in a dream. I see Thackeray's book³ announced as about to be published, and I hear Spedding has written a Review of Carlyle's Revolution in the Edinburgh. I don't know a book more certain to evaporate away from posterity than that, except it be supported by his other works. Parts may perhaps be found two hundred years hence and translated into Erse by some inverted Macpherson. 'These things seem strange,' says Herodotus⁴, γένοιτο δ' ἂν πᾶν ἐν τῷ μακρῷ χρόνῳ. Herodotus makes few general assertions: so when he does make them, they tell. ♫ I could talk more to you, but my paper is out. John Allen, I rejoice in you.

¹ His sister.

² R. W. Evans, Vicar of Heversham.

³ The Paris Sketch Book.

⁴ v. 9.

To Bernard Barton.

BEDFORD, Aug. 31/40.

Dear Sir,

I duly received your letter. I am just returned from staying three days at a delightful Inn by the river Ouse, where we always go to fish. I dare say I have told you about it before. The Inn is the cleanest, the sweetest, the civillest, the quietest, the liveliest, and the cheapest that ever was built or conducted. Its name, the Falcon of Bletsoe. On one side it has a garden, then the meadows through which winds the Ouse: on the other, the public road, with its coaches hurrying on to London, its market people halting to drink, its farmers, horsemen, and foot travellers. So, as one's humour is, one can have whichever phase of life one pleases: quietude or bustle; solitude or the busy hum of men: one can sit in the principal room with a tankard and a pipe and see both these phases at once through the windows that open upon either. But through all these delightful places they talk of leading railroads: a sad thing, I am sure: quite impolitic. But Mammon is blind.

I went a week ago to see Luton, Lord Bute's place; filled with very fine pictures, of which I have dreamt since. It is the gallery in England that I most wish to see again: but I by no means say it is the most valuable. A great many pictures seemed to me misnamed—especially Correggio has to answer for some he never painted.

I am thinking of going to Naseby for a little while: after which I shall return here: and very likely find my way back to Norfolk before long. At all events, the middle of October will find me at Boulge, unless the Fates are very contrary.

*To Samuel Laurence*¹.

BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE,

Nov. 9/40.

Dear LAURENCE,

...We have had much rain which has hindered the sporting part of our company: but has not made much difference to me. One or two sunshiny days have made me say within myself, 'how felicitously and at once would Laurence hit off an outline in this clear atmosphere.' For this fresh sunlight is not a mere dead medium of light, but is so much vital champagne both to sitter and to artist. London will become worse as it becomes bigger, which it does every hour.

I don't see much prospect of my going to Cumberland this winter: though I should like to go snipe-shooting with that literary shot James Spedding. Do you mean to try and go up Skiddaw? You will get out upon it from your

¹ The artist, of whom Spedding wrote to Thompson in 1842 when he wished them to become acquainted, "There is another man whom I have asked to come a little after 10; because you do not know him, and mutual self introductions are a nuisance. If however he should by any misfortune of mine arrive before I do, know that he is Samuel Laurence, a portrait painter of real genius, of whom during the last year I have seen a great deal and boldly pronounce him to be worthy of all good men's love. He is one of the men of whom you feel certain that they will never tire you, and never do anything which you will wish they had not done. His advantages of education have been such as it has pleased God (who was never particular about giving his favourite children a good education) to send him. But he has sent him what really does as well or better—the clearest eye and the truest heart; and it may be said of him as of Sir Peter that

Nature had but little clay

Like that of which she moulded him."

bedroom window: so I advise you to begin before you go down to breakfast. There is a mountain called Dod, which has felt me upon its summit. It is not one of the highest in that range. Remember me to Grisedale Pike; a very well-bred mountain. If you paint—put him not only in a good light, but to leeward of you in a strong current of air....

Farewell for the present.

To F. Tennyson.

LONDON, Jan. 16, 1841.

Dear FREDERIC,

I have just concluded, with all the throes of imprudent pleasure, the purchase of a large picture by Constable: of which, if I can continue in the mood, I will enclose you a sketch. It is very good: but how you and Morton would abuse it! Yet this, being a sketch, escapes some of Constable's faults, and might escape some of your censures. The trees are not splashed with that white sky-mud, which (according to Constable's theory) the Earth scatters up with her wheels in travelling so briskly round the Sun: and there is a dash and felicity in the execution that gives one a thrill of good digestion in one's room, and the thought of which makes one inclined to jump over the children's heads in the streets. But if you could see my great enormous Venetian Picture you would be extonished. Does the thought ever strike you, when looking at pictures in a house, that you are to run and jump at one, and go right through it into some behind-scene world on the other side, as Harlequins do? A steady portrait especially invites one to do so: the quietude of it ironically tempts one to

outrage it: one feels it would close again over the panel, like water, as if nothing had happened. That portrait of Spedding, for instance, which Laurence has given me: not swords, nor cannon, nor all the Bulls of Bashan butting at it, could, I feel sure, discompose that venerable forehead. No wonder that no hair can grow at such an altitude: no wonder his view of Bacon's virtue is so rarefied that the common consciences of men cannot endure it. Thackeray and I occasionally amuse ourselves with the idea of Spedding's forehead: we find it somehow or other in all things, just peering out of all things: you see it in a milestone, Thackeray says. He also draws the forehead rising with a sober light over Mont Blanc, and reflected in the lake of Geneva. We have great laughing over this. The forehead is at present in Pembrokeshire, I believe: or Glamorganshire: or Monmouthshire: it is hard to say which. It has gone to spend its Christmas there.

[A water-colour sketch of Constable's picture.]

This you see is a sketch of my illustrious new purchase. The two animals in the water are cows: that on the bank a dog: and that in the glade of the wood a man or woman as you may choose. I can't say my drawing gives you much idea of my picture, except as to the composition of it: and even that depends on the colour and disposition of light and shade. The effect of the light breaking under the trees is very beautiful in the original: but this can only be given in water-colours on thick paper, where one can scratch out the lights. One would fancy that Constable had been looking at that fine picture of Gainsborough's in the National: the Watering Place: which is superior, in my mind, to all the Claudes there. But this is perhaps because I am an Englishman and not an Italian.

*To W. H. Thompson*¹.

[18 Feb. 1841.]

* BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE.

* Doesn't this name express heavy clay?

My dear THOMPSON,

I wish you would write to me ten lines to say how you are. You are, I suppose, at Cambridge: and I am buried (with all my fine parts, what a shame!) here: so that I hear of nobody—except that Spedding and I abuse each other about Shakespeare occasionally: a subject on which you must know that he has lost his conscience, if ever he had any. For what did Dr Allen...say when he felt Spedding's head? Why, that all his bumps were so tempered that there was no merit in his sobriety—then what would have been the use of a Conscience to him?
Q. E. D.

Since I saw you, I have entered into a decidedly agricultural course of conduct: read books about composts &c. I walk about in the fields also where the people are at work, and the more dirt accumulates on my shoes, the more I think I know. Is not this all funny? Gibbon might elegantly compare my retirement from the cares and splendours of the world to that of Diocletian. Have you read Thackeray's little book—the second Funeral of Napoleon? if not, pray do; and buy it, and ask others to buy it: as each copy sold puts 7½*d.* in T.'s pocket: which is very empty just now, I take it. I think this book

¹ Afterwards Greek Professor and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

is the best thing he has done. What an account there is of the Emperor Nicholas in Kemble's last Review¹, the last sentence of it (which can be by no other man in Europe but Jack himself) has been meat and drink to me for a fortnight. The electric eel at the Adelaide Gallery is nothing to it. Then Edgeworth fires away about the Odes of Pindar²—and Donne is very æsthetic about Mr Hallam's Book³. What is the meaning of 'exegetical'? Till I know that, how can I understand the Review?

Pray remember me kindly to Blakesley, Heath, and such other potentates as I knew in the days before they "assumed the purple." I am reading Gibbon, and see nothing but this d—d colour before my eyes. It changes occasionally to bright yellow, which is (is it?) the Imperial colour in China, and also the antithesis to purple (*vide* Coleridge and Eastlake's Goethe)—even as the Eastern and Western Dynasties are antithetical, and yet, by the law of extremes, potentially the same (*vide* Coleridge, &c.). Is this æsthetic? is this exegetical? how glad I shall be if you can assure me that it is. But nonsense apart and begged-pardon-for, pray write me a line to say how you are, directing to this pretty place. 'The soil is in general a moist and retentive clay: with a subsoil or pan of an adhesive silicious brick formation: adapted to the growth of wheat, beans, and clover—requiring however a summer fallow (as is generally stipulated in the lease) every fourth year &c.' This is not an unpleasing style on Agricultural subjects—nor an uncommon one.

¹ *The British and Foreign Review*, 1840, Art. on The Present Government of Russia, pp. 543—591.

² *Ibid.* pp. 510—542.

³ *Ibid.* p. 355, &c. Art. on 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe.'

To F. Tennyson.

BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE.

[21 March, 1841.]

Dear FREDERIC TENNYSON, I was very glad indeed to get a letter from you this morning. You here may judge, by the very nature of things, that I lose no time in answering it. I did not receive your Sicilian letter: and have been for a year and half quite ignorant of what part of the world you were in. I supposed you were alive: though I don't quite know why. *De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio.* I heard from Morton three months ago: he was then at Venice: very tired of it: but lying on such luxurious sofas that he could not make up his mind to move from them. He wanted to meet you: or at all events to hear of you. I wrote to him, but could tell him nothing. I have also seen Alfred once or twice since you have gone: he is to be found in certain conjunctions of the stars at No. 8 Charlotte Street....All our other friends are in statu quo: Spedding residing calmly in Lincoln's Inn Fields: at the Colonial all day: at the play and smoking at night: occasionally to be found in the Edinburgh Review. Pollock and the Lawyer tribe travel to and fro between their chambers in the Temple and Westminster Hall: occasionally varying their travels, when the Chancellor chooses, to the Courts in Lincoln's Inn. As to me, I am fixed here where your letter found me: very rarely going to London: and staying there but a short time when I do go. You, Morton, Spedding, Thackeray, and Alfred, were my chief solace there: and only Spedding is now to be found. Thackeray lives in Paris.

From this you may judge that I have no such sights to

tell of as you have. Neither do *mortaletti* ever go off at Boulge: which is perhaps not to be regretted. Day follows day with unvaried movement: there is the same level meadow with geese upon it always lying before my eyes: the same pollard oaks: with now and then the butcher or the washer-woman trundling by in their carts. As you have lived in Lincolnshire I will not further describe Suffolk. No new books (except a perfectly insane one of Carlyle¹, who is becoming very obnoxious now that he is become popular), nor new pictures, no music. A game at picquet of two hours duration closes each day. But for that I might say with Titus—perdidi diem. Oh Lord! all this is not told you that you may admire my philosophic quietude &c., pray don't think that. I should travel like you if I had the eyes to see that you have: but, as Goethe says, the eye can but see what it brings with it the power of seeing. If anything I had seen in my short travels had given me any new ideas worth having I should travel more: as it is, I see your Italian lakes and cities in the Picturesque Annuals as well as I should in the reality. You have a more energetic, stirring, acquisitive, and capacious soul. I mean all this seriously, believe me: but I won't say any more about it. Morton also is a capital traveller: I wish he would keep notes of what he sees, and publish them one day.

I must however tell you that I am becoming a Farmer! Can you believe in this? I hope we shall both live to laugh over it together. When do you mean to come back? Pray do not let so long a time elapse again without writing to me: never mind a long letter: write something to say you are alive and where. Rome certainly is nearer England than Naples: so perhaps you are coming back. Bring Morton back with you. I will then go to London and we will smoke

¹ *On Hero Worship.*

together and be as merry as sandboys. We will all sit under the calm shadow of Spedding's forehead. People talk of a war with America. Poor dear old England! she makes a gallant shew in her old age. If Englishmen are to travel, I am glad that such as you are abroad—good specimens of Englishmen: with the proper *fierté* about them. The greater part are poor wretches that go to see oranges growing, and hear Bellini for eighteenpence. I hope the English are as proud and disagreeable as ever. What an odd thing that the Italians like such martial demonstrations as you describe—not at all odd, probably—their spirit begins and goes off in noise and smoke. It is like all other grand aspirations. So ——'s Epics crepitate in Sonnets. All I ask of you is to write no Sonnets on what you see or hear—no sonnets can sound well after Daddy Wordsworth, —— &c.; who have now succeeded in quite spoiling one's pleasure in Milton's—and they are heavy things. The words 'subjective and objective' are getting into general use now, and Donne has begun with *æsthetics* and *exegetical* in Kemble's review. Kemble himself has written an article on the Emperor Nicholas which must crush him. If you could read it, no salvos of mortalletti could ever startle you again. And now my paper is almost covered: and I must say Good bye to you. This is Sunday March 21—a fine sunny blowing day. We shall dine at one o'clock—an hour hence—go to Church—then walk—have tea at six, and pass rather a dull evening, because of no picquet. You will be sauntering in St Peter's perhaps, or standing on the Capitol while the sun sets. I should like to see Rome after all. Livy's lies (as the *æsthetics* prove them to be) do at least animate one so far—how far?—so far as to wish, and not to do, having perfect power to do.

Oh eloquent, just, and mighty Theory of Mortaletti!

To W. H. Thompson.

BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE,
March 26/41.

My dear THOMPSON,

...I had a long letter from Morton the other day—he is still luxuriating at Venice. Also a letter from Frederic Tennyson, who has been in Sicily &c. and is much distracted between enjoyment of those climates and annoyance from Fleas. These two men are to be at Rome together soon: so if any one wants to go to Rome, now is a good time. I wish I was there. F. Tennyson says that he and a party of Englishmen fought a cricket match with the crew of the *Bellerophon* on the *Parthenopæan hills* (query about the correctness of this—I quote from memory), and *sacked* the sailors by 90 runs. Is not this pleasant?—the notion of good English blood striving in worn out Italy—I like that such men as Frederic should be abroad: so strong, haughty and passionate. They keep up the English character abroad....Have you read poor Carlyle's raving book about heroes? Of course you have, or I would ask you to buy my copy. I don't like to live with it in the house. It smoulders. He ought to be laughed at a little. But it is pleasant to retire to the *Tale of a Tub*, *Tristram Shandy*, and *Horace Walpole*, after being tossed on his canvas waves. This is blasphemy. *Dibdin Pitt* of the *Coburg* could enact one of his heroes...

To F. Tennyson.

IRELAND, July 26, 1841.

My dear FREDERIC,

I got your letter ten days ago in London, on my way here. We have incessant rain, which is as bad as your sciroccos; at least it damps my energies very much. But

people are accustomed to it in Ireland: and my uncle (in whose house I am staying) is just set off with three of his children—on horseback—cantering and laughing away in the midst of a hopeless shower. I am afraid some of us are too indolent for such things.

I am glad Morton has taken up painting in good earnest, and I shall encourage him to persevere as much as I can.... I have begun to draw a little—the fit comes upon one in summer with the foliage: as to sunshine, so necessary for pictures, I have been obliged to do without that. We have had scarce a ray for a month.... I have read nothing, except the Annual Register: which is not amiss in a certain state of mind, and is not easily exhausted. A goodly row of some hundred very thick volumes which may be found in every country town wherever one goes forbid all danger of exhaustion. So long as there is appetite, there is food: and of that plain substantial nature which, Johnson says, suits the stomach of middle life. Burke, for instance, is a sufficiently poetical politician to interest one just when one's sonnet-teering age is departing, but before one has come down quite to arid fact. Do you know anything of poor Sir Egerton Brydges?—this, in talking of sonnets—poor fellow, he wrote them for seventy years, fully convinced of their goodness, and only lamenting that the public were unjust and stupid enough not to admire them also. He lived in haughty seclusion, and at the end of life wrote a doating Autobiography. He writes good prose however, and shews himself as he is very candidly: indeed he is proud of the display.

All this is not meant to be a lesson to you who write, everybody says, good sonnets. Sir E. Brydges would have been the same dilettante if he had written Epics—probably worse. I certainly don't like sonnets, as you know: we

have been spoiled for them by Daddy Wordsworth, ———, and Co. Moxon must write them too forsooth. What do they seem fit for but to serve as little shapes in which a man may mould very mechanically any single thought which comes into his head, which thought is not lyrical enough in itself to exhale in a more lyrical measure? The difficulty of the sonnet metre in English is a good excuse for the dull didactic thoughts which naturally incline towards it: fellows know there is no danger of decanting their muddy stuff ever so slowly: they are neither prose nor poetry. I have rather a wish to tie old Wordsworth's volume about his neck and pitch him into one of the deepest holes of his dear Duddon.

But it is very stupid to write all this to Italy, though it would have done very well to have canvassed with you and Morton over our pipes in Mornington Crescent. I suppose you never will come back to stay long in England again: I have given you up to a warmer latitude. If you were now within reach, I would make you go a trip with me to the West of Ireland, whither I am not confident enough to go alone. Yet I wish to see it.

To Bernard Barton.

EDGEWORTHSTOWN,

September 2/41.

My dear BARTON,

You must allow I am a good correspondent—this half year at least. This is Sept. 2, a most horrible day for a Bazaar, judging at least by the weather here. But you may be better off. I came to this house a week ago to visit a male friend, who duly started to England the day before I got here. I therefore found myself domiciled in a house filled with ladies of divers ages—Edgeworth's

wife, aged—say 28—his mother aged 74—his sister (the great Maria) aged 72—and another cousin or something—All these people very pleasant and kind: the house pleasant: the grounds ditto: a good library:...so here I am quite at home. But surely I must go to England soon: it seems to me as if that must take place soon: and so send me a letter directed to me at Mr Watcham's, Naseby, Thornby. Those places are in England. You may put Northampton after Thornby if you like. I am going to look at the winding up of the harvest there.

I am now writing in the Library here: and the great Authoress is as busy as a bee making a catalogue of her books beside me, chattering away. We are great friends. She is as lively, active, and cheerful as if she were but twenty; really a very entertaining person. We talk about Walter Scott whom she adores, and are merry all the day long. I have read about thirty-two sets of novels since I have been here: it has rained nearly all the time.

I long to hear how the Bazaar went off: and so I beg you to tell me all about it. When I began this letter I thought I had something to say: but I believe the truth was I had nothing to do. When you see my dear Major¹ give him my love, and tell him I wish he were here to go to Connemara with me: I have no heart to go alone. The discomfort of Irish inns requires a companion in misery. This part of the country is poorer than any I have yet seen: the people becoming more Spanish also in face and dress. Have you read *The Collegians*²?

I have now begun to sketch heads on the blotting paper on which my paper rests—a sure sign, as Miss Edgeworth

¹ Major Moor of Great Bealings; author of *The Hindu Pantheon*, *Suffolk Words*, *Oriental Fragments*, &c.

² By Gerald Griffin.

tells me, that I have said quite enough. She is right. Good-bye. In so far as this country is Ireland I am glad to be here: but inasmuch as it is not England I wish I were there.

To S. Laurence.

NASEBY, *Sept.* 28/41.

My dear LAURENCE,

...Do you know that I wanted you to come down by the railroad and see me here: where there is nothing else to be seen but myself: which would have been a comfort to you. I have been staying here three weeks alone, smoking with farmers, looking at their lands, and taking long walks alone: during which (as well as when I was in Ireland) I made such sketches as will make you throw down your brush in despair. I wish you would ask at Molteno's or Colnaghi's for a new Lithographic print of a head of Dante, after a fresco by Giotto, lately discovered in some chapel¹ at Florence. It is the most wonderful head that ever was seen—Dante at about twenty-seven years old: rather younger. The Edgeworths had a print in Ireland: got by great interest in Florence before the legitimate publication: but they told me it was to be abroad in September. If you can get me a copy, pray do.

To F. Tennyson.

1^{mo} piano. N^o. 6. Strada del Obelisco.

NASEBY. [*Oct.* 1841.]

My dear FREDERIC,

I am surprised you think my scanty letters are worth encouraging, especially with such long and excellent

¹ The chapel of the Palazzo del Podestà, or Bargello, then used as a prison.

answers as that I have just got from you. It has found its way down here: and oddly enough does your Italian scenery, painted, I believe, very faithfully upon my inner eye, contrast with the British barrenness of the Field of Naseby. Yet here was fought a battle of some interest to Englishmen: and I am persuading farmers to weed well the corn that grows over those who died there. No, no; in spite of your Vesuviuses and sunshine, I love my poor dear brave barren ugly country. Talk of your Italians! why, they are extinguished by the Austrians because they don't blaze enough of themselves to burn the extinguisher. Only people who deserve despotism are forced to suffer it. We have at last good weather: and the harvest is just drawing to a close in this place. It is a bright brisk morning, and the loaded waggons are rolling cheerfully past my window. But since I wrote what is above a whole day has passed: I have eaten a bread dinner: taken a lonely walk: made a sketch of Naseby (not the least like yours of Castellamare): played for an hour on an old tub of a piano: and went out in my dressing gown to smoke a pipe with a tenant hard by. That tenant (whose name is Love by the bye) was out with his folks in the stack yard: getting in all the corn they can, as the night looks rainy. So, disappointed of my projected 'talk about runts' and turnips, I am come back—with a good deal of animal spirits at my tongue's and fingers' ends. If I were transported now into your room at Castellamare I would wag my tongue far beyond midnight with you. These fits of exultation are not very common with me: as (after leaving off beef) my life has become of an even grey paper character: needing no great excitement, and as pleased with Naseby as Naples...

I am reading Schlegel's lectures on the History of

Literature: a nice just book: as also the comedies of Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar: the latter very delightful: as also D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation: a good book. When I am tired of one I take up the other: when tired of all, I take up my pipe, or sit down and recollect some of Fidelio on the pianoforte. Ah Master Tennyson, we in England have our pleasures too. As to Alfred, I have heard nothing of him since May: except that some one saw him going to a packet which he believed was going to Rotterdam....When shall you and I go to an Opera again, or hear one of Beethoven's Symphonies together? You are lost to England, I calculate: and I am given over to turnips and inanity. So runs the world away. Well, if I never see you again, I am very very glad I *have* seen you: and got the idea of a noble fellow all ways into my head. Does this seem like humbug to you? But it is not. And that fine fellow Morton too. Pray write when you can to me: and when my stars shine so happily about my head as they do at this minute, when my blood feels like champagne, I will answer you....

When you go to Florence, get to see a fresco portrait of Dante by Giotto: newly discovered in some chapel there. Edgeworth saw it, and has brought home a print which is (he says) a tolerable copy. It is a most awful head: Dante, when about twenty-five years old. The likeness to the common portraits of him when old is quite evident. All his great poem seems in it: like the flower in the bud. I read the last cantos of the Paradiso over and over again. I forget if you like him: but, if I understand you at all, you must. Farewell!

P.S. Just heard from Edgeworth that Alfred is in London 'busy preparing for the press'!!!

*To Bernard Barton.*LONDON, *November 27/41.*

Dear BARTON,

I am afraid you were disappointed last night at finding no picture by the Shannon¹. Mayhap you had asked Mr C[hurchyard] to come and give his judgment upon it over toasted cheese. But the truth is, the picture has just been varnished with mastick varnish, which is apt to chill with the cold at this season of the year: and so I thought it best to keep it by me till its conveyance should be safer. I hope that on Monday you will get it. But I must tell you that, besides the reason of the varnish, I have had a sneaking desire to keep the picture by me, and not to lose it from my eyes just yet. I am in love with it. I washed it myself very carefully with only sweet salad oil: perfectly innocuous as you may imagine: and that, with the new lining, and the varnishing, has at least made the difference between a dirty and a clean beauty. And now, whoever it may be painted by, I pronounce it a very beautiful picture: tender, graceful, full of repose. I sit looking at it in my room and like it more and more. All this is independent of its paternity. But if I am asked about that, I should only answer on my own judgment (not a good one in such a matter, as I have told you) that it *is* decidedly by Gainsborough, and in his best way of conception. My argument would be of the Johnsonian kind: if it is not by G., who the devil is it by? There are some perhaps feeble touches here and there in the tree in the centre, though not in those autumnal leaves that shoot into the sky to the right: but who painted that clump of thick solemn trees to the left of the picture:—the light of evening rising like a

¹ The London coach.

low fire between their boles? The cattle too in the water, how they stand! The picture must be an original of somebody's: and if not of Gainsborough's—whose? It is better painted far than the Market Cart in the National Gallery: but not better, only equal (in a sketchy way) to the beautiful evening Watering Place.

Now I have raised your expectations too high. But when you have looked at the picture some time, you will agree with me. I say all this in sober honesty, for upon my word, whether it be by Gainsborough or not, it is a kind of pang to me to part from the picture: I believe I should like it all the better for its being a little fatherless bastard which I have picked up in the streets, and made clean and comfortable. Yet, if your friend tells you it is by G. I shall be glad you should possess it. Any how, never part with it but to me.

I must tell you my friend Laurence still persists it is not by Gainsborough: but I have thrown him quite overboard. Oh the comfort of independent self confidence! Said Laurence also observed that Gainsborough was the Goldsmith of Painters: which is perhaps true. I should like to know if he would know an original of Goldsmith, if I read something to him. He is a nice fellow this Laurence by the way.

Our prospect of going down to Suffolk this year is much on the wane: the Doctor has desired that Lusie should remain in town. Though I should like much to see you and others, yet I am on the whole glad that my sisters should stay here, where they are likely to be better off. I shall stay with them, as I am of use. I may however run down one day to give you a look. I wish you would enquire and let me know how Mr Jenney¹ is: he was not well when

¹ The owner of Bredfield House where E. F. G. was born.

my Father was in Suffolk. Only *don't ask himself*: he hates that. And now farewell. This is a long letter: but look at it by way of notice when the picture comes to you. If it does *not* come on Monday don't be angry: but it probably will.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 29, 1841.

My dear BARTON.

The account you give of my old Squire 'that he is in a poorish way' does not satisfy me: and I want you to ask Mr Jones the surgeon, whom you know, and who used to attend on the Squire,—to ask him, I say, how that Squire is. He has been ill for the last two or three winters, and may not be worse now than before. He is one of our oldest friends: and though he and I have not very much in common, he is a part of my country of England, and involved in the very idea of the quiet fields of Suffolk. He is the owner of old Bredfield House in which I was born—and the seeing him cross the stiles between Haskerton and Bredfield, and riding with his hounds over the lawn, is among the scenes in that novel called 'The Past' which dwell most in my memory. What is the difference between what has been, and what never has been, *none*? At the same time this Squire, so hardy, is indignant at the idea of being ill or laid up: so one must inquire of him by some roundabout means....

We had a large party here last night: Horace Smith came: like his brother James, but better looking: and said to be very agreeable. Do you [know] that he gives a dreadful account of Mrs Southey: that meek and Christian poetess: he says, she's a devil in temper. He told my mother so: had you heard of this? I don't believe it yet: one ought not so soon, ought one?

Goodbye.

To W. B. Donne.

MONDAY.

My dear DONNE,

Thompson tells me you are writing a Roman History. But you have not been asked to Lecture at the Ipswich Mechanics' Institution, as I have—"any subject except controversial Divinity, and party Politics." In the meantime I have begun Livy: I have read one book, and can't help looking at the four thick octavos that remain—

Oh beate Sesti,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam¹.

But it is very stately reading. As to old Niebuhr, it is mean to attack old legends that can't defend themselves. And what does it signify in the least if they are true or not? Whoever *actively* believed that Romulus was suckled by a wolf? But I have found in Horace a proper motto for those lumbering Germans:

Quis Parthum paveat? quis gelidum Scythen?

Quis Germania quos horrida parturit

Fœtus²?

To Bernard Barton.

[GELDESTONE, Jan. 1842.]

My dear SIR,

You tell my Father you mean to write a Poem about my invisibility—and somehow it seems strange to

¹ Hor. *Od.* I. 4. 14, 15.

² Hor. *Od.* IV. 5. 25—27. horrida...fœtus per metasyntaxis: "horrid abortions."

myself that I have been so long absent from Woodbridge. It was a toss up (as boys say—and perhaps Gods) whether I should go now:—the toss has decided I should not. On the contrary I am going to see Donne at Mattishall: a visit, which having put off a fortnight ago, I am now determined to pay. But if I do not see you before I go to London, I shall assuredly be down again by the latter part of February: when toasted cheese and ale shall again unite our souls. You need not however expect that I can return to such familiar intercourse as once (in former days) passed between us. New honours in society have devolved upon me the necessity of a more dignified deportment. A letter has been sent from the Secretary of the Ipswich Mechanics' Institution asking me to Lecture—any subject but Party Politics or Controversial Divinity. On my politely declining, another, a fuller, and a more pressing, letter was sent urging me to comply with their demand: I answered to the same effect, but with accelerated dignity. I am now awaiting the third request in confidence: if you see no symptoms of its being mooted, perhaps you will kindly propose it. I have prepared an answer. Donne is mad with envy. He consoles himself with having got a Roman History to write for Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia¹. What a pity it is that only Lying Histories are readable. I am afraid Donne will stick to what is considered the Truth too much.

This is a day like May: I and the children have been scrambling up and down the sides of a pit till our legs ache.

¹ Not for the Cabinet Cyclopædia, but the Library of Useful Knowledge. It was never finished.

Jan. 24/42.

Dear BARTON,

You mistake. The Poacher was bought in his shell—for £3—did I not name that price? As you desire a packing case, I will order one to day: and I hope you will have him down on Wednesday, just when your Bank work is over, and you will be glad of such good company. One of my friends thought the picture must have been an anticipation of Bill Sykes: put a cap and feathers on his head and you make him Iago, Richard the Third, or any other aristocratic villain. I really think the picture is a very good one of its kind: and one that you will like¹.

I am going to get my large Constable very lightly framed, and shall bring it down into Suffolk with me to shew you and others. I like it more and more.

...There is something poetical, and almost heroic, in this Expedition to the Niger—the motives lofty and Christian—the issue so disastrous. Do you remember in A. Cunningham's *Scottish Songs*² one called 'The Darien Song'? It begins

We will go, maidens, go,
To the primrose³ woods and mourn, &c.

Look for it. It applies to this business. Some Scotch young folks went out to colonize Darien, and never came back.

Oh there were white hands wav'd,
And many a parting hail,
As their vessel stemm'd the tide,
And stretch'd her snowy sail.

¹ See Barton's Letters, p. 70.

² Vol. III. p. 318.

³ The correct reading is 'lonesome.'

I remember reading this at Aldbro', and the sound of the sea hangs about it always, as upon the lips of a shell.

Farewell for the present. We shall soon be down amongst you.

P.S. I think Northcote drew this picture from life: and I have no doubt there is some story attached to it. The subject may have been some great malefactor. You know that painters like to draw such at times. Northcote could not have painted so well but from life.

To F. Tennyson.

LONDON, *February 6, 1842.*

Dear FREDERIC,

These fast-following letters of mine seem intended to refute a charge made against me by Morton: that I had only so much impulse of correspondence as resulted from the receipt of a friend's letter. Is it very frivolous to write all these letters, on no business whatsoever? What I think is, that one will soon be going into the country, where one hears no music, and sees no pictures, and so one will have nothing to write about. I mean to take down a Thucydides, to feed on: like a whole Parmesan. But at present here I am in London: last night I went to see *Acis and Galatea* brought out, with Handel's music, and Stanfield's scenery: really the best done thing I have seen for many a year. As I sat alone (alone in spirit) in the pit, I wished for you: and now Sunday is over: I have been to church: I have dined at Portland Place¹: and now I come home to my lodgings: light my pipe: and will whisper something over to Italy. You talk of your Naples: and

¹ No. 39, where his father and mother lived.

that one cannot understand Theocritus without having been on those shores. I tell you, you can't understand Macready without coming to London and seeing his revival of *Acis and Galatea*. You enter Drury Lane at a quarter to seven: the pit is already nearly full: but you find a seat, and a very pleasant one. Box doors open and shut: ladies take off their shawls and seat themselves: gentlemen twist their side curls: the musicians come up from under the stage one by one: 'tis just upon seven. Macready is very punctual: Mr T. Cooke is in his place with his marshal's baton in his hand: he lifts it up: and off they set with old Handel's noble overture. As it is playing, the red velvet curtain (which Macready has substituted, not wisely, for the old green one) draws apart: and you see a rich drop scene, all festooned and arabesqued with River Gods, Nymphs, and their emblems; and in the centre a delightful, large, good copy of Poussin's great landscape (of which I used to have a print in my rooms) where the Cyclops is seen seated on a mountain, looking over the sea-shore. The overture ends, the drop scene rises, and there is the sea-shore, a long curling bay: the sea heaving under the moon, and breaking upon the beach, and rolling the surf down—the stage! This is really capitally done. But enough of description. The choruses were well sung, well acted, well dressed, and well grouped; and the whole thing creditable and pleasant. Do you know the music? It is of Handel's best: and as classical as any man who wore a full-bottomed wig could write. I think Handel never gets out of his wig: that is, out of his age: his *Hallelujah* chorus is a chorus not of angels, but of well-fed earthly choristers, ranged tier above tier in a Gothic cathedral, with princes for audience, and their military trumpets flourishing over the full volume of the organ. Handel's gods are like Homer's, and his sublime

never reaches beyond the region of the clouds. Therefore I think that his great marches, triumphal pieces, and coronation anthems, are his finest works. There is a little bit of Auber's, at the end of the Bayadère when the God resumes his divinity and retires into the sky, which has more of pure light and mystical solemnity than anything I know of Handel's: but then this is only a scrap: and Auber could not breathe in that atmosphere long: whereas old Handel's coursers, with necks with thunder clothed and long resounding pace, never tire. Beethoven thought more deeply also: but I don't know if he could sustain himself so well. I suppose you will resent this praise of Beethoven: but you must be tired of the whole matter, written as it is in this vile hand: and so here is an end of it...And now I am going to put on my night-cap: for my paper is nearly ended, and the iron tongue of St Paul's, as reported by an East wind, has told twelve. This is the last news from the City. So Good night. I suppose the violets will be going off in the Papal dominions by the time this letter reaches you: my country cousins are making much of a few aconites. Love to Morton.

P.S. I hope these foolish letters don't cost you and Morton much: I always pay 1s. 7d. for them here: which ought to carry such levities to Hindostan without further charge.

To Bernard Barton.

LONDON, *February 21/42.*

I have just got home a new coat for my Constable: which coat cost 33 shillings: just the same price as I gave for a Chesterfield wrapper (as it is called) for myself some weeks ago. People told me I was not improved by

my Chesterfield wrapper : and I am vexed to see how little my Constable is improved by his coat of Cloth of Gold. But I have been told what is the use of a frame lately : only as it requires nice explanation I shall leave it till I see you. Don't you wish me to buy that little Evening piece I told you of? worth a dozen of your Paul Veroneses put together.

When I rate you (as you call it) about shewing my verses, letters &c. you know in what spirit I rate you : thanking you all the time for your generous intention of praising me. It would be very hard, and not desirable, to make you understand why my Mama need not have heard the verses : but it is a very little matter : so no more of it. As to my 7
doing anything else in that way, I know that I could write volume after volume as well as others of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease : but I think unless a man can do better, he had best not do at all : I have not the strong inward call, nor cruel-sweet pangs of parturition, that prove the birth of anything bigger than a mouse. With you the case is different, who have so long been a follower of the Muse, and who have had a kindly, sober, English, wholesome, religious spirit within you that has communicated kindred warmth to many honest souls. (Such a creature as Augusta—John's wife—a true Lady, was very fond of your poems : and I think that is no mean praise : a very good assurance that you have not written in vain. I am a man of taste, of whom there are hundreds born every year : only that less easy circumstances than mine at present are compel them to one calling : that calling perhaps a mechanical one, which overlies all their other, and naturally perhaps more energetic impulses. As to an occasional copy of verses, there are few men who have leisure to read, and are possessed of any music in their souls, who are not

capable of versifying on some ten or twelve occasions during their natural lives: at a proper conjunction of the stars. There is no harm in taking advantage of such occasions.

This letter-writing fit (one must suppose) can but happen once in one's life: though I hope you and I shall live to have many a little bargain for pictures. But I hold communion with Suffolk through you. In this big London all full of intellect and pleasure and business I feel pleasure in dipping down into the country, and rubbing my hand over the cool dew upon the pastures, as it were. I know very few people here: and care for fewer: I believe I should like to live in a small house just outside a pleasant English town all the days of my life, making myself useful in a humble way, reading my books, and playing a rubber of whist at night. But England cannot expect long such a reign of inward quiet as to suffer men to dwell so easily to themselves. But Time will tell us:

Come what come may,
Time and the Hour runs through the roughest day¹.

It is hard to give you so long a letter, so dull an one, and written in so cramped a hand, to read in this hardworking part of your week. But you can read a bit at odd times, you know: or none at all. Anyhow 'tis time to have done. I am going to walk with Lusia. So farewell.

P.S. I always direct to you as 'Mr Barton' because I know not if Quakers ought to endure Squiredom. How I long to shew you my Constable!

Pray let me know how Mr Jenney is. I think that we shall get down to Suffolk the end of next week.

¹ Shakespeare, *Macb.* I. 3. 146, 147.

LONDON, *Febr.* 25/42.

My dear BARTON,

Your reason for liking your Paul Veronese (what an impudence to talk so to a man who has just purchased a real Titian !) does not quite disprove my theory. You like the picture because you like the verses you once made upon it : you associate the picture (naturally enough) with them : and so shall I in future, because I like the verses too. But then you ask further, what made you write the verses if you were not moved by the picture *imprimis* ? Why you know the poetic faculty does wonders, as Shakespeare tells us, in imagining the forms of things unseen &c. and so you made a merit where there was none : and have liked that merit ever since. But I will not disturb you any further in your enjoyment : if you have a vision of your own, why should I undo it ?

Yesterday I was busily employed in painting over my Opie, which had suffered by heat, or something of that kind. I borrowed Laurence's palette and brushes and lay upon the floor two hours patching over and renovating. The picture is really greatly improved, and I am more reconciled to it. It has now to be varnished : and then I hope some fool will be surprised into giving £4 for it, as I did. I have selected an advantageous position for it in a dealer's shop, just under a rich window that excludes the light.

On second thoughts I shall not send you down my Twilight : but bring it with me. I like it much, and do not repent the purchase. As to the difficulty of bringing down so many pictures, I shall travel by the steamer ; which will bear any quantity. The great new purchase, spoken of in yesterday's letter, will also go with me : it will be insured at a high valuation before it is entrusted to the Deep, of whose treasures I don't at all wish it to become one. My Titian is

a great hit: if not by him, it is as near him as ever was painted. But you would not care six straws for it. The history of the finest theory of colouring lies in those few inches of canvas. But Laurence (who has gone for some days into the country) must see it, and tell me about it. He is so good a judge, that I ought never to talk till I have first heard his verdict.

I was amused at a passage in *Clarissa* the other day, which gives one some idea of what the average state of the arts was among the gentry of a hundred years ago. Miss Howe, in drawing up a character of her lost *Clarissa*, says that among other things she had a fine taste for the Pencil: had not time to practise it much, but 'was an absolute mistress of the "should-be"', and then proceeds thus: 'To give a familiar instance for the sake of young Ladies: she (untaught) observed *when but a child*, that the Sun, Moon, and Stars, never appeared at once: and were therefore never to be in one piece: that bears, tygers, lions, were not natives of an English climate, and should not therefore have a place in an English landscape: that these ravagers of the forest consorted not with lambs, kids, or fawns: nor kites, hawks, or vultures, with doves, partridges, and pheasants.' Such was a prodigy in those days. It is easy to sneer at this passage: but whoever has read anything of the *Masques &c.* of James's time, will readily recall what absurdities were brought together, even by the good Scholars of the day: and therefore will not wonder at the imperfect Natural History that was found in young Ladies' Drawings, and samplers. I remember now to have seen wonderful combinations of phenomena in those samplers which are occasionally to be found hung up in the parlours of Country Inns, and Farm houses.

These letters succeed like the ghosts of Banquo's

progeny before the eyes of Macbeth. Lucky that time itself draws on too close for this letter to 'hold a glass that shews you many more.' You did not answer my question about the Gainsboroughs. So I won't ask you another.

SONNET ON MY NEW PICTURE.

Oh Twilight! Twilight!!

Rot me, if I am in a poetical humour: I can't translate the picture into words.

LONDON, *March 5, 1842.*

My dear BARTON,

Before the cavalcade and suite of Hardinge's (a melancholy procession) reaches you, I think this letter will. You need not envy me my purchases, which are imprudent ones: both because I can't well afford them, and because I have no house to put them. And yet all this gives a sense of stolen enjoyment to them. I am yet haunted with the ghost of a Battle-piece (little in my way) at a shop in Holborn: by whom I know not: but so good as to be cheap at £4. 10s., which the man wants for it. My *Twilight* is an upright picture: about a foot wide, and rather more than a foot high.

Mr Browne has declined taking my Opie, unless in conjunction with some others which I won't part with: so the Forest Girl must set up her stall at a Broker's. I doubt she will never bring me the money I gave for her. She is the only bad speculation of the season. Were she but sold, I should be rejoicing in the Holborn Battle Piece. After this year however I think I shall bid complete adieu to picture-hunting: only taking what comes in my way. There is a great difference between these two things: both in the expense of time, thought, and money. Who can sit down to

Plato while his brains are roaming to Holborn, Christie's, Phillips's, &c.?

My Father talks of going down to Suffolk early next week. Whether I shall accompany him is not certain. Do you remember what a merry Good Friday you and I passed last year? I suppose I shall find the banks covered with primroses, the very name carries a dew upon it.

‘As one who long in populous city pent, &c.’¹

Good-bye. I am going to pay my compliments at Portland Place, and then to walk in a contrary direction to Holborn.

To F. Tennyson.

[31 March, 1842.]

Dear FREDERIC,

...Concerning the bagwigs of composers. Handel's was not a bagwig, which was simply so named from the little stuffed black silk watch-pocket that hung down behind the back of the wearer. Such were Haydn's and Mozart's—much less influential on the character: much less ostentatious in themselves: not towering so high, nor rolling down in following curls so low as to overlay the nature of the brain within. But Handel wore the Sir Godfrey Kneller wig: greatest of wigs: one of which some great General of the day used to take off his head after the fatigue of the battle, and hand over to his valet to have the bullets combed out of it. Such a wig was a fugue in itself. I don't understand your theory about trumpets, which have always been so little spiritual *in use*, that they have been the provocatives and celebrators of physical force from the beginning of the world. ‘*Power*’, whether spiritual or

¹ Milton, *P. L.* IX. 445.

physical, is the meaning of the trumpet : and so, well used, as you say, by Handel in his approaches to the Deity. The fugue in the overture to the Messiah expresses perhaps the thorny wandering ways of the world before the voice of the one in the wilderness, and before 'Comfort ye my people &c.' Mozart, I agree with you, is the most universal musical genius : Beethoven has been too analytical and erudite : but his inspiration is nevertheless true. I have just read his Life by Moscheles : well worth reading. He shewed no very decided preference for music when a child, though he was the son of a composer : and I think that he was, strictly speaking, more of a thinker than a musician. A great genius he was somehow. He was very fond of reading : Plutarch and Shakespeare his great favourites. He tried to think in music : almost to reason in music : whereas perhaps we should be contented with *feeling* in it. It can never speak very definitely. There is that famous 'Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty &c.' in Handel : nothing can sound more simple and devotional : but it is only lately adapted to these words, being originally (I believe) a love song in Rodelinda. Well, lovers adore their mistresses more than their God. Then the famous music of 'He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters &c.' was originally fitted to an Italian pastoral song—'Nasce al bosco in rozza cuna, un felice pastorello &c.' That part which seems so well to describe 'and walketh on the wings of the wind' falls happily in with 'e con l'aura di fortuna' with which this pastorello sailed along. The character of the music is ease and largeness : as the shepherd lived, so God Almighty walked on the wind. The music breathes ease : but words must tell us who takes it easy. Beethoven's Sonata—Op. 14—is meant to express the discord and gradual atonement of two lovers, or a man and his wife : and he was disgusted that

every one did not see what was meant : in truth, it expresses any resistance gradually overcome—Dobson shaving with a blunt razor, for instance. Music is so far the most universal language, that any one piece in a particular strain symbolizes all the analogous phenomena spiritual or material—if you can talk of spiritual phenomena. The Eroica symphony describes the battle of the passions as well as of armed men. This is long and muddy discourse : but the walls of Charlotte Street present little else, especially during this last week of Lent, to twaddle about. The Cambridge Dons have been up in town for the Easter vacation : so we have smoked and talked over Peacock, Whewell, &c. Alfred is busy preparing a new volume for the press : full of doubts, troubles &c. The reviewers will doubtless be at him : and with justice for many things : but some of the poems will outlive the reviewers. Trench, Wordsworth, Campbell, and Taylor, also appear in new volumes this Spring, and Milnes, I hear, talks of publishing a *popular* edition of his poems. He means, a cheap one. Nothing has been heard of Spedding¹ : but we all conclude, from the nature of the case, that he has not been scalped.

To W. F. Pollock².

BOULGE HALL, *May 11/42.*

Dear POLLOCK,

...I have just been reading the great Library of Athanasius³. Certainly only you and I and Thackeray understand it. When men like Spedding quote to me such

¹ Who was in America with Lord Ashburton.

² The late Sir W. F. Pollock, formerly Queen's Remembrancer.

³ The Library of Useless Knowledge, by Athanasius Gasker [E. W. Clarke, son of E. D. Clarke, the Traveller], published in 1837.

a passage as 'Athanasius who is innocent of many smiles &c.,' they shew me they don't understand it. The beauty—if one may dare to define—lies more in such expressions as 'adjusting the beaks of the macaws &c.' I have laughed outright (how seldom one does this alone!) at the Bishops' meeting. 'Mr Tallboys—that candle behind Dr Allnutt—really that I should be obliged—.' I suppose this would be the most untranslatable book in the world. I never shall forget how I laughed when I first read it.

[GELDESTONE HALL, 22 May 1842.]

Dear POLLOCK,

...So Alfred is come out¹. I agree with you quite about the skipping-rope, &c. But the bald men² of the Embassy would tell you otherwise. I should not wonder if the whole theory of the Embassy, perhaps the discovery of America itself, was involved in that very Poem. Lord Bacon's honesty may, I am sure, be found there. Alfred, whatever he may think, cannot trifle—many are the disputes we have had about his powers of badinage, compliment, waltzing &c. His smile is rather a grim one. / I am glad the book is come out, though I grieve for the insertion of these little things, on which reviewers and dull readers will fix; so that the right appreciation of the book will be retarded a dozen years....

The rain will not come and we are burnt up, and in despair. But the country never looked more delicious than it does. I am as happy here as possible, though I don't like to boast. I am going to see my friend Donne in ten days, he is writing the dullest of histories—one of Rome. What the

¹ Referring to the 1842 edition of Tennyson's Poems.

² Spedding was at this time in America with Lord Ashburton.

devil does it signify setting us in these days right as to the Licinian Rogation, and Livy's myths? Every school-boy knew that Livy lied: but the main story was clear enough for all the purposes of experience; and, that being so, the more fabulous and entertaining the subsidiary matter is the better. Tell Thackeray not to go into Punch yet.

. *To S. Laurence.*

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES.

SUNDAY, *May 22/42.*

My dear LAURENCE,

...I read of the advertisements of sales and auctions, but don't envy you Londoners while I am here in the midst of *green idleness*, as Leigh Hunt might call it. What are pictures? I am all for pure spirit. You have of course read the account of Spedding's forehead landing in America. English sailors hail it in the Channel, mistaking it for Beachy Head. There is a Shakespeare cliff, and a Spedding cliff. Good old fellow! I hope he'll come back safe and sound, forehead and all.

I sit writing this at my bedroom window, while the rain (long-looked for) patters on the window. I prophesied it to-day: which is a great comfort. We have a housefull of the most delightful children: and if the rain would last, and the grass grow, all would be well. I think the rain will last: I shall prophesy so when I go down to our early dinner. For it is Sunday: and we dine children and all at one o'clock: and go to afternoon church, and a great tea at six—then a pipe (except for the young ladies)—a stroll—a bit of supper—and to bed. Wake in the morning at five—open the window and read Ecclesiasticus. A proverb says that 'everything is fun in the country'.

My Constable has been greatly admired, and is reckoned quite genuine by our great judge, Mr Churchyard. Mr C. paints himself: (not in *body* colours, as you waggishly insinuate) and nicely too. He understands Gainsborough, Constable, and old Crome. Have you ever seen pictures by the latter? some very fine. He was a Norwich man.

BOULGE HALL, *June 19/42.*

My dear LAURENCE,

Keep the head of Raffaele as long as you please. I am glad that one of the three pictures at all events is worth something. I anticipated that Morton's friend would spoil them in the carriage: friends always do. Keep them all, like my other pictures, at your house: and make what use of them you please. The head of Dante is, I suppose, the same as the one L. Hunt shewed us engraved in a book: a theatrical one, I thought....Have you been to any auction-rooms? I have forgot all about them: and can live very well without pictures. I believe one loses all one's tastes in the country: and one is not the less happy. We have had glorious weather: new pease and young potatoes—fresh milk (how good!) and a cool library to sit in of mornings....

To F. Tennyson.

BEDFORD, *August 16, 1842.*

Dear TENNYSON,

I have been long hoping for a letter from you: it has come this morning, and repays me for all waiting. While you and Morton write to me about Italy I shall never

go to see it. And yet your account of Cicero's villa, I confess, gives me a twinge. But of this I am sure: if I saw all these fine things with the bodily eye, I should but see them as a scene in a play, with the additional annoyance of being bitten with fleas perhaps, and being in a state of transition which is not suitable to me: whereas while you see them, and will represent them to me, I see them through your imagination, and that is better than any light of my own. This is very true, I assure you: and you and Morton have given me quite a different view of Italy to what I had before: a much more enchanting one, but not the more likely to seduce me into making the false step of trying to realize it for myself....In the mean time how tired and bored would you be to take one of my travels—a voyage of eight miles from Bedford perhaps—travelled twenty times before—every winding of the river, every church spire, every country pot house and the quality of its beer, well known. No surprise at all. Nil admirari—I find that old Horace is a good fellow traveller in England: so is Virgil. It is odd that those fellows living in the land they did live in should have talked so coldly about it. As to Alfred's book, I believe it has sold well: but I have not seen him for a long while, and have had no means of hearing about the matter except from Thompson, who told me that very many copies had been sold at Cambridge, which indeed will be the chief market for them. Neither have I seen any notice of them in print except that in the Examiner; and that seemed so quiet that I scarce supposed it was by Forster. Alfred himself is, I believe, in Kent at present. And now, my dear Frederic, why do you think of returning to England? Depend upon it you are better off as you are. You will never turn magistrate nor bean-dibbler, nor make yourself of use in the country, and therefore why should you not live

where you like to live best? When I read of your laughing and singing and riding into Naples with huge self-supplying beakers full of the warm South I am sure you had best stay where you are. I should indeed be very glad to see you again: but then I should miss hearing from you: and you would only come here to abuse us all and then go back again. You Tennysons are born for warm climates. As to poor England, I never see a paper, but I think with you that she is on the go. I used to dread this: but somehow I now contemplate it as a necessary thing, and, till the shoe begins to pinch me sorely, walk on with some indifference. It seems impossible the manufacturers can go on as they are: and impossible that the demand for our goods can continue as of old in Europe: and impossible but that we must get a rub and licking in some of our colonies: and if all these things come at once, why then the devil's in it. I used to think as you do about France and the French: and we all agreed in London that France should be divided among the other powers as Poland was: but Donne has given me pause: he says that France is the great counter-acting democratic principle to Russia. This may be: though I think Russia is too unwieldly and rotten-ripe ever to make a huge progress in conquest. What is to be thought of a nation where the upper classes speak the language of another country, and have varnished over their honest barbarism with the poorest French profligacy and intrigue? Russia does not seem a whole to me. In the mean time, all goes on toward better and better, as is my firm belief: and humanity grows clear by flowing, (very little profited by any single sage or hero) and man shall have wings to fly and something much better than that in the end...

I draw a very little, and think of music as I walk in the fields: but have no piano in this part of the world....I hear

there is a fine new Symphony by Mendelssohn, who is by far our best writer now, and in some measure combines Beethoven and Handel. I grow every day more and more to love only the old God save the King style: the common chords, those truisms of music, like other truisms so little understood in the full. Just look at the mechanism of Robin Adair.

Now pray write to me again when you can. You don't know how much I rejoice in your letters.

To S. Laurence.

BEDFORD, *Thursday,*
[*August, 1842.*]

Dear LAURENCE,

...I have heard from Morton and F. Tennyson; the letter of the latter very descriptive and fine. He is summering at Castellamare, and Morton at Sorrento. What must Italy be if we are complaining of heat here!

I have just been naming all Mr Browne's pictures for him. This he has insisted on for three years, and at last this very hot day after an early dinner pens and paper were brought out and I have been writing down awful calumnies about Cuyp, Both, &c. Who could have painted Catharine of Medicis, do you know? We are afraid to call it Vandyke, as he lived (I believe) a century after her: and Mr B. won't give up its being Catharine's portrait. So here we are in a fix. I went to see Lord Northampton's place Castle Ashby a week ago: expected pictures, and saw very bad ones. The house is very handsome, built by Inigo Jones.

I weigh 14 stone—fact.

To John Allen.

[BEDFORD, August 1842.]

My dear JOHN ALLEN,

...I am much *entêté* at present about one Matthews¹, a preacher at Bedford, who would do very well for Manchester in opposition to Chartists &c. If you are here on a Friday or a Sunday go and hear him. I would gladly subscribe to remove him from Bedford. All this you will think absurd; and so perhaps it is.

I have been reading Stobæus' Anthology as I saunter in the fields: a pretty collection of Greek aphorisms in verse and prose. The bits of Menander and the comic poets are very acceptable. And this is really all I have looked at all this summer.

BEDFORD, August 29/42.

My dearest Fellow,

Your letter reached me this morning and gave me much pleasure. An old acquaintance is not the worse for its wear, I think. This very time ten years ago we were in Wales together: I at Mr Rees' boarding-house at Tenby: and there I made chance acquaintance with the whiskered man² at whose house I am now staying:—then a boy of sixteen. He is now a man of business, of town-politics, and

¹ The Rev. T. R. Matthews, of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge; formerly Curate of Bolnhurst and Colmworth, Chaplain of the House of Industry Bedford, and incumbent of Christ Church in that town. He died 4 Sept. 1845, and his memory is still cherished by those who were brought under his influence. Dr Brown, the biographer of Bunyan, informs me, 'There is a little Nonconformist community at Ravensden, about three miles from Bedford, first formed by his adherents, and they keep hung upon the wall behind the pulpit the trumpet Mr Matthews used to blow on village greens and along the highways to gather his congregation.'

² William Browne.

more intent on the first of September than on anything else in the world. I see very little of him....

I occasionally read sentences about the Virtues out of this collection of Stobæus, and look into Sartor Resartus, which has fine things in it: and a little Dante and a little Shakespeare. But the great secret of all is the not eating meat. To that the world must come, I am sure. Only it makes one grasshopper foolish. I also receive letters from Morton and F. Tennyson full of fine accounts of Italy, finer than any I ever read. They came all of a sudden on Cicero's villa—one of them at least, the Formian—with a mosaic pavement leading thro' lemon gardens down to the sea, and a little fountain as old as the Augustan age bubbling up as fresh, Tennyson says, 'as when its silver sounds mixed with the deep voice of the orator as he sate there in the stillness of the noon day, devoting the siesta-hours to study.' When I first read of these things I wish to see them; but, on reflection, I am sure I see them much better in such letters as these.

I have seen one good picture about here: a portrait of O. Cromwell by Lely—so said—unlike other Lelys, but very carefully painted: and, I should think, an original portrait.... I also read Hayley's Life of Romney the other day. Romney wanted but education and reading to make him a very fine painter: but his ideal was not high nor fixed. How touching is the close of his life! He married at nineteen, and, because Sir Joshua and others had said that marriage spoilt an artist, almost immediately left his wife in the North, and scarce saw her till the end of his life: when, old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he went back to her, and she received him, and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures; even as a matter of Art, I am sure.

Whether this letter will ever reach you, I don't know. I am going in two days to Naseby for a little while, and shall then find my way home to Suffolk for the greater part of the Winter and Spring, I suppose.

O beate Sesti,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

I think of hiring a house in some country town like this, but nearer Suffolk—and there have my books &c. I want a house much: and a very small one will content me, with a few old women close by to play cards with at night. What a life, you will say!

His virtues walked their humble round,
Nor knew a pause, nor felt a void:
And sure the Eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd.

That was not in playing picquet, I doubt. What fine lines of Johnson's¹ these!

On the 15th of September 1842 FitzGerald first made Carlyle's personal acquaintance. He always spoke of his having first gone to Chelsea in company with Thackeray, and in the Notes which he left of his excavations at Naseby he repeats what he frequently told myself and others. But his memory was clearly at fault, for in a letter to Pollock, written on the 16th, but dated by mistake the 17th, of September, he says, 'I have come up to London for two days on a false errand: and am therefore going back in a pet, to Naseby... I enquired at Spedding's rooms to-day: he is expected by the 20th, which is near. Laurence is the only person I know in town... He and I went to see Carlyle at Chelsea yesterday. That genius has been

¹ On Levett; quoted from memory.

surveying the field of battle of Naseby in company with Dr Arnold, who died soon after, poor man! I doubt (from Carlyle's description) if they identified the very ground of the carnage... I have heard nothing of Thackeray for these two months. He was to have visited an Irish brother of mine: but he has not yet done so. I called at Coram Street yesterday, and old John seemed to think he was yet in Ireland.' With this correction I now give the Memorandum referred to, which FitzGerald entrusted to my keeping together with several of Carlyle's letters. An attempt to put up a monument on the real site of the battle proved abortive, as will appear hereafter.

'About the middle of September 1842, W. M. Thackeray took me to tea with Carlyle whom I had not previously known. He was then busy with Cromwell; had just been, he told us, over the field of Naseby in company with Dr Arnold of Rugby, and had sufficiently identified the Ground of the Battle with the Contemporaneous Accounts of it. As I happened to know the Field well—the greater part of it then belonging to my Family—I knew that Carlyle and Arnold had been mistaken—misled in part by an Obelisk which my Father had set up as on the highest Ground of the Field, but which they mistook for the centre-ground of the Battle. This I told Carlyle, who was very reluctant to believe that he and Arnold could have been deceived—that he could accept no hearsay Tradition or Theory against the Evidence of his own Eyes &c. However, as I was just then going down to Naseby, I might enquire further into the matter.

On arriving at Naseby, I had spade and mattock taken to a hill near half a mile across from the "Blockhead Obelisk," and pitted with several hollows, overgrown with

rank Vegetation, which Tradition had always pointed to as the Graves of the Slain. One of these I had opened; and there, sure enough, were the remains of Skeletons closely packed together—chiefly teeth—but some remains of Shin-bone, and marks of Skull in the Clay. Some of these, together with some sketches of the Place, I sent to Carlyle.

The Naseby Monument, already advised by Carlyle, was not executed at the time: and some how or other was not again talked of till 1855 when the Estate was to be sold from us. I was told however by the Lawyers &c. that it was better not to interfere while that Business was going on. So the Scheme went to sleep again till 1872, when, Carlyle renewing the subject in some Letter, I applied to the Agent of the Estate who was willing to help us in getting permission to erect the Stone, and to a neighbouring Mason to fashion it as Carlyle desired. We had some difficulty in this latter point, but at last all was settled, when suddenly Agent and Lawyer informed us the thing must not be done—for one reason, that Stone and Inscription were considered too plain.'

Before the excavations were begun, however, FitzGerald received the following letter of instructions from Carlyle, written three days after their interview.

CHELSEA, 18 *Sept.*, 1842.

My dear Sir,

Profiting by the unexpected fact that *you* are now master of Naseby Battlefield, I have gone over the whole matter once more, probably for the twentieth time; I have copied you my illegible pencil-notes, and re-verified everything,—that so, if you can understand the meaning (which will be difficult, I fear), you may append to it what commentary, collected on the spot, you may judge edifying. Let me, however, again impress upon you that these statements and descriptions are actual *facts*,

gathered with industry from some seven or eight eye-witnesses, looking at the business with their own eyes from seven or eight different sides ; that the present figure of the ground, in my recollection, corresponds very tolerably well with the whole of them ; —and that no ‘theory,’ by what Professor soever, can be of any use to me in comparison. I wish you had Sprigge’s complete Plan of the Battle : but you have it not ; you have only that foolish Parson’s¹ very dim copy of it, and must help yourself with that.

The things I wish you to give me are first : The whole story of your Blacksmith, or other oral chronicler, be it wise and credible, be it absurd and evidently false. Then you can ask, whether there remains any tradition of a windmill at Naseby ? One stands in the Plan, not far from North of the village, probably some 300 yards to the West of where the ass of a column now stands : the whole concern, of fighting, rallying, flying, killing and chasing, transacted itself to the *west* of that, —*on* the height, over the brow of the height, down the slope, in the hollow, and up again to the grounds of Dust Hill, where the *final* dispersion took place. Therefore, again, pray ask

Where precisely any dead bodies are known to have been found ? Where and when the *last*-found was come upon ; what they made of it,—whether no Antiquarian kept a tooth, at any rate, a button or the like ? Cannon-balls ought to be found, especially musket-balls, down in that hollow, and on the slope thitherward : is any extant cabinet master of one ?

Farther, are there, on the high ground N.W. or W. of Naseby village, any traces still discoverable of such names as these : “Lantford hedges” (or perhaps “hedge”) ; a kind of thicket running *up* the slope, towards the western environs of Naseby village, nearly from the North ;—Fairfax had dragoons hidden here, who fired upon Rupert’s right, as he charged upwards : “Rutput Hill ;” “Fanny Hill” (according to Rushworth, “Famny Hill” in Sprigge),—probably two swellings in

¹ There were two Parsons who wrote accounts of Naseby—Mastin in 1792, and Locking in 1830. *Note by E. F. G.*

the ground, that lie between the south end of Lantford Hedges and the village; "Leam Leaf Hill" seemingly another swelling, parallel to these, which reaches in with its slope *to* the very village—from the west: "Mill Hill" farther to the east (marked as due west from the windmill, which of course must have stood upon a part of it), lying therefore upon the north part of the village? Is it possible, in spite of all ditching and enclosure bills, there may still some vestige of these names adhere to some fields or messuages; the exact position of which it would be satisfactory to fix. You can also tell me whether Burrough Hill is visible from Naseby, and "what it is like"; and what the Sibbertoft height, on the other side, and the Harboro' Height are like! I suppose one sees Sibbertoft steeple, but no houses, from Naseby Height? Also that it was undoubtedly Clipston (as the good Dr Arnold and I supposed) that we saw there. Dr A. and I came, as I find, thro' Crick, West Hadden, Cold Ashby, and crossed the Welford and Northampton road, perhaps some three miles from Naseby.

On the whole, my dear Sir, here seems to be work enough for you! But after all is it not worth your while on other accounts? Were it not a most legitimate task for the Proprietor of Naseby, a man of scholarship, intelligence and leisure, to make himself completely acquainted with the true state of all details connected with Naseby Battle and its localities? Few spots of ground in all the world are memorabler to an Englishman. We could still very well stand a *good* little book on Naseby! *Verbum sapienti*.

As for myself, had I the wings of an eagle, most likely I should still fly to you, and to several other quarters: but with railways and tub-gigs, and my talent for insomnolence, and fretting myself to fiddlestrings with all terrestrial locomotion whatsoever—alas, alas!

Believe me always,

My dear Sir,

Very truly yours

T. CARLYLE.

FitzGerald's letter to Carlyle, giving an account of the first results of his excavations, has apparently not been preserved, but it was promptly acknowledged.

CHELSEA. *Saturday, 25 [24] Sept., 1842.*

My dear Sir,

You will do me and the Genius of History a real favour, if you persist in these examinations and excavations to the utmost length possible for you! It is long since I read a letter so interesting as yours of yesterday. Clearly enough you are upon the very battle-ground;—and I, it is also clear, have only looked up towards it from the slope of Mill Hill. Were not the weather so wet, were not &c. &c., so many *etceteras*, I could almost think of running up to join you still! But that is evidently *unfeasible* at present.

The opening of that burial-heap blazes strangely in my thoughts: these are the very jawbones that were clenched together in deadly rage, on this very ground, 197 years ago! It brings the matter home to one, with a strange veracity,—as if for the first time one saw it to be no fable and theory but a dire fact. I will beg for a tooth and a bullet; authenticated by your own eyes and word of honour!—Our Scotch friend too, making turnip manure of it, he is part of the Picture. I understand almost all the Netherlands battlefields have already given up their bones to British husbandry; why not the old English next? Honour to thrift. If of 5000 wasted men, you can make a few usable turnips, why, do it!

The more sketches and details you can contrive to send me, the better. I want to know for one thing whether there is any *house* on Cloisterwell; what house that was that I saw from the slope of Naseby height (Mill-hill, I suppose), and fancied to be Dust Hill Farm? It must lie about North by West from Naseby Church, perhaps near a mile off. You say, one cannot see Dust Hill at all, much less any farm house of Dust Hill, from that Naseby Height?

But why does the Obelisk stand there? It might as well stand at Charing Cross ; the blockhead that it is !—I again wish that I had wings : alas, I wish many things ; that the gods would but annihilate Time and Space, which would include all things !

In great haste, Yours most truly, T. CARLYLE.

The following letters will partly supply the place of the missing letter to Carlyle.

To Bernard Barton.

LONDON. *Friday, Sept. [16] 1842.*

Dear BARTON,

Have you supposed me dead or what? Well, so far from it, I have grown more fat than ever, which is quite as much reason for not writing. I have been staying at Naseby, and, having come up here for two days, return to that place by railroad to-morrow. I went to see Carlyle last night. He had just returned from the neighbourhood of Bury. He is full of Cromwell, and, funny enough, went over from Rugby to Naseby this spring with poor Dr Arnold. They saw nothing, and walked over what was not the field of battle. I want him to go down with me : but he thinks it would be too expensive. So I have engaged to collect what matter I can for him on the spot. At the beginning of October I expect to be back in East Anglia for the winter. Frail is human virtue. I thought I had quite got over picture-dealing, when lo ! walking in Holborn this day I looked into a shop just to shew the strength of my virtue, and fell. That accursed Battle Piece—I have bought it—and another picture of dead chaffinches, which Mr C[hurchyard] will like, it is so well done : I expect you to give high prices

for these pictures—mind that : and begin to economize in household matters. Leave off sugar in tea and make all your household do so. Also write to me at Naseby, Welford, Northampton. That's my direction—such a glorious country, Barton. I wrote you a letter a week ago, but never posted it. So now goodbye. I shall bring down the Chaffinches with me to Suffolk. Trade has been very bad, the dealers tell me. My fruit Girl still hangs up at a window—an unpleasant sight. Nobody is so hard set as to bid for her.

To W. F. Pollock.

NASEBY, WELFORD, NORTHAMPTON, *Sept.* 20/42.

My dear POLLOCK,

...London was very close and nasty : so I am glad to get down here : where, however, I am not (as at present proposed) to stay long : my Father requiring my services in Suffolk early in October. Laurence has made a sort of promise to come and see me here next Saturday : I wanted him to come down with me while the weather was fine. The place is very desert, but a battle was probably fought here 200 years ago, as an Obelisk planted by my Papa on the wrong site intimates. Poor Carlyle got into sad error from that deluding Obelisk : which Liston used to call (in this case with truth) an Obstacle. I am afraid Carlyle will make a mad mess of Cromwell and his Times : what a poor figure Fairfax will cut ! I am very tired of these heroics ; and I can worship no man who has but a square inch of brains more than myself. I think there is but one Hero : and that is the Maker of Heroes.

Here I am reading Virgil's delightful Georgics, for the first time. They really attune perfectly well with the plains

and climate of Naseby. Valpy (whose edition I have) cannot quite follow Virgil's plough—in its construction at least. But the main acts of agriculture seem to have changed very little, and the alternation of green and corn crops is a good dodge. And while I heard the fellows going out with their horses to plough as I sat at breakfast this morning, I also read—

Libra die somnique pares ubi fecerit horas,
Et medium luci atque umbris jam dividit orbem,
Exercete, viri, tauros, serite hordea campis
Usque sub extremum brumæ intractabilis imbrem¹.

One loves Virgil somehow.

To Bernard Barton.

[NASEBY], *Sept.* 22/42.

My dear BARTON,

The pictures are left all ready packed up in Portland Place, and shall come down with me, whenever that desirable event takes place. In the mean while here I am as before: but having received a long and interesting letter from Carlyle asking information about this Battle field, I have trotted about rather more to ascertain names of places, positions &c. After all he will make a mad book. I have just seen some of the bones of a dragoon and his horse who were found foundered in a morass in the field—poor dragoon, much dismembered by time: his less worthy members having been left in the owner's summer-house for the last twenty years have disappeared one by one: but his skull is kept safe in the hall: not a bad skull neither: and in it some teeth yet holding, and *a bit of the iron heel of his*

¹ *Georg.* I. 208—211.

boot, put into the skull by way of convenience. This is what Sir Thomas Browne calls 'making a man act his Antipodes'.¹ I have got a fellow to dig at one of the great general graves in the field: and he tells me to-night that he has come to bones: to-morrow I will select a neat specimen or two. In the mean time let the full harvest moon wonder at them as they lie turned up after lying hid 2400 revolutions of hers. Think of that warm 14th of June when the Battle was fought, and they fell pell-mell: and then the country people came and buried them so shallow that the stench was terrible, and the putrid matter oozed over the ground for several yards: so that the cattle were observed to eat those places very close for some years after. Every one to his taste, as one might well say to any woman who kissed the cow that pastured there.

Friday, 23rd. We have dug at a place, as I said, and made such a trench as would hold a dozen fellows: whose remains positively make up the mould. The bones nearly all rotted away, except the teeth which are quite good. At the bottom lay the *form* of a perfect skeleton: most of the bones gone, but the pressure distinct in the clay: the thigh and leg bones yet extant: the skull a little pushed forward, as if there were scanty room. We also tried some other reputed graves, but found nothing: indeed it is not easy to distinguish what are graves from old marl-pits &c. I don't care for all this bone-rummaging myself: but the identification of the graves identifies also where the greatest heat of the battle was. Do you wish for a tooth?

As I began this antiquarian account in a letter to

¹ Perhaps referring to a passage in the *Christian Morals*, part III. sect. 'xiv.: 'Let the Divine part be upward, and the Region of Beast below. Otherwise, 'tis but to live invertedly, and with thy Head unto the Heels of thy Antipodes.'

you, so I have finished it, that you may mention it to my Papa, who perhaps will be amused at it. Two farmers insisted on going out exploring with me all day: one a very solid fellow who talks like the justices in Shakespeare: but who certainly was inspired in finding out this grave: the other a Scotchman full of intelligence, who proposed the flesh-soil for manure for turnips. The old Vicar, whose age reaches half-way back to the day of the Battle, stood tottering over the verge of the trench. Carlyle has shewn great sagacity in guessing at the localities from the vague descriptions of contemporaries: and his short *pasticcio* of the battle is the best I have seen¹. But he will spoil all by making a demi-god of Cromwell, who certainly was so far from wise that he brought about the very thing he fought to prevent—the restoration of an unrestricted monarchy.

To S. Laurence.

NASEBY, *Sept.* 28/42.

My dear LAURENCE,

I am sorry you did not come, as the weather has become fine, and this wild wide country looks well on these blowing days, with flying shadows running over the distance. Carlyle wrote me a long letter of questions concerning the field of Battle, its traditions &c. So I have trotted about, examined the natives, and answered a great many of his queries as fully, but as shortly, as I could. However I suppose he growls superciliously at my letter, which was necessarily rather a long one. I have also, in company with two farmers, opened one of the reputed graves in which the

¹ This was a series of notes, drawn up by Carlyle for FitzGerald's guidance, and afterwards incorporated almost verbatim in an Appendix to the Life of Cromwell.

killed were said to be repositied: and there sure enough we found decayed bones, skulls, arms, legs &c., and very sound teeth—the only sound part. For many bodies put together corrupt one another of course, and 200 years have not contributed to their preservation. People had often dug about the field before and found nothing; and we tried two or three other spots with no success. I am going to dig once more in a place where tradition talks of, a large burial of men and horses....

How long I shall yet be here I know not: but not long I doubt. I dare say I shall pass through London on my way to Suffolk: and then perhaps see the trans-Atlantic Secretary¹.

Don't trouble yourself to write answers to my gossip. I have just been at our Church where we have had five clergymen to officiate: two in shovel-hats. Our Vicar is near ninety; we have two curates: and an old Clergyman and his Archdeacon son came on a visit. The son having a shovel-hat, of course the Father could not be left behind. Shovel-hats (you know) came into use with the gift of Tongs.

To John Allen.

[BOULGE COTTAGE.]

Nov. 18/42.

My dear ALLEN,

...Do you know that I am really going to look out for some permanent abode, which I think I am well qualified to decide on now. But in this very judgment I may be most of all mistaken. I do not love London enough to pitch my tent there: Woodbridge, Ipswich, or Colchester—won't one of them do?...

I have been reading Burton's Anatomy lately: a capti-

¹ Spedding.

vating book certainly. That story of his going to the bridge at Oxford to listen to the bargemen's slang &c. he reports of the old Democritus his prototype: so perhaps biographers thought it must be Burton's taste also. Or perhaps Burton took to doing it after example. I cannot help fancying that I see the foundation (partly) of Carlyle's style in Burton: one passage quite like part of Sartor Resartus. Much of Burton's Biography may be picked up out of his own introduction to the Anatomy. Maurice's Introductory Lecture I shall be very glad to have. I do not fancy I should read his Kingdom of Christ, should I? you know.

I have had bad cold and cough which still hang about me: this damp cottage is not good for a cure....And now goodbye.

To F. Tennyson.

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES.

[? 1843.]

Dear FREDERIC,

I am glad you are back, and perhaps sorry. But glad let it be, for I shall be in London, as proposed, in another fortnight—more or less—and shall pig there in a garret for two months. We will go to picture sales and buy bad pictures: though I have scarce money left. But I am really at last going to settle in some spooney quarters in the country, and would fain carry down some better forms and colours to put about me. I cannot get the second or third best: but I can get the imitations of the best: and this is enough for me.

What is become of Alfred? He never writes—nor is heard of.

Your letter found me poring over Harrington's Oceana: a long-shelved book—its doctrine of Government I am no

judge of : but what English those fellows wrote ! I cannot read the modern mechanique after them. "This free-born Nation lives not upon the dole or Bounty of One Man, but distributing her Annual Magistracies and Honours with her own hand is herself King People." Harrington must be a better writer than Milton. One finds books of this kind in these Country houses : and it is pleasant to look them over at midnight in the kitchen, where I retire to smoke....

Farewell till I see you one of these days.

To S. Laurence.

DUBLIN, *July 11/43.*

My dear LAURENCE,

'We got here this morning ; most of us sick, but not I : not evidently sick, I mean. Here the sun shines, and people go about in their cars or stand idle, just the same as ever. 'Repeal' is faintly chalked on a wall here and there. I have been to see a desperate collection of pictures by the Royal Academy : among them old unsaleables by Maclise and Uwins.

What I write for however is to say that the first volume of Titmarsh's Ireland is at 39 Portland Place ; and that I wish you would ask for it there and get it. Keep the two volumes for a time. It is all true. I ordered a bath here when I got in : the waiter said it was heated to 90° : but it was scalding : he next locked me up in the room instead of my locking him out.

Keep an eye on the little Titian, and I shall really make the venture of borrowing £30 to invest in it. Tell Rochard you must have it. I may never be able to get a bit of Titian in my life again : and I shall doubtless learn to admire it properly in time.

To F. Tennyson.

HALVERSTOWN, KILCULLEN, IRELAND.

[? July 1843.]

Dear FREDERIC...

...You would rave at this climate which is wetter far than that of England. There are the Wicklow hills (mountains we call them) in the offing—quite high enough. In spite of my prejudice for a level, I find myself every day unconsciously verging towards any eminence that gives me the freest view of their blue ranges. One's thoughts take wing to the distance. I fancy that moderately high hills (like these) are the ticket—not to be domineered over by Mont Blancs &c. But this may be only a passing prejudice.

We hear much less of Repeal here than in London: and people seem amused at the troops and waggons of gunpowder that are to be met now and then upon the roads....

To Bernard Barton.

BALLYSAX¹, KILCULLEN.

August, 17/43.

My dear BARTON,

...That old Suffolk comes over here sometimes, as I say; and greets one's eyes with old familiar names: Sales at Yoxford, Aldeburgh &c., regattas at Lowestoft, and at Woodbridge. I see Major Moor² turning the road by the old Duke of York; the Deben winding away in full tide to the sea; and numberless little pictures of this kind.

I am going the day after tomorrow to Edgeworth's, for a week, it may be a fortnight before I set sail for England. Where shall I pitch my tent? that is the question. Whither

¹ Where his brother Peter FitzGerald lived.

² See Letter to Barton of 2 Sept. 1841.

shall those treasures of ancient art descend, and be repositied there for ever ?

I have been looking over the old London Magazine. Lamb's papers come in delightfully : read over the Old China the night you get this, and sympathize with me. The account of the dish of green pease &c. is the true history of lawful luxury. Not Johnson nor Adam Smith told so much. It is founded not on statistics but on good humanity.

We have at last delightful weather, and we enjoy it. Yesterday we went to Pool-a-Phooka, the Leap of the Goblin Horse. What is that, do you suppose? Why, a cleft in the mountains down and through which the river Liffey (not very long born from the earth) comes leaping and roaring. Cold veal pies, champagne &c. make up the enchantment. We dabbled in the water, splashed each other, forded the river, climbed the rocks, laughed, sang, eat, drank, and were roasted, and returned home the sun sinking red.

(A pen and ink sketch.)

This is not like Pool-a-Phooka.

To F. Tennyson.

IRELAND, August 31/43.

Dear FREDERIC,

...I set sail from Dublin tomorrow night, bearing the heartfelt regrets of all the people of Ireland with me.

Where is my dear old Alfred? Sometimes I intend to send him a quotation from a book : but do not perform the same. Are you packing up for Italy? I had a pleasant week with Edgeworth. He farms, and is a justice : and goes to sleep on the sofa of evenings. At odd moments he looks into Spinoza and Petrarch. People respect him very much

in those parts. Old Miss Edgeworth is wearing away : she has a capital bright soul which even now shines quite youthfully through her faded carcase....I had the weakest dream the other night that ever was dreamt. I thought I saw Thomas Frognall Dibdin—and that was all. Tell this to Alfred. Carlyle talks of coming to see Naseby : but I leave him to suit the weather to his taste.

BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE.

Sunday, Dec. 10/1843.

Dear FREDERIC,

Either you wrote me word yourself, or some one told me, that you meant to winter at Florence. So I shall direct to the Poste Restante there. You see I am not settled at the Florence of Suffolk, called Ipswich, yet : but I am perhaps as badly off ; being in this most dull country house quite alone ; a grey mist, that seems teeming with half formed snow, all over the landscape before my windows. It is also Sunday morning : ten of the clock by the chime now sounding from the stables. I have fed on bread and milk (a dreadfully opaque diet) and I await the morning Church in humble hope. It will begin in half an hour. We keep early hours in the country. So you will be able to measure my aptitude and fullness for letter writing by the quantity written now, before I bolt off for hat, gloves, and prayerbook. I always put on my thickest great coat to go to our Church in : as fungi grow in great numbers about the communion table. And now, to turn away from Boulge, I must tell you that I went up to London a month ago to see old Thackeray, who had come there to have his eyes doctored. I stayed with him ten days and we were as usual together. Alfred came up 'in transitu' from Boxley to Cheltenham ; he looked, and said he was, ill : I have never

seen him so hopeless: and I am really anxious to know how he is....I remember the days of the summer when you and I were together, quarrelling and laughing—these I remember with pleasure. Our trip to Gravesend has left a perfume with me. I can get up with you on that everlastingly stopping coach on which we tried to travel from Gravesend to Maidstone that Sunday morning: worn out with it, we got down at an inn, and then got up on another coach—and an old smiling fellow passed us holding out his hat—and you said, ‘That old fellow must go about as Homer did’—and numberless other turns of road and humour, which sometimes pass before me as I lie in bed....Now before I turn over, I will go and see about Church, as I hear no bell, pack myself up as warmly as I can, and be off. So good-bye till twelve o’clock.—’Tis five minutes past twelve by the stable clock: so I saw as I returned from Church through the garden. Parson and Clerk got through the service see saw like two men in a sawpit. In the garden I see the heads of the snowdrops and crocuses just out of the earth. Another year with its same flowers and topics to open upon us. Shenstone somewhere sings¹

Tedious again to mark the drizzling day,

Again to trace the same sad tracts of snow:

Or, lull’d by vernal airs, again survey

The selfsame hawthorn bud, and cowslips blow.

I rely on you and all your family sympathizing in this. So do I sometimes—anyhow, people complimenting each other on the approach of Spring and such like felicitations are very tiresome. Our very year is of a paltry diameter. But this is not proper language for Mark Tapley—whose greatest bore just now is having a bad pen—but the letter is ended. So he is jolly and yours as ever.

¹ Elegy xi.

To S. Laurence.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE.

Decr. 21/43.

My dear LAURENCE,

I hope you got safe and sound to London : as I did to this place yesterday. Those good Tetter people ! I have got an attachment to them somehow. I left Jane¹ in a turmoil as to which picture of W[ilkinson] she was to take. I advised her to take a dose of Time, which always operates so gently.

I have been down to Woodbridge to-day and had a long chat with Churchyard, whom I wish you had seen, as also his Gainsborough sketches. He is quite clear as to Gainsborough's general method, which was (he says) to lay all in (except the sky, of course) with pure colour, quite unmixed with white. The sketch he has is certainly so ; but whether it ever could have been wrought up into a deep finish, I don't know. C. says yes it could : that Gainsborough began nearly all his pictures so. He has tried it over and over again (he says) and produced exactly the same effect with pure colour, laid on very thin over a light brown ground : asphaltum and blue producing just such a green as many of the trees in this sketch are of. The sky put in afterwards.

He thinks this the great secret of landscape painting. He shewed me the passage quoted by Burnet from Rubens' maxims (where and what are they ?). 'Begin by painting in your shadows lightly, taking care that *no* white be suffered to glide into them—it is the *poison of a picture except in the lights*. If ever your shadows are corrupted by the introduc-

¹ Mrs Wilkinson, his sister.

tion of this baneful colour, your tones will no longer be warm and transparent, but heavy and leaden. It is not the same in the lights : they may be loaded with colour as much as you think proper.'

Here is a technical letter, you see, from a man who is no artist, and very ignorant, as you think, I dare say. Try a head in this way. You have tried a dozen, you say. Very well then.

I will send up your cloak, which is barely bigger than a fig leaf, when I can. On Saturday I give supper to B. Barton and Churchyard. I wish you could be with us. We are the chief wits of Woodbridge. And one man has said that he envies our conversations ! So we flatter each other in the country.

Of FitzGerald's way of life at this time I have the following notes which were given me by the late Rev. George Crabbé, Rector of Merton, the grandson of the poet, at whose house he died.

'FitzGerald was living at Boulge Cottage when I first knew him : a thatched cottage of one storey just outside his Father's Park. No one was, I think, resident at the Hall. His mother would sometimes be there a short time, and would drive about in a coach and four black horses. This would be in 1844, when he was 36. He used to walk by himself, slowly, with a Skye terrier. I was rather afraid of him. He seemed a proud and very punctilious man. I think he was at this time often going of an evening to Bernard Barton's. He did not come to us, except occasionally, till 1846. He seemed to me when I first saw him much as he was when he died, only not stooping : always like a grave middle-aged man : never seemed very happy or

light-hearted, though his conversation was most amusing sometimes. His cottage was a mile from Bredfield. He was very fond, I think, of my Father; though they had several coolnesses which I believe were all my Father's fault, who took fancies that people disliked him or were bored by him. E. F. G. had in his cottage an old woman to wait on him, Mrs Faiers; a very old-fashioned Suffolk woman. He was just as careful not to make her do anything as he was afterwards with Mrs Howe¹. He would never ring the bell, if there was one, of which I am not sure. Sometimes he would give a little dinner—my Father, Brooke, B. Barton, Churchyard—everything most hospitable, but not comfortable.

In 1846 and 1847 he does not seem to have come much to Bredfield. Perhaps he was away a good deal. He was often away, visiting his mother, or W. Browne, or in London, or at the Kerriches'. In 1848, 1849, and 1850 he was a great deal at Bredfield, generally dropping in about seven o'clock, singing glees with us, and then joining my Father over his cigar, and staying late and often sleeping. He very often arranged concerted pieces for us to sing, in four parts, he being tenor. He sang very accurately but had not a good voice.

While E. F. G. was at Boulge, he always got up early, eat his small breakfast, stood at his desk reading or writing all the morning, eat his dinner of vegetables and pudding, walked with his Skye terrier, and then often finished the day by spending the evening with us or the Bartons. He did not visit with the neighbouring gentlefolks, as he hated a set dinner party.'

¹ His housekeeper at Little Grange.

To F. Tennyson.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE, *February 24/44.*

My dear FREDERIC,

I got your letter all right. But you did not tell me where to direct to you again; so I must send to the Poste Restante at Florence. I have also heard from Morton, to whom I despatched a letter yesterday: and now set about one to you. As you live in two different cities, one may write about the same things to both. You told me of the Arno being frozen, and even Italian noses being cold: he tells me the Spring is coming. I tell you that we have had the mildest winter known; but as good weather, when it does come in England, is always unseasonable, and as an old proverb says that a green Yule makes a fat kirk yard, so it has been with us: the extraordinary fine season has killed heaps of people with influenza, debilitated others for their lives long, worried everybody with colds, &c. I have had three influenzas: but this is no wonder: for I live in a hut with walls as thin as a sixpence: windows that don't shut: a clay soil safe beneath my feet: a thatch perforated by lascivious sparrows over my head. Here I sit, read, smoke, and become very wise, and am already quite beyond earthly things. I must say to you, as Basil Montagu once said, in perfect charity, to his friends: 'You see, my dear fellows, I like you very much, but I continue to advance, and you remain where you are (you see), and so I shall be obliged to leave you behind me. It is no fault of mine.' You must begin to read Seneca, whose letters I have been reading; else, when you come back to England, you will be no companion to a man who despises wealth, death &c. What are pictures but paintings—what are auctions but sales! All

is vanity. Erige animum tuum, mī Lucili &c. I wonder whether old Seneca was indeed such a humbug as people now say he was: he is really a fine writer. About three hundred years ago, or less, our divines and writers called him the divine Seneca; and old Bacon is full of him. One sees in him the upshot of all the Greek philosophy, how it stood in Nero's time, when the Gods had worn out a good deal. I don't think old Seneca believed he should live again. Death is his great resource. Think of the *rocococity* of a gentleman studying Seneca in the middle of February 1844 in a remarkably damp cottage.

I have heard from Alfred also, who hates his water life—*βίος ἄβιος* he calls it—but hopes to be cured in March. Poor fellow, I trust he may. He is not in a happy plight, I doubt. I wish I lived in a pleasant country where he might like to come and stay with me—but this is one of the ugliest places in England—one of the dullest—it has not the merit of being bleak on a grand scale—pollard trees over a flat clay, with regular hedges. I saw a stanza in an old book which seemed to describe my condition rather—

Far from thy kyn cast thee:
Wrath not thy neighbour next thee,
In a good corn country rest thee,
And sit down, Robin, and rest thee¹.

Funny advice, isn't it? I am glad to hear Septimus is so much improved. I beg you will felicitate him from me: I have a tacit regard of the true sort for him, as I think I must have for all of the Tennyson build. I see so many little natures about that I must draw to the large, even if their faults be on the same scale as their virtues. You and I shall I suppose quarrel as often as we meet:

¹ Reliquiæ Antiquæ, i. 232.

but I can quarrel and never be the worse with you. How we pulled against each other at Gravesend! You would stay—I wouldn't—then I would—then we did.—Do you remember the face of that girl at the Bazaar, who kept talking to us and looking all round the room for fresh customers—a way women have—that is, a way of doing rather gracefully? Then the gentleman who sang Ivy green; a very extraordinary accentuation, it seemed to me: but I believe you admired it very much. Really if these little excursions in the company of one's friends leave such a pleasant taste behind in the memory one should court them oftener. And yet then perhaps the relish would grow less: it is the infrequency that gives them room to expand. I shall never get to Italy, that seems clear. My great travel this year will be to Carlisle. Quid prosit ista tua longa peregrinatio &c. Travelling, you know, is a vanity. The *soul* remains the same. An amorem possis fugare, an libidinis exsiccari, an timorem mortis depellere? What then will you say to Pollock's being married! I hear he is to be. Ad matrimonium fugis? Miser! Scævola noster dicere solebat &c. Excuse my overflowing with philosophy. I am going this evening to eat toasted cheese with that celebrated poet Bernard Barton. And I must soon stir, and look about for my great coat, brush myself &c. It blows a harrico, as Theodore Hook used to say, and will rain before I get to Woodbridge. Those poor mistaken lilac buds there out of the window! and an old Robin, ruffled up to his thickest, sitting mournfully under them, quite disheartened. For you must know the mild winter is just giving way to a remarkably severe spring.... I wish you were here to smoke a pipe with me. I play of evenings some of Handel's great choruses which are the bravest music after all. I am getting to the true John Bull style of music. I delight in Handel's Allegro

and Penseroso. Do you know the fine pompous joyous chorus of 'These pleasures, Mirth, if thou canst give &c.'? Handel certainly does in music what old Bacon desires in his Essay on Masques, 'Let the songs be loud and cheerful—not puling &c.' One might think the Water music was written from this text.

To Bernard Barton.

19 CHARLOTTE ST., April 11/44.

Dear BARTON,

I am still indignant at this nasty place London. Thackeray, whom I came up to see, went off to Brighton the night after I arrived, and has not re-appeared: but I must wait some time longer for him. Thank Miss Barton much for the *kit*; if it is but a kit: my old woman is a great lover of cats, and hers has just *kitted*, and a wretched little blind puling tabby lizard of a thing was to be saved from the pail for me: but if Miss Barton's is *a kit*, I will gladly have it: and my old lady's shall be disposed of—not to the pail. Oh rus, quando te aspiciam? Construe that, Mr Barton.—I am going to send down my pictures to Boulge, if I can secure them: they are not quite secure at present. If they vanish, I snap my fingers at them, Magi and all—there is a world (alas!) elsewhere beyond pictures—Oh, oh, oh, oh—

I smoked a pipe with Carlyle yesterday. We ascended from his dining room carrying pipes and tobacco up through two stories of his house, and got into a little dressing room near the roof: there we sat down: the window was open and looked out on nursery gardens, their almond trees in blossom, and beyond, bare walls of houses, and over

these, roofs and chimneys, and roofs and chimneys, and here and there a steeple, and whole London crowned with darkness gathering behind like the illimitable resources of a dream. I tried to persuade him to leave the accursed den, and he wished—but—but—perhaps he *didn't* wish on the whole.

When I get back to Boulge I shall recover my quietude which is now all in a ripple. But it is a shame to talk of such things. So Churchyard has caught another Constable. Did he get off our Debach boy that set the shed on fire? Ask him that. Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased &c.

A cloud comes over Charlotte Street and seems as if it were sailing softly on the April wind to fall in a blessed shower upon the lilac buds and thirsty anemones somewhere in Essex; or, who knows?, perhaps at Boulge. Out will run Mrs Faiers, and with red arms and face of woe haul in the struggling windows of the cottage, and make all tight. Beauty Bob¹ will cast a bird's eye out at the shower, and bless the useful wet. Mr Loder will observe to the farmer for whom he is doing up a dozen of Queen's Heads that it will be of great use: and the farmer will agree that his young barleys wanted it much. The German Ocean will dimple with innumerable pin points, and porpoises rolling near the surface sneeze with unusual pellets of fresh water—

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Oh this wonderful wonderful world, and we who stand in the middle of it are all in a maze, except poor Matthews of

¹ His parrot.

Bedford, who fixes his eyes upon a wooden Cross and has no misgiving whatsoever. When I was at his chapel on Good Friday, he called at the end of his grand sermon on some of the people to say merely this, that they believed Christ had redeemed them: and first one got up and in sobs declared she believed it: and then another, and then another—I was quite overset:—all poor people: how much richer than all who fill the London Churches. Theirs is the kingdom of Heaven!

This is a sad farrago. Farewell.

To F. Tennyson.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,

May 24/44.

My dear FREDERIC,

I think you mean never to write to me again. But you should, for I enjoy your letters much for years after I have got them. They tell me all I shall know of Italy, beside many other good things. I received one letter from you from Florence, and as you gave me no particular direction, I wrote to you at the Poste Restante there. I am now inditing this letter on the same venture. As my location is much more permanent, I command you to respond to me the very day you get this, warmed into such faint inspiration as my turnip radiance can kindle. You have seen a turnip lantern perhaps. Well, here I continue to exist: having broken my rural vegetation by one month in London, where I saw all the old faces—some only in passing, however—saw as few sights as possible, leaving London two days before the Exhibition opened. This is not out of moroseness or love of singularity: but I really

supposed there could be nothing new: and therefore the best way would [be] to come new to it oneself after three or four years absence. I see in Punch a humorous catalogue of supposed pictures; Prince Albert's favourite spaniel and bootjack, the Queen's Macaw with a Muffin &c., by Landseer &c., in which I recognize Thackeray's fancy. He is in full vigour play and pay in London, writing in a dozen reviews, and a score of newspapers: and while health lasts he sails before the wind. I have not heard of Alfred since March....Spedding devotes his days to Lord Bacon in the British Museum: his nights to the usual profligacy....My dear Frederic, you must select some of your poems and publish them: we want some bits of strong genuine imagination to help put to flight these——&c. Publish a book of fragments, if nothing else but single lines, or else the whole poems. When will you come to England and do it? I dare say I should have stayed longer in London had you been there: but the wits were too much for me. Not Spedding, mind: who is a dear fellow. But one finds few in London *serious* men: I mean *serious* even in fun: with a true purpose and character whatsoever it may be. London melts away all individuality into a common lump of cleverness. I am amazed at the humour and worth and noble feeling in the country, however much railroads have mixed us up with metropolitan civilization. I can still find the heart of England beating healthily down here though no one will believe it.

You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you. I read of mornings; the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones: walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which China roses climb, with my

pipe, while the blackbirds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself. We have had such a spring (bating the last ten days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! white clouds moving over the new fledged tops of oak trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see! I believe that Leslie's *Life of Constable* (a very charming book) has given me a fresh love of Spring. Constable loved it above all seasons: he hated Autumn. When Sir G. Beaumont who was of the old classical taste asked him if he did not find it difficult to place *his brown tree* in his pictures, 'Not at all,' said C., 'I never put one in at all.' And when Sir George was crying up the tone of the old masters' landscapes, and quoting an *old violin* as the proper tone of colour for a picture, Constable got up, took an old Cremona, and laid it down on the sunshiny grass. You would like the book. In defiance of all this, I have hung my room with pictures, like very old fiddles indeed: but I agree with Sir George and Constable both. I like pictures that are not like nature. I can have nature better than any picture by looking out of my window. Yet I respect the man who tries to paint up to the freshness of earth and sky. Constable did not wholly achieve what he tried at: and perhaps the old masters chose a soberer scale of things as more within the compass of lead paint. To paint dew with lead!

I also plunge away at my old Handel of nights, and delight in the Allegro and Penseroso, full of pomp and fancy. What a pity Handel could not have written music to some great Masque, such as Ben Jonson or Milton would have written, if they had known of such a musician to write for.

To S. Laurence.

May, 1844.

Dear LAURENCE,

I hope your business is settled by this time. I have seen praise of your picture in the Athenæum, which quoted also the Chronicle's good opinion. I am very glad of all this and I hope you will now set to work, and paint away with ease and confidence, forgetting that there is such a hue as bottle-green¹ in the universe (it was tastefully omitted from the rainbow, you see); and, in spite of what Moore says, paint English people in English atmospheres. Your Coningham was rather orange, wasn't he? But he was very good, I thought. Dress your ladies in cheerful dresses, not quite so vulgar as Chalon's....I heard from my sister that you had finished Wilkinson to the perfect content of all: I had charged her particularly not to allow Mrs W. to intercede for any smirk or alteration whatever.

My Venetian pictures look very grand on my walls, which previously had been papered with a still green (not bottled) on purpose to receive them. On my table is a long necked bottle with three flowers just now in it...a tuft of rhododendron, a tuft of scarlet geranium, and a tuft of white gilliflower. Do you see these in your mind's eye? I wish you could come down here and refresh your sodden eyes with pure daylight, budding oak trees, and all the changes of sky and cloud. To live to make sonnets about these things, and doat upon them, is worse Cockneyism than rejoicing in

¹ *Note by E. F. G.* Also, bottle-brown: in general all bottled things are not so fresh coloured as before they were put in. A gherkin loses considerably in freshness. The great triumph of a housekeeper is when her guests say, 'Why, are these *really* bottled gooseberries! They look like fresh &c.'

the sound of Bow Bells for ever so long : but here one has them whether one will or no : and they are better than Lady Morgan and —— at a rout in Harley Street. Maclise is a handsome and fine fellow, I think : and Landseer is very good natured. I long for my old Alfred portrait here sometimes : but you had better keep it for the present. W. Browne and Spedding are with me, good representatives one of the *Vita Contemplativa*, the other of the *Vita Attiva*. Spedding, if you tell him this, will not allow that he has not the elements of Action in him : nor has he not : nor has not the other those of contemplation : but each inclines a different way notwithstanding. I wish you and Spedding could come down here : though there is little to see, and to eat. When you write you must put *Woodbridge* after Boulge. This letter of yours went to Bury St Edmunds, for want of that. I hear Alfred Tennyson is in very good looks : mind and paint him *quickly* when he comes to town ; looking full at you.

To Bernard Barton.

19 CHARLOTTE ST.,
RATHBONE PLACE.
[1844.]

Dear BARTON,

I got here but yesterday, from Bedford, where I left W. Browne in train to be married to a rich woman. When I heard that they could not have less than five hundred a year, I gave up all further interest in the matter : for I could not wish a reasonable couple more. W. B. may be spoilt if he grows rich : that is the only thing could spoil him. This time ten years I first went to ride and fish with him about the river Ouse—he was then 18—quick to love

and quick to fight—full of confidence, generosity, and the glorious spirit of Youth...I shall go to Church and hope he mayn't be defiled with the filthy pitch. Oh! if we could be brought to open our eyes. I repent in ashes for reviling the Daddy who wrote that Sonnet against damned Riches.

I heard a man preach at Bedford in a way that shook my soul. He described the crucifixion in a way that put the scene before his people—no fine words, and metaphors: but first one nail struck into one hand, and then into another, and one through both feet—the cross lifted up with God in man's image distended upon it. And the sneers of the priests below—'Look at that fellow there—look at him—he talked of saving others &c.' And then the sun veiled his face in Blood, &c. I certainly have heard oratory now—of the Lord Chatham kind, only Matthews has more faith in Christ than Pitt in his majority. I was almost as much taken aback as the poor folks all about me who sobbed: and I hate this beastly London more and more. It stinks all through of churchyards and fish shops. As to pictures—well, never mind them. Farewell!

In the chapel opposite this house preaches Robert Montgomery!

19 CHARLOTTE ST., RATHBONE PLACE.

[13 *June* 1844.]

Oh, Barton man! but I am grilled here. Oh for to sit upon the banks of the dear old Deben with the worthy collier sloop going forth into the wide world as the sun sinks! I went all over Westminster Abbey yesterday with a party of country folks, to see the tombs. I did this to vindicate my way of life. Then we had a smoke with Carlyle and he very gloomy about the look of affairs, as

usual. I am as tired this morning as if I'd walked fifty miles. Morton, fresh from Italy, agrees that London is not fit to live in. I can't write, nor can you read perhaps. So farewell. Early next week (unless I go round by Bedford) I expect to see good Woodbridge.

To S. Laurence.

Boulge, *July 4/44.*

Dear LAURENCE,

I have but lately returned from Holbrook, where I saw your last portrait of Wilkinson. It is very capital, and gives my sister and all her neighbours great satisfaction. Jane indeed can talk of nothing else. I will say this however, with my usual ignorance and presumption, that I think the last day's sitting made it a little heavier than when I left it unfinished. Was it that the final glazing was somewhat too thick? I only mention this as a very slight defect, which I should not have observed had I not seen its penultimate state, and were I not a crotchety stickler for lightness and ease. But I hope and trust you will now do all your future sketches in oil in the same way in which this is done: the long brush, the wholesome distance between canvass, painter, and sitter, and the few sittings. For myself, I have always been sure of this: but I can assert it to you with more confidence now, seeing that every one else seems to agree with me, if I may judge by the general approval of this specimen of the long brush. Besides, such a method must shorten your labour, preserve the freshness of your eye and spirit, and also ensure the similitude of the sitter to himself by the very speediness of the operation.

Mills was very much delighted at W's portrait. What will you say of me when I tell you that I did not encourage him to have his wife painted by you, as he seemed to purpose! You will pray heaven to deliver you from your friends. But notwithstanding this, I am sure this last portrait will bring you sitters from this part of the country. Perhaps you will not find it easy to forgive me this. I must tell you that Mrs Mills, who sets up to be no judge of pictures, but who never is wrong about anything, instantly pitched on your portrait of Coningham as the best in the Exhibition, without seeing who it was by: and when she referred to the Catalogue, called out to her husband 'Why this is by E. F. G.'s friend Mr Laurence.'

July 18. You see that all up to this was written a fortnight ago. I did not finish, for I did not know where to direct. And now I shall finish this portrait of my mind, you see, in a different aspect perhaps to that with which I set out. On looking over what I wrote however, I stick to all I said about the painting: as to Mrs Mills, whose case seems to require some extenuation on my part, I fancied she was one of those persons' faces you would not take to: and so not succeed in. It is rather a pretty face, without meaning, it seems to me: and yet she has meaning in her. Mills has already had one portrait of her, which discontents all, and therefore it was I would not advise any painter who did not understand the art of *Millinery* well: for if the face does not wholly content, there is the dress to fall back on. I fancy Chalon would do the business.

I hear you have been doing some brother or brother in law of Mrs Lumsden. Mind what I have told you. I may not be a good judge of painting, but I can judge of what people in general like....

To John Allen.

(about July 16, 1844 J. A.).

My dear good ALLEN,

Let me hear from you, if even but a line, before you leave London on your summer excursion, whithersoever that is to be. I conclude you go somewhere; to Hampshire, or to Tenby...

I have nothing to tell you of myself. Here I exist, and read scraps of books, garden a little, and am on good terms with my neighbours. The Times paper is stirring up our farming society to the root, and some good will come of it, I dare say, and some ill. Do you know of any good books on Education? not for the poor or Charity schools, but on modern Gentlemen's grammar schools &c. Did not Combe write a book? But he is the driest Scotch Snuff. I beg leave to say that this letter is written with a pen of my own making: the first I have made these twenty years. I doubt after all it is no proof of a very intelligent pen-Creator, but only of a lucky slit. The next effort shall decide. Farewell, my dear Fellow. Don't forget unworthy me. We shall soon have known each other 20 years, and soon 30, and 40, if we live a little while.

To Bernard Barton.

GELDESTONE, 22 August 1844.

My dear BARTON,

You will think I have forgot you. I spent four pleasant days with Donne: who looks pale and thin, and in whose face the grey is creeping up from those once flourishing whiskers to the skull. It is doing so with me. We are neither of us in what may be called the first dawn of

boyhood. Donne maintains his shape better than I do, but sorrow I doubt has done that : and so we see why the house of mourning is better than the stalled ox. For it is a grievous thing to grow poddy : the age of Chivalry is gone then. An old proverb says that 'a full belly neither fights nor flies well.'

I also saw Geldart at Norwich. He paints, and is deep in religious thoughts also : he has besides the finest English good sense about him : and altogether he is a man one goes to that one may learn from him. I walked much about Norwich and was pleased with the old place.

Here I see my old friend Mrs Schutz, and play with the children. Having shown the little girl the prints of Boz's Curiosity Shop, I have made a short abstract of Little Nelly's wanderings which interests her much, leaving out the Swivellers &c. For children do not understand how merriment should intrude in a serious matter. This might make a nice child's book, cutting out Boz's sham pathos, as well as the real fun ; and it forms a kind of Nelly-ad¹, or Homeric narration of the child's wandering fortunes till she reaches at last a haven more desirable than any in stony Ithaca.

Lusia is to be married² on the 2nd, I hear ; and I shall set out for Leamington where the event takes place in the middle of next week. Whether I shall touch in my flight at Boulge is yet uncertain : so don't order any fireworks just at present. I hear from Mr Crabbe he is delighted with D'Israeli's Coningsby, which I advised him to read. Have you read it? The children still wonder what Miss Charlesworth meant when she said that she didn't mean what she said. I tell them it is a new way of thinking of young

¹ The MS. of this has been preserved.

² To the Rev. Francis De Soyres.

England. I have exercised the children's minds greatly on the doctrine of Puseyitical reticence (that is not the word) but I find that children, who are great in the kingdom of Heaven, are all for blurting out what they mean. Farewell for the present. Ever yours, E. F. G.

If war breaks out with France, I will take up arms as a volunteer under Major Pytches. Pytches and Westminster Abbey!

LEAMINGTON, *Sept.* 28/44.

My dear BARTON,

...I expect to be here about a week, and I mean to give a day to looking over the field of Edgehill, on the top of which, I have ascertained, there is a very delightful pot-house, commanding a very extensive view. Don't you wish to sit at ease in such a high tower, with a pint of porter at your side, and to see beneath you the ground that was galloped over by Rupert and Cromwell two hundred years ago, in one of the richest districts of England, and on one of the finest days in October, for such my day is to be?

In the meanwhile I cast regretful glances of memory back to my garden at Boulge, which I want to see dug up and replanted. I have bought anemone roots which in the Spring shall blow Tyrian dyes, and Irises of a newer and more brilliant prism than Noah saw in the clouds. I have bought a picture of my poor quarrelsome friend Moore, just to help him; for I don't know what to do with his picture.

To F. Tennyson.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE, *Oct.* 10/44.

My dear FREDERIC,

You will think I have wholly cut you. But I wrote half a letter to you three months ago; and mislaid it;

spent some time in looking for it, always hoping; and then some more time despairing; and we all know how time goes when [we] have got a thing to do which we are rather lazy about doing. As for instance, getting up in a morning. Not that writing a letter to you is so bad as getting up; but it is not easy for mortal man who has heard, seen, done, and thought, nothing since he last wrote, to fill one of these big foreign sheets full as a foreign letter ought to be. I am now returned to my dull home here after my usual pottering about in the midland counties of England. A little Bedfordshire—a little Northamptonshire—a little more folding of the hands—the same faces—the same fields—the same thoughts occurring at the same turns of road—this is all I have to tell of; nothing at all added—but the summer gone. My garden is covered with yellow and brown leaves; and a man is digging up the garden beds before my window, and will plant some roots and bulbs for next year. My parsons come and smoke with me &c. ‘The round of life from hour to hour’—alluding doubtless to a mill-horse. Alfred is reported to be still at Park House, where he has been sojourning for two months, I think; but he never writes me a word. Hydropathy has done its worst; he writes the names of his friends in water....I spent two days in London with old Morton about five weeks ago; and pleasant days they were. The rogue bewitches me with his wit and honest speech. He also staid some while at Park House, while Alfred was there, and managed of course to frighten the party occasionally with some of his sallies. He often writes to me; and very good his letters are all of them.

When do you mean to write me another? Morton told me in his last that he had heard from Brotherton you were gone, or going, to Naples. I dare say this sheet of mine will never get to your hands. But if it does, let me hear

from you. Is Italy becoming stale to you? Are you going to Cairo for fresh sensations? Thackeray went off in a steamboat about the time the French were before Mogadore; he was to see those coasts and to visit Jerusalem! Titmarsh at Jerusalem will certainly be an era in Christianity. But I suppose he will soon be back now. Spedding is yet in his highlands, I believe, considering Grouse and Bacon.

I expect to run up to London some time during the winter just to tell over old friends' faces and get a sup of music and painting. I have bought very few more pictures lately; and [heard] no music but Mendelssohn's *M. Night's Dream*. The overture, which was published long ago, is the best part; but there is a very noble triumphal march also.

Now I feel just in the same fix as I did in that sheet of paper whose fate is uncertain. But if I don't put in a word more, yet this shall go, I am determined. Only consider how it is a matter of necessity that I should have nothing to say. If you could see this place of Boulge! You who sit and survey marble palaces rising out of cypress and olive. There is a dreadful vulgar ballad, composed by Mr Balfe, and sung with the most unbounded applause by Miss Rainforth,

'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble Halls,'

which is sung and organed at every corner in London. I think you may imagine what kind of flowing $\frac{6}{8}$ time of the last degree of imbecillity it is. The words are written by Mr Bunn! Arcades ambo.

I say we shall see you over in England before long: for I rather think you want an Englishman to quarrel with sometimes. I mean quarrel in the sense of a good strenuous difference of opinion, supported on either side by occasional outbursts of spleen. Come and let us try. You used to irritate my vegetable blood sometimes.

To Bernard Barton.

[GELDESTONE, Nov. 27, 1844].

Dear BARTON,

My return to Boulge is delayed for another week, because we expect my Father here just now. But for this, I should have been on the Union Coach this day. The children here are most delightful; the best company in all the world, to my mind. If you could see the little girl dance the Polka with her sisters! Not set up like an Infant Terpsichore, but seriously inclined, with perfect steps in perfect time.

We see a fine white frost over the grass this morning; and I suppose you have rubbed your hands and cried 'Oh Lauk, how cold it is!' twenty times before I write this. Now one's pictures become doubly delightful to one. I certainly love winter better than summer. Could one but know, as one sits within the tropic latitude of one's fireside, that there was not increased want, cold, and misery, beyond it!

My Spectator tells me that Leigh Hunt has published a good volume of Poem-selections; not his own poems, but of others. And Miss Martineau has been cured of an illness of five years standing by Mesmerism! By the help of a few passes of the hand following an earnest Will, she, who had not set foot out of her room, for the chief part of those five years, now can tread the grass again, and walk five miles! Her account of the business in the Athenæum is extremely interesting. She is the only one I have read of who describes the sensations of *the trance*, which, seeming a painful one to the wide-awake looker on, is in fact a state of tranquil glorification to the patient. It cheers but not inebriates! She felt her disease oozing away out at her feet, and as it were streams of warm fresh vitality coming in its place. And when she woke, lo, this was no dream!

To F. Tennyson.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE, *Dec. 8/44.*

My dear FREDERIC,

What is a poor devil to do? You tell me quite truly that my letters have not two ideas in them, and yet you tell me to write my two ideas as soon as I can. So indeed it is so far easy to write down one's two ideas, if they are not very abstruse ones; but then what the devil encouragement is it to a poor fellow to expose his nakedness so? All I can say is, to say again that if you lived in this place, you would not write so long a letter as you have done, full of capital description and all good things; though without any compliment I am sure you would write a better than I shall. But you see the original fault in me is that I choose to be in such a place as this at all; that argues certainly a talent for dullness which no situation nor intercourse of men could much improve. It is true; I really do like to sit in this doleful place with a good fire, a cat and dog on the rug, and an old woman in the kitchen. This is all my live stock. The house is yet damp as last year; and the great event of this winter is my putting up a trough round the eaves to carry off the wet. There was discussion whether the trough should be of iron or of zinc: iron dear and lasting; zinc the reverse. It was decided for iron; and accordingly iron is put up.

Why should I not live in London and see the world? you say. Why then *I* say as before, I don't like it. I think the dullness of country people is better than the impudence of Londoners; and the fresh cold and wet of our clay fields better than a fog that stinks *per se*; and this room of mine, clean at all events, better than a dirty room in Charlotte St. If you, Morton, and Alfred, were more in

London, I should be there more; but now there is but Spedding and Allen whom I care a straw about. I have written two notes to Alfred to ask him just to notify his existence to me; but you know he is obstinate on that point. I heard from Carlyle that he (Alfred) had passed an evening at Chelsea much to C's delight; who has opened the gates of his Valhalla to let Alfred in¹. Thackeray is at Malta, where I am told he means to winter....

As I have no people to tell you of, so have I very few books, and know nothing of what is stirring in the literary world. I have read the Life of Arnold of Rugby, who was a noble fellow; and the letters of Burke, which do not add to, or detract from, what I knew and liked in him before. I am meditating to begin Thucydides one day; perhaps this winter....

Old Seneca, I have no doubt, was a great humbug in deed, and his books have plenty of it in word; but he had got together a vast deal of what was not humbug from others; and, as far as I see, the old philosophers are available now as much as two thousand years back. Perhaps you will think that is not saying much. Don't suppose I think it

¹ On the 26th of October, Carlyle wrote to FitzGerald:

'One day we had Alfred Tennyson here; an unforgettable day. He staid with us till late; forgot his stick: we dismissed him with *Macpherson's Farewell*. Macpherson (see Burns) was a Highland robber; he played that Tune, of his own composition, on his way to the gallows; asked, "If in all that crowd the Macpherson had any clansman?" holding up the fiddle that he might bequeath it to some one. "Any kinsman, any soul that wished him well?" Nothing answered, nothing durst answer. He crashed the fiddle under his foot, and sprang off. The Tune is rough as hemp, but strong as a lion. I never hear it without something of emotion,—poor Macpherson; tho' the Artist hates to play it. Alfred's dark face grew darker, and I saw his lip slightly quivering!'

good philosophy in myself to keep here out of the world, and sport a gentle Epicurism; I do not; I only follow something of a natural inclination, and know not if I could do better under a more complex system. It is very smooth sailing hitherto down here. No velvet waistcoat and ever-lustrous pumps to be considered; no bon mots got up; no information necessary. There is a pipe for the parsons to smoke, and quite as much bon mots, literature, and philosophy as they care for without any trouble at all. If we could but feed our poor! It is now the 8th of December; it has blown a most desperate East wind, all razors; a wind like one of those knives one sees at shops in London, with 365 blades all drawn and pointed; the wheat is all sown; the fallows cannot be ploughed. What are all the poor folks to do during the winter? And they persist in having the same enormous families they used to do; a woman came to me two days ago who had seventeen children! What farmers are to employ all these? What landlord can find room for them? The law of generation must be repealed. The London press does nothing but rail at us poor country folks for our cruelty. I am glad they do so; for there is much to be set right. But I want to know if the Editor of the Times is more attentive to his devils, their wives and families, than our squires and squireses and parsons are to their fellow parishioners. Punch also assumes a tone of virtuous satire, from the mouth of Mr Douglas Jerrold! It is easy to sit in arm chairs at a club in Pall Mall and rail on the stupidity and brutality of those in High Suffolk.

Come, I have got more than two ideas into this sheet; but I don't know if you won't dislike them worse than mere nothing. But I was determined to fill my letter. Yes, you are to know that I slept at Woodbridge last night, went to

church there this morning, where every one sat with a purple nose, and heard a dismal well-meant sermon; and the organ blew us out with one grand idea at all events, one of old Handel's Coronation Anthems; that I dined early, also in Woodbridge; and walked up here with a tremendous East wind blowing sleet in my face from over the German Sea, that I found your letter when I entered my room; and reading it through, determined to spin you off a sheet incontinently, and lo! here it is! Now or never! I shall now have my tea in, and read over your letter again while at it. You are quite right in saying that Gravesend excursions with you do me good. When did I doubt it? I remember them with great pleasure; few of my travels so much so. I like a short journey in good company; and I like you all the better for your Englishman's humours. One doesn't find such things in London; something more like it here in the country, where every one, with whatever natural stock of intellect endowed, at least grows up his own way, and flings his branches about him, not stretched on the espalier of London dinner-table company.

P.S. Next morning. Snow over the ground. We have our wonders of inundation in Suffolk also, I can tell you. For three weeks ago such floods came, that an old woman was carried off as she was retiring from a beer house about 9 p.m., and drowned. She was probably half seas over before she left the beer house.

And three nights ago I looked out at about ten o'clock at night, before going to bed. It seemed perfectly still; frosty, and the stars shining bright. I heard a continuous moaning sound, which I knew to be, not that of an infant exposed, or female ravished, but of the sea, more than ten miles off! What little wind there was carried to us the murmurs of the

waves circulating round these coasts so far over a flat country. But people here think that this sound so heard is not from the waves that break, but a kind of prophetic voice from the body of the sea itself announcing great gales. Sure enough we have got them, however heralded. Now I say that all this shows that we in this Suffolk are not so completely given over to prose and turnips as some would have us. I always said that being near the sea, and being able to catch a glimpse of it from the tops of hills, and of houses, redeemed Suffolk from dullness; and at all events that our turnip fields, dull in themselves, were at least set all round with an undeniably poetic element. And so I see Arnold says; he enumerates five inland counties as the only parts of England for which nothing could be said in praise. Not that I agree with him there neither; I cannot allow the valley of the Ouse about which some of my pleasantest recollections hang to be without its great charm. W. Browne, whom you despised, is married, and I shall see but little of him for the future. I have laid by my rod and line by the willows of the Ouse for ever. 'He is married and cannot come.' This change is the true meaning of those verses¹,

Friend after friend departs;
Who has not lost a friend?

and so on. If I were conscious of being steadfast and good humoured enough I would marry to-morrow. But a humourist is best by himself.

¹ By James Montgomery: 'Friends' in his *Miscellaneous Poems* (Works, ii. 298, ed. 1836).

To Bernard Barton.

19 CHARLOTTE ST., RATHBONE PLACE,

Fany. 4/45.

Dear BARTON,

Clawed hold of by a bad cold am I—a London cold—where the atmosphere clings to you, like a wet blanket. You have often received a letter from me on a Sunday, haven't you? I think I used to write you an account of the picture purchases of the week, that you might have something to reflect upon in your silent meeting. (N.B. This is very wrong, and I don't mean it.) Well, now I have bought no pictures, and sha'n't; but one I *had* bought is sent to be lined. A Bassano of course; which nobody will like but myself. It is a grave picture; an Italian Lord dictating to a Secretary with upturned face. Good company, I think.

You did not tell me how you and Miss Barton got on with the *Vestiges*. I found people talking about it here; and one laudatory critique in the *Examiner* sold an edition in a few days. I long to finish it. I am going in state to the London Library—*my* Library—to review the store of books it contains, and carry down a box full for winter consumption. Do you want anything? eh, Mr Barton?

I went to see Sophocles' tragedy of *Antigone* done into English two nights ago. And yesterday I dined with my dear old John Allen who remains whole and intact of the world in the heart of London. He dined some while ago at Lambeth, and the Lady next him asked the Archbishop if he read *Punch*. Allen thought this was a misplaced question: but I think the Archbishop ought to see *Punch*: though not to read it regularly perhaps. I then asked Allen

about the Vestiges—he had heard of it—laughed at the idea of its being atheistical. ‘No enquiry,’ said he, ‘can be atheistical.’ I doubt if the Archbishop of Canterbury could say that. What do you think of Exeter? Isn’t he a pretty lad?

To W. B. Donne.

BOULGE, Jan. 29/45.

My dear DONNE,

...A. T. has near a volume of poems—elegiac—in memory of Arthur Hallam. Don’t you think the world wants other notes than elegiac now? Lycidas is the utmost length an elegiac should reach. But Spedding praises: and I suppose the elegiacs will see daylight, public daylight, one day. Carlyle goes on growling with his Cromwell: whom he finds more and more faultless every day. So that *his* paragon also will one day see the light also, an elegiac of a different kind from Tennyson’s; as far apart indeed as Cromwell and Hallam.

Barton comes and sups with me to-morrow, and George Crabbe, son of the poet, a capital fellow.

To F. Tennyson.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE, Feb'y. 6, 1845.

My dear FREDERIC,

...You like to hear of men and manners. Have I not been to London for a whole fortnight, seen Alfred, Spedding, all the lawyers and all the painters, gone to Panoramas of Naples by Volcano-light (Vesuvius in a blaze illuminating the whole bay, which Morton says is not a bit better than Plymouth Sound, if you could put a furnace in

the belly of Mount Edgecumbe)—gone to see the Antigone of Messrs Sophocles and Mendelssohn at Covent Garden—gone to see the Infant Thalia—now as little of an Infant as a Thalia—at the Adelaide Gallery. So! you see things go on as when you were with us. Only the Thalia has waxed in stature: and perhaps in wisdom also: but that is not in her favour. The Antigone is, as you are aware, a neatly constructed drama, on the French model; the music very fine, *I* thought—but you would turn up your nose at it, I dare say. It was horribly ill sung, by a chorus in shabby togas, who looked more like dirty bakers than Theban (were they?) respectable old gentlemen. Mr Vandenhoff sat on a marble camp-stool in the middle, and looked like one of Flaxman's Homeric kings—very well. And Miss Vandenhoff did Antigone. I forget the name of the lady who did Ismene¹; perhaps you would have thought her very handsome: but I did not, nor was she considered at all remarkable, as far as I could make out. I saw no pantomimes: and all the other theatres were filled with Balfe, whom perhaps you admire very much. So I won't say anything about him till you have told me what you think on his score....

Well and have you read 'Eothen' which all the world talks of? And do you know who it is written by?...Then Eliot Warburton has written an Oriental Book! Ye Gods! In Shakespeare's day the nuisance was the Monsieur Travellers who had 'swum in a gundello;' but now the bores are those who have smoked *tshibouques* with a *Peshaw*! Deuce take it: I say 'tis better to stick to muddy Suffolk.

¹ Miss Cooke.

*To Bernard Barton.*GELDESTONE, *April, 3/45.*

My dear BARTON,

...I have been loitering out in the garden here this golden day of Spring. The woodpigeons coo in the covert; the frogs croak in the pond; the bees hum about some thyme: and some of my smaller nieces have been busy gathering primroses, 'all to make posies suitable to this present month.' I cannot but think with a sort of horror of being in London now: but I doubt I must be ere long...I have abjured all Authorship, contented at present with the divine Poem which Great Nature is now composing about us. These primroses seem more wonderful and delicious Annuals than Ackerman ever put forth. I suppose no man ever grew so old as not to feel younger in Spring. Yet, poor old Mrs Bodham¹ lifted up her eyes to the windows, and asked if it were a clear or a dull day!

39 NORTON ST., FITZROY SQ.

[? May 1845.]

Dear BARTON,

You see my address. I only got into it yesterday, though I reached London on Friday, and hung loose upon it for all that interval. I spent four days at Cambridge pleasantly enough; and one at Bedford where I heard my friend Matthews preach.

Last night I appeared at the Opera, and shall do so twice a week till further notice. Friends I have seen but few; for I have not yet found time to do anything. Alfred Tennyson was here; but went off yesterday to consider the

¹ Great aunt of W. B. Donne.

sea from the top of Beachy Head.' Carlyle gets on with his book which will be in two big volumes. He has entirely misstated all about Naseby, after all my trouble....

Did Churchyard see in London a picture at the address I enclose? The man's card, you see, proclaims 'Silversmith,' but he is 'Pawnbroker.' A picture hangs up at the door which he calls by 'Williams', but I think is a rather inferior Crome; though the figure in it is not like Crome's figures. The picture is about three feet high by two broad; good in the distance; very natural in the branching of the trees; heavy in the foliage; all common to Crome. And it seems painted in that fat substance he painted in. If C. come to London let him look at this picture, as well as come and see me.

I have cold, head-ache, and London disgust. Oh that I could look on my Anemones! and hear the sighing of my Scotch firs. The Exhibition is full of bad things: there is a grand Turner, however; quite unlike anything that was ever seen in Heaven above, or in Earth beneath, or in the waters under the Earth.

The reign of primroses and cowslips is over, and the oak now begins to take up the empire of the year and wear a budding garland about his brows. Over all this settles down the white cloud in the West, and the Morning and Evening draw toward Summer.

[? May 1845.]

My dear BARTON,

Had not your second note arrived this morning, I should surely have written to you; that you might have a little letter for your Sunday's breakfast. Do not accuse me of growing enamoured of London; I would have been in the country long ago if I could....Nor do I think I shall get

away till the end of this month ; and then I *will* go. I am not so bad as Tennyson, who has been for six weeks intending to start every day for Switzerland or Cornwall, he doesn't quite know which. However, his stay has been so much gain to me ; for he and John Allen are the two men that give me pleasure here.

Tell Churchyard he must come up once again...I saw a most lovely Sir Joshua at Christie's a week ago ; it went far far above my means. There is an old hunting picture in Regent St. which I want him to look at. I think it is Morland ; whom I don't care twopence for ; the horses ill drawn ; some good colour ; the people English ; good old England ! I was at a party of modern wits last night that made me creep into myself, and wish myself away talking to any Suffolk old woman in her cottage, while the trees murmured without. The wickedness of London appals me ; and yet I am no paragon.

*
To F. Tennyson.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE. *June 12/45.*

Dear FREDERIC,

Though I write from Boulge you are not to suppose I have been here ever since I last wrote to you. On the contrary, I am but just returned from London, where I spent a month, and saw all the sights and all the people I cared to see. But what am I to tell you of them ? Spedding, you know, does not change : he is now the same that he was fourteen years old when I first knew him at school more than twenty years ago ; wise, calm, bald, combining the best qualities of Youth and Age. And then as to things seen ; you know that one Exhibition tells another, and one Panorama certifieth another &c. If you want to know

something of the Exhibition however, read Fraser's Magazine for this month ; there Thackeray has a paper on the matter, full of fun. I met Stone in the street the other day ; he took me by the button, and told me in perfect sincerity, and with increasing warmth, how, though he loved old Thackeray, yet these yearly out-speakings of his sorely tired him ; not on account of himself (Stone), but on account of some of his friends, Charles Landseer, Maclise &c. Stone worked himself up to such a pitch under the pressure of forced calmness that he at last said Thackeray would get himself horse-whipped one day by one of these infuriated Apelleses. At this I, who had partly agreed with Stone that ridicule, though true, needs not always to be spoken, began to laugh : and told him two could play at that game. These painters cling together, and bolster each other up, to such a degree, that they really have persuaded themselves that any one who ventures to laugh at one of their drawings, exhibited publickly for the express purpose of criticism, insults the whole corps. In the mean while old Thackeray laughs at all this ; and goes on in his own way ; writing hard for half a dozen Reviews and Newspapers all the morning ; dining, drinking, and talking of a night ; managing to preserve a fresh colour and perpetual flow of spirits under a wear-and-tear of thinking and feeding that would have knocked up any other man I know two years ago, at least...

Alfred was in London the first week of my stay there. He was looking well, and in good spirits ; and had got two hundred lines of a new poem in a butcher's book. He went down to Eastbourne in Sussex ; where I believe he now is. He and I made a plan to go to the coast of Cornwall or Wales this summer ; but I suppose we shall manage never to do it. I find I must go to Ireland ; which I had not intended to do this year.

I have nothing new to tell you of Music. The Operas were the same old affair; Linda di Chamouni, the Pirata &c. Grisi coarse,.....only Lablache great. There is one singer also, Brambelli, who, with a few husky notes, carries one back to the days of Pasta. I did not hear 'Le Desert'; but I fancy the English came to a fair judgment about it. That is, they did not want to hear it more than once. It was played many times, for new batches of people; but I doubt if any one went twice. So it is with nearly all French things; there is a clever showy surface; but no Holy of Holies far withdrawn; conceived in the depth of a mind, and only to be received into the depth of ours after much attention. Poussin must spend his life in Italy before he could paint as he did; and what other Great Man, out of the exact Sciences, have they to show? This you will call impudence. Now Beethoven, you see by your own experience, has a depth not to be reached all at once. I admit with you that he is too bizarre, and, I think, morbid. But he is original, majestic, and profound. Such music *thinks*; so it is with Gluck; and with Mendelssohn. As to Mozart, he was, as a musical Genius, more wonderful than all. I was astonished at the Don Giovanni lately. It is certainly the Greatest Opera in the world. I went to no concert, and am now sorry I did not.

Now I have told you all my London news. You will not hear of my Cottage and Garden; so now I will shut up shop and have done. We have had a dismal wet May; but now June is recompensing us for all, and Dr Blow may be said to be leading the great Garden Band in full chorus. This is a pun, which, profound in itself, you must not expect to enjoy at first reading. I am not sure that I am myself conscious of the full meaning of it. I know it is very hot weather; the distant woods steaming blue under

the noonday sun. I suppose you are living without clothes in wells, where you are. Remember me to your brothers; write soon; and believe me ever yours,

E. FITZGERALD.

As to going to Italy, alas! I have less call to do that than ever: I never shall go. You must come over here about your Railroad land.

To John Allen.

BEDFORD, *August 27/45.*

Dear good ALLEN,

...I came here a week ago, and am paying my usual visits at the Brownes' and at Airy's¹. I also purpose going to Naseby for two days very soon; and after that I shall retire slowly homeward; not to move, I suppose (except it be for some days to London) till next summer comes again!

I am just now staying with W. B. and his wife....The Father and Mother of Mrs W. Browne bought old Mrs Piozzi's house at Streatham thirty-five years ago; all the Sir Joshua portraits therein, which they sold directly afterward for a song; and all the furniture, of which some yet helps to fill the house I now stay in. In the bedroom I write in is Dr Johnson's own bookcase and secretaire; with looking glass in the panels which often reflected his uncouth shape. His own bed is also in the house; but I do not sleep in it.

I am reading Selwyn's Correspondence, a remarkable book, as all such records of the mind of a whole generation must be. Carlyle writes me word his Cromwell papers will be out in October; and that then we are all to be convinced

¹ At Keysoe Vicarage.

that Richard had no hump to his back. I am strong in favour of the hump; I do not think the common sense of two centuries is apt to be deceived in such a matter.

Now if your time is not wholly filled up, pray do give me one line to say you have not wholly given me up as a turncoat. I would rather have sat with you on the cliffs of St David's than done anything I have done for the last six months. Believe that, please. And now good bye, my dear fellow. The harvest promises very well here about; but I expect to find less prosperity at Naseby.

To Bernard Barton.

BEDFORD, *Sept*^r 8/45.

Dear BARTON,

On Thursday I move towards Norwich; where I see Donne, hear some music, and go to Geldestone. But before this month is over, I hope to be at my Cottage again, where I have my garden to drain, and other important matters.

Do you know I have been greatly tempted to move my quarters from Boulge to this country; so exact a place have I found to suit me. But we will wait.

My noble Preacher Matthews¹ is dead! He had a long cold, which he promoted in all ways of baptizing, watching late and early, travelling in rain &c., he got worse; but would send for no Doctor, the Lord would raise him up if it were good for him &c. Last Monday this cold broke out into Typhus fever; and on Thursday he died! I had been out to Naseby for three days, and as I returned on Friday at dusk I saw a coffin carrying down the street: I knew whose it must be. I would have given a great deal to save

¹ See letter to Allen, August 1842.

his life; which might certainly have been saved with common precaution. He died in perfect peace, approving all the principles of his life to be genuine. I am going this afternoon to attend his Funeral....

Cromwell is to be out in October; and Laurence has been sent to Archdeacon Berners's to make a copy of Oliver's miniature.

To W. B. Donne.

GELDESTONE, *Sept^r. 23/45.*

Dear DONNE,

I left one volume of your Swift with good Mrs Johnson at Norwich; and the other with your Mother at Worship's house in Yarmouth. So I trust you are in a fair way to get them again.

I sat through one Concert and one Oratorio¹; and on Thursday went to Yarmouth, which I took a great fancy to. The sands were very good, I assure you; and then when one is weary of the sea, there is the good old town to fall back on. There is Mr Gooch the Bookseller too; he and his books a great acquisition. I called on Dawson Turner, and in an incredibly short space of time saw several books of coats of Arms, Churches, Refectories, pyxes, cerements &c.

Manage to read De Quincey's Article on Wordsworth in the last number of Tait's Magazine. It is very incomplete, like all De Quincey's things, but has grand things in it; grand sounds of sense if nothing else. I am glad to see he sets up Daddy's early Ballads against the Excursion and other Sermons.

I intend to leave this place the end of this week; and go, I suppose, to Boulge; though I have yet a hankering to get a week by the sea, either at Yarmouth or Southwold....

¹ At the Norwich Festival.

Don't you think £3 very cheap for a fine copy of Rushworth's Collections, eight volumes folio? I was tempted to buy it if only for the bargain; for I only want to look through it once.

To F. Tennyson.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE.

[after *Sept.* 1845.]

My dear FREDERIC,

I do beg and desire that when you next begin a letter to me you will not tear it up (as you say you have done some) because of its exhibiting a joviality insulting to any dumps of mine. What was I complaining of so? I forget all about it. It seems to me to be two years since I heard from you. If you had said that my answers to your letters were so barren as to dishearten you from deserving any more I should understand that very well. But if you really did accomplish any letters and not send them, I say, a fico for thy friendship! Do so no more....

The finale of C minor is very noble. I heard it twice at Jullien's. On the whole I like to hear Mozart better; Beethoven is gloomy. Besides incontestably Mozart is the purest *musician*; Beethoven would have been Poet or Painter as well, for he had a great deep Soul and Imagination. I do not think it is reported that he showed any very early predilection for Music; Mozart, we know, did. They say Holmes has published a very good life of M. Only think of the poor fellow not being able to sell his music latterly, getting out of fashion, so taking to drink.....and enact Harlequin at Masquerades! When I heard Handel's Alexander's Feast at Norwich this Autumn I wondered; but when directly afterward they played Mozart's G minor Symphony, it seemed as if I had passed out of a land of savages into sweet civilized Life.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE.

[? *March* 1846.]

Dear FREDERIC,

I have been wondering some time if you were gone abroad again or not. I go to London toward the end of April: can't you manage to wait in England? I suppose you will only be a day or two in London before you put foot in rail, coach, or on steamer for the Continent; and I excuse my own dastardly inactivity in not going up to meet you and shake hands with you before you start, by my old excuse; that had you but let me know of your coming to England, I should have seen you. This is no excuse; but don't put me out of your books as a frog-hearted wretch. I believe that I, as men usually do, grow more callous and indifferent daily: but I am sure I would as soon travel to see your face, and my dear old Alfred's, as any one's. But beside my inactivity, I have a sort of horror of plunging into London; which, except for a shilling concert, and a peep at the pictures, is desperate to me. This is my fault, not London's: I know it is a lassitude and weakness of soul that no more loves the ceaseless collision of Beaux Esprits, than my obese ill-jointed carcase loves bundling about in coaches and steamers. And, as you say, the dirt, both of earth and atmosphere, in London, is a real bore. But enough of that. It is sufficient that it is more pleasant to me to sit in a clean room, with a clear air outside, and hedges just coming into leaf, rather than in the Tavistock or an upper floor of Charlotte Street. And how much better one's books read in country stillness, than amid the noise of wheels, crowds &c., or after hearing them eternally discussed by no less active tongues! In the mean time, we of Woodbridge are not without our luxuries; I enclose you a play-bill just received; *I* being one of the dis-

tinguished Members who have bespoken the play. We sha'n't all sit together in a Box, but go dispersed about the house with our wives and daughters.

White I remember very well. His Tragedy I have seen advertised. He used to write good humourous things in Blackwood: among them, Hints to Authors, which are worth looking at when you get hold of an odd volume of Blackwood. I have got Thackeray's last book¹, but have not yet been able to read it. Has any one heard of old Morton, and of his arrival at Stamboul, as he called it?...

Now it is a fact that as I lay in bed this morning, before I got your letter, I thought to myself I would write to Alfred. For he sent me a very kind letter two months ago; and I should have written to him before, but that I have looked in vain for a paper I wanted to send him. But, find it or not (and it is of no consequence) I will write to him very shortly. You do not mention if he be with you at Cheltenham. He spoke to me of being ill....I think you should publish some of your poems. They must be admired and liked; and you would gain a place to which you are entitled, and which it offends no man to hold. I should like much to see them again. The whole *subjective* scheme (damn the word!) of the poems I did not like; but that is quite a genuine mould of your soul; and there are heaps of single lines, couplets, and stanzas, which would consume all the —, —, and —, like stubble. N.B. An acute man would ask how I should like *you*, if I do not like your own genuine reflex of *you*? But a less acute, and an acuter, man, will feel or see the difference.

So here is a good sheet full; and at all events, if I am too lazy to travel to you, I am not too lazy to write such a letter as few of one's contemporaries will now take the pains

¹ *A Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo.*

to write to one. I beg you to remember me to all your noble family, and believe me yours ever EDW. FITZGERALD.

To W. B. Donne.

BÔULGE, Sunday, *March 8/46.*

My dear DONNE,

I was very sorry you did not come to us at Geldestone. I have been home now near a fortnight; else I would gladly have gone to Mattishall with you yesterday. This very Sunday, on which I now hear the Grundisburgh bells as I write, I might have been filled with the bread of Life from Padden's hands.

Our friend Barton is certainly one of the most remarkable men of the Age. After writing to Peel two separate Sonnets, begging him to retire to Tamworth and not alter the Corn Laws, he finally sends him another letter to ask if he will be present at Lord Northampton's soir  e next Saturday; Barton himself being about to go to that soir  e, and wishing to see the Premier. On which Peel writes him a most good humoured note asking him to dine at Whitehall Gardens on that same Saturday! And the good Barton is going up for that purpose¹. All this is great simplicity in Barton: and really announces an internal Faith that is creditable to this Age, and almost unexpected in it. I had advised him not to send Peel many more Sonnets till the Corn Law was passed; the Indian war arranged; and Oregon settled: but Barton sees no dragon in the way.

We have actors now at Woodbridge. A Mr Gill who was low comedian in the Norwich now manages a troop of his own here. His wife was a Miss Vining; she is a pretty woman, and a lively pleasant actress, not vulgar. I have

¹ See the Memoir of Bernard Barton by E. F. G. prefixed to the posthumous volume of selections from his Poems and Letters, p. xxvi.

been to see some of the old comedies with great pleasure; and last night I sat in a pigeon-hole with David Fisher and 'revolved many memories' of old days and old plays. I don't think he drinks so much now: but he looks all ready to blossom out into carbuncles.

We all liked your Athenæum address much¹; which I believe I told you before. I have heard nothing of books or friends. I shall hope to see you some time this spring.

*To E. B. Cowell*².

[1846]

Dear COWELL,

I am glad you have bought Spinoza. I am in no sort of hurry for him: you may keep him a year if you like. I shall perhaps never read him now I have him. Thank you for the trouble you took...

Your Hafiz is fine: and his tavern world is a sad and just idea. I did not send that vine leaf³ to A. T. but I have not forgotten it. It sticks in my mind—

“In Time's fleeting river
The image of that little vine-leaf lay,
Immovably unquiet—and for ever
It trembles—but it cannot pass away”⁴.

¹ Address to the members of the Norwich Athenæum, October 17th, 1845.

² Now Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge.

³ Professor Cowell explains to me that this refers to a passage of Ausonius in his poem on the Moselle. It occurs in the description of the bank scenery as reflected in the river (194, 5):

Tota natant crispis juga motibus, et tremit absens
Pampinus, et vitreis vindemia turget in undis.

FitzGerald used to admire the break in the line after *absens*.

⁴ A reminiscence of Shelley's 'Evening,' as this was of a line in Wordsworth's Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm.

I have read nothing you would care for since I saw you. It would be a good work to give us some of the good things of Hafiz and the Persians; of bulbuls and ghuls we have had enough.

Come and bring over Spinoza; or I must go and bring him.

From T. Carlyle.

CHELSEA, 8 April, 1846.

Dear FITZGERALD,

I have now put the little sketch of Naseby Fight¹, rough and ready, into its place in the Appendix: it really does pretty well, when it is fairly written out; had I had time for that, it might almost have gone into the Text,—and perhaps shall if ever I live to see another edition. Naseby Field will then have its due honour;—only you should actually raise a stone over that Grave that you opened (I will give you the *shin-bone* back and keep the *teeth*): you really should,—with a simple Inscription saying merely in business English: “Here, as proved by strict and not too impious examination, lie the slain of the Battle of Naseby. Dig no farther. E. FitzGerald, ——— 1843.” By the bye, *was* it 1843 or 2, when we did those Naseby feats? tell me, for I want to mark that in the Book. And so here is your Paper again, since at any rate you wish to keep that. I am serious about the stone!

To W. B. Donne.

BOULGE HALL, WOODBRIDGE.

[1846.]

My dear DONNE,

I don't know which of us is most to blame for this long gulph of silence. Probably I; who have least to

¹ The short *pasticcio* of the battle referred to in the letter to Barton, 22 Sept. 1842.

do. I have been for two months to London; where (had I thought it of any use) I should have written to try and get you up for a few days; as I had a convenient lodging, and many beside myself would have been glad to see you.

I came back a week ago; and on looking in at Barton's last evening he showed me your letter with such pleasure as he is wont to receive your letters with. And there I read all the surprising story of your moving to old Bury. When I passed through Cambridge two months ago, Thompson said (I think) that he had seen you; and that you had given up thoughts of Bury. But now you are going. As you say, you will then be nearer to us than you now are at Mattishall; especially when our Railroad shall be completed. In my journeys to and from Bedfordshire, I shall hope to stay a night at the good old Angel, and so have a chat with you.

I saw very little of Spedding in London; for he was out all day at State paper offices and Museums; and I out by night at Operas &c. with my Mother. He is however well and immutable. A. Tennyson was in London; for two months striving to spread his wings to Italy or Switzerland. It has ended in his flying to the Isle of Wight till Autumn, when Moxon promises to convoy him over; and then God knows what will become of him and whether we shall ever see his august old body over here again. He was in a ricketty state of body; brought on wholly by neglect &c., but in fair spirits; and one had the comfort of seeing the Great Man. Carlyle goes on fretting and maddening as usual. Have you read his Cromwell? Are you converted, or did you ever need conversion? I believe I remain pretty much where I was. I think Milton, who is the best evidence Cromwell has in his favour, warns him somewhat prophetically at the end of his Second Defence against taking on him Kingship &c. and in the tract on the State of England in

1660 (just before it was determined to bring back Charles 2) he says *nothing at all* of Cromwell, no panegyric; but glances at the evil ambitious men in the Army have done; and, now that all is open to choose, prays for a pure Republic! So I herd with the flunkies and lackies, I doubt; but am yours notwithstanding, E. F. G.

To E. B. Cowell.

BEDFORD, *Sept.* 15/46.

Dear COWELL,

Here I am at last, after making a stay at Lowestoft, where I sailed in boats, bathed, and in all ways enjoyed the sea air. I wished for you upon a heathy promontory there, good museum for conversation on old poets &c. What have you been reading, and what tastes of rare Authors have you to send me? I have read (as usual with me) but very little, what with looking at the sea with its crossing and recrossing ships, and dawdling with my nieces of an evening. Besides a book is to me what Locke says that watching the hour hand of a clock is to all; other thoughts (and those of the idlest and seemingly most irrelevant) will intrude between my vision and the written words: and then I have to read over again; often again and again till all is crossed and muddled. If Life were to be very much longer than is the usual lot of men, one would try very hard to reform this lax habit, and clear away such a system of gossamer association: even as it is, I try to turn all wandering fancy out of doors, and listen attentively to Whately's Logic, and old Spinoza still! I find some of Spinoza's Letters very good, and so far useful as that they try to clear up some of his abstrusities at the earnest request of friends as dull as myself. I think I perceive as well as

ever how the quality of his mind forbids much salutary instinct which widens the system of things to more ordinary men, and yet helps to keep them from wandering in it. I am now reading his *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, which is very delightful to me because of its clearness and acuteness. It is fine what he says of Christ—‘*nempe*,’ that God revealed himself in bits to other prophets, but he *was* the mind of Christ. I suppose not new in thought or expression.

Let me hear from you, whether you have bits of revelations from old poets to send, or not. If I had the *Mostellaria* here, I would read it; or a *Rabelais*, I would do as Morgan Rattler advised you.

To Bernard Barton.

[CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 18, 1846.]

My dear BARTON,

Though my letter bears such frontispiece as the above¹, I am no longer in Bedford, but come to Cambridge. And here I sit in the same rooms² in which I sat as a smooth-chinned Freshman twenty years ago. The same prints hang on the walls: my old hostess³ does not look older than she did then. My present purpose is to be about a week here: then to go for a day or two to Bury, to see Donne; and then to move homewards. It is now getting very cold, and the time for wandering is over.

Why do you not send me your new Poem? Or is it too big to send as a letter? Or shall I buy it? which I shall be glad to do....

¹ Trinity Church, Bedford.

² On King's Parade.

³ Mrs Perry.

All the preceding was written four days ago: cut short by the sudden entrance of Moore, whom I have been lionizing ever since. He goes away to London to day....

Moore is delighted with a Titian and Giorgione at the Fitzwilliam, I have just left him to feed upon them at his ease there, while I indite a letter to you.

To W. B. Donne.

[31 Oct. 1846.]

My dear DONNE,

...I only got home to-day: and found one letter on my table from Ireland. I did not notice it had a black edge and seal: saw it was from Edgeworthstown: written in the hand of Edgeworth's wife, who often wrote down from his dictation since his eyes became bad. But she tells me that he is dead after twelve days illness! I do not yet feel half so sorry as I shall feel: I shall constantly miss him¹.

Early in 1847 Carlyle received a communication from an unknown correspondent, who professed to have in his possession a number of letters written by Cromwell and other documents, which if genuine were certainly of importance. As I published in the *Historical Review* for April 1886 all the evidence which exists on the subject, I shall not further dwell upon it here, except to say that I am not in the least convinced by the arguments which have been put forward that the thirty-five letters of Cromwell which Carlyle printed in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1847 were forged by his imperfectly educated correspondent William Squire. Squire was living at Yarmouth at this time, and as

¹ F. B. Edgeworth died 12 Oct. 1846.

FitzGerald was frequently in his neighbourhood Carlyle asked him to endeavour to see him and examine the papers which he professed to have. In reply to Carlyle's letter he wrote as follows in February 1847.

Dear CARLYLE,

When I go into Norfolk, which will be some time this Spring, I will go to Yarmouth and see for Mr Squire, if you like. But if he is so rusty as you say, and as I also fancy, I doubt if he will open his treasures to any but to you who have already set him creaking. But we shall see. Some of his MS. extracts are curious and amusing. He writes himself something like Antony Wood, or some such ancient book-worm. It is also curious to hear of the old proud angry people about Peterboro', who won't show their records.

I have not seen the lives of the Saints you spoke of in a former letter. But when I go to London I must look out for a volume. I have begun to read Thucydides, which I never read before, and which does very well to hammer at for an hour in a day: though I can't say I care much for the Greeks and their peddling quarrels; one must go to Rome for wars.

Don't you think Thackeray's Mrs Perkins's Ball very good? I think the empty faces of the dance room were never better done. It seems to me wonderful that people can endure to look on such things: but I am forty, and got out of the habit now, and certainly shall not try to get it back ever again.

I am glad you and Mrs Carlyle happen to be in a milder part of England during this changeable and cold season. Yet, for my own sake, I shall be sorry to see the

winter go: with its decided and reasonable balance of daylight and candlelight. I don't know when I shall go to London, perhaps in April. Please to remember me to Mrs Carlyle.

To S. Laurence.

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES.

[June 20, 1847.]

My dear LAURENCE,

I have had another letter from the Bartons asking about your advent. In fact Barton's daughter is anxious for her Father's to be done, and done this year. He is now sixty-three; and it won't do, you know, for grand-climacterical people to procrastinate—nay, to *pro-annuate*—which is a new, and, for all I see, a very bad word. But, be this as it may, do you come down to Woodbridge this summer if you can; and that you can, I doubt not; since it is no great things out of your way to or from Norwich.

The means to get to Ipswich are—A steamboat will bring you for five shillings (a very pretty sail) from the Custom House to Ipswich, the Orwell steamer; going twice a week, and heard of directly in the fishy latitudes of London Bridge. Or, a railroad brings you for the same sum; if you will travel third class, which I sometimes do in fine weather. I should recommend *that*; the time being so short, so certain: and no eating and drinking by the way, as must be in a steamer. At Ipswich, I pick you up with the washerwoman's pony and take you to Woodbridge. There Barton sits with the tea already laid out; and Miss about to manage the urn; plain, agreeable people. At Woodbridge too is my little friend Churchyard, with whom we shall sup off toasted cheese and porter. Then, last and

not least, the sweet retirement of Boulge : where the Graces and Muses &c.

I write thus much because my friends seem anxious ; my friend, I mean, Miss Barton : for Barton pretends he dreads having his portrait done ; which is 'my eye.' So come and do it. He is a generous, worthy, simple-hearted, fellow : worth ten thousand better wits. Then you shall see all the faded tapestry of country town life : London jokes worn threadbare ; third rate accomplishments infinitely prized ; scandal removed from Dukes and Duchesses to the Parson, the Banker, the Commissioner of Excise, and the Attorney.

Let me hear from you soon that you are coming. I shall return to Boulge the end of this week.

P.S. Come if you can the latter part of the week ; when the Quaker is most at leisure. There is a daily coach from Woodbridge to Norwich.

To T. Carlyle.

BOULGE. *June 29/47.*

Dear CARLYLE,

Last week I went over to Yarmouth and saw Squire. I was prepared, and I think you were, to find a quaint old gentleman of the last century. Alas for guesses at History ! I found a wholesome, well-grown, florid, clear-eyed, open-browed, man of about my own age ! There was no difficulty at all in coming to the subject at once, and tackling it. Squire is, I think, a straight-forward, choleric, ingenuous fellow—a little mad—cracks away at his family affairs. "One brother is a rascal—another a spend-thrift—his father was of an amazing size—a prodigious eater &c.—the family all gone to *smithers*" &c. I liked Squire well : and told him he must go to you ; I am sure you will like

him better than the London penny-a-liners. He is rather a study: and besides he can tell you bits of his Ancestor's journal; which will indeed make you tear your hair for what is burned—Between two and three hundred folio pages of MSS. by a fellow who served under Oliver; been sent on secret service by him; dreaded him: but could not help serving him—Squire told me a few circumstances which he had picked up in running over the Journal before he burnt it; and which you ought to hear from himself before long. Dreadful stories of Oliver's severity; soldiers cut down by sabre on parade for 'violence to women'—a son shot on the spot just before his Father's house for having tampered with Royalists—no quarter to spies—noses and ears of Royalists slit in retaliation of a like injury done to Roundheads;—many deeds which that ancient Squire witnessed, or knew for certain, and which he and his successor thought severe and *cruel*:—but I could make out nothing unjust—I am very sure *you* would not. The Journalist told a story of Peterboro' Cathedral like yours in your book about Ely:—Oliver marching in as the bells were ringing to service: bundling out canons, prebendaries, choristers, with the flat of the sword; and then standing up to preach himself in his armour! A grand picture. Afterwards they broke the painted windows which I should count injudicious;—but that I sometimes feel a desire that some boys would go and do likewise to the Pusey *votive* windows; if you know that branch of art.

Ancestor Squire got angry with Oliver toward the end of the Journal; on some such account as this—Cromwell had promised him a sum of money; but the ancestor got taken prisoner by pirate or privateer before he went to claim the money; had to be redeemed by Oliver; and the redemption money was subtracted from the whole sum promised by

Oliver when payment-time came. This proceeding seemed to both Squires, living and dead, shabby; but one not belonging to the family may be permitted to think it all fair.

On the whole, I suspect you would have used Ancestor Squire as you have used many others who have helped you to materials of his kind; like a sucked orange: you would have tossed him into the dirt carelessly, I doubt; and then what would Squire minor have said? Yet he himself did not like all his Ancestor had done; the *secret* service, which our Squire called '*spy-age*'; going to Holland with messages and despatches which he was to deliver to some one who was to meet him on the quay, and show him a gold ring; the man with the gold ring supposed to be the Stadtholder! I tried to persuade our friend there was no great shame in being an agent of this sort; but he said with a light rap on the table that *he* wouldn't do such a thing.

I have now told you something of what remains in my head after our conference; but you must see the man. What gave us the idea of his being old was his old-fashioned notions; he and his family have lived in Peterboro' and such retired places these three hundred years; and amazing as it may seem to us that any people should be ashamed that their ancestors fought for Low Church, yet two hundred years are but as a day in a Cathedral Close. Nothing gives one more the idea of the Sleeping Palace than that. *Esto perpetua!* I mean, as long as I live at least. When I expressed wonder to Squire that his wife's friends, or his Peterboro' friends, should be so solicitous about the world's ever knowing that their ancestors had received letters from Cromwell; he very earnestly assured me that he knew some cases in which persons' advancement in public life had been suddenly stopt by the Queen or her ministers, when

it got wind that they were related in any way to Cromwell! I thought this a piece of dotage, as I do now; but I have heard elsewhere of some one not being allowed to take the name of Cromwell; I mean not very many years back; but more likely under a George than under a Victoria.

I think Squire must be a little crazy on this score; that is, the old dotage of a Cathedral town superstition worked up into activity by a choleric disposition. He seems, as I told you, of the sanguine temperament; and he mentioned a long illness during which he was not allowed to read a book &c. which looks like some touch of the head. Perhaps brain fever. Perhaps no such thing, but all my fancy. He was very civil; ordered in a bottle of Sherry and biscuits: asked me to dine, which I could not do. And so ends my long story. But you must see him. Yours E. F. G.

He spoke of a portrait of Oliver that had been in his family since Oliver's time—till sold for a few shillings to some one in Norwich by some rascal relation. The portrait unlike all he has seen in painting or engraving: very pale, very thoughtful, very commanding, he says. If he ever recovers it, he will present you with it; he says if it should cost him £10—for he admires you¹.

To Bernard Barton.

EXETER, August 16/47.

My dear BARTON,

...Here I am at Exeter: a place I never was in before. It is a fine country round about; and last evening I saw landscape that would have made Churchyard crazy. The Cathedral is not worth seeing to an ordinary observer,

¹ [The last two words are crossed out. W. A. W.]

though I dare say Archæologists find it has its own private merits...

Tell Churchyard we were wrong about Poussin's Orion. I found this out on my second visit to it. What disappointed me, and perhaps him, at first sight, was a certain stiffness in Orion's own figure; I expected to see him stalk through the landscape forcibly, as a giant usually does; but I forgot at the moment that Orion was *blind*, and must walk as a blind man. Therefore this stiffness in his figure was just the right thing. I think however the picture is faulty in one respect, that the atmosphere of the landscape is not that of *dawn*; which it should be most visibly, since Morning is so principal an actor in the drama. All this seems to be more addressed to Churchyard, who has seen the picture, than to you who have not.

I saw also in London panoramas of Athens and the Himalaya mountains. In the latter, you see the Ganges glittering a hundred and fifty miles off; and far away the snowy peak of the mountain it rises from; that mountain 25,000 feet high. What's the use of coming to Exeter, when you can see all this for a shilling in London?...And now I am going to the Cathedral, where the Bishop has a cover to his seat sixty feet high. So now goodbye for the present.

GLOUCESTER, *Augst.* 29/47.

My dear BARTON,

...After I wrote to you at Exeter, I went for three days to the Devonshire coast; and then to Lusie's home in Somersetshire. I never saw her look better or happier. DeSoyres pretty well; their little girl grown a pretty and strong child; their baby said to be very thriving. They live in a fine, fruitful, and picturesque country: green pastures, good arable, clothed with trees, bounded with hills

that almost reach mountain dignity, and in sight of the Bristol Channel which is there all but Sea. I fancy the climate is moist, and I should think the trees are too many for health: but I was there too little time to quarrel with it on that score. After being there, I went to see a parson friend in Dorsetshire¹; a quaint, humorous man. Him I found in a most out-of-the-way parish in a fine open country; not so much wooded; chalk hills. This man used to wander about the fields at Cambridge with me when we both wore caps and gowns, and then we proposed and discussed many ambitious schemes and subjects. He is now a quiet, saturnine, parson with five children, taking a pipe to soothe him when they bother him with their noise or their misbehaviour: and I!—as the Bishop of London said, ‘By the grace of God I am what I am.’ In Dorsetshire I found the churches much occupied by Puseyite Parsons; new chancels built with altars, and painted windows that officiously displayed the Virgin Mary, &c. The people in those parts call that party ‘Pugicides,’ and receive their doctrine and doings peacefully. I am vexed at these silly men who are dishing themselves and their church as fast as they can.

To F. Tennyson.

[LEAMINGTON, 4 Sept. 1847.]

My dear FREDERIC,

I believe I must attribute your letter to your having skipped to Leghorn, and so got animated by the sight of a new place. I also am an Arcadian: have been to Exeter—the coast of Devonshire—the Bristol Channel—and to visit a Parson in Dorsetshire. He wore cap and

¹ Francis Duncan, rector of West Chelborough.

gown when I did at Cambridge—together did we roam the fields about Granchester, discuss all things, thought ourselves fine fellows, and that one day we should make a noise in the world. He is now a poor Rector in one of the most out-of-the-way villages in England—has five children—fats and kills his pig—smokes his pipe—loves his home and cares not ever to be seen or heard of out of it. I was amused with his company; he much pleased to see me: we had not met face to face for fifteen years—and now both of us such very sedate unambitious people! Now I am verging homeward; taking Leamington and Bedford in my way.

You persist in not giving me your clear direction at Florence. It is only by chance that you give the name 'Villa Gondi' of the house you describe so temptingly to me. I should much like to visit you there; but I doubt shall never get up the steam for such an expedition. And now know that, since the last sentence was written, I have been to Cheltenham, and called at your Mother's; and seen her, and Matilda, and Horatio, all well: Alfred is with the Lushingtons and is reported to be all the better for the water-cure. Cheltenham seemed to me a woeful place: I had never seen it before. I now write from Leamington; where I am come to visit my Mother for a few days....

All the world has been, as I suppose you have read, crazy about Jenny Lind: and they are now giving her £400 to sing at a Concert. What a frightful waste of money! I did not go to hear her: partly out of contradiction perhaps; and partly because I could not make out that she was a great singer, like my old Pasta. Now I will go and listen to any pretty singer whom I can get to hear easily and unexpensively: but I will not pay and squeeze much for any canary in the world. Perhaps Lind is a nightingale: but I

want something more than that. Spedding's cool blood was moved to hire stalls several times at an advanced rate: the Lushingtons (your sister told me) were enraptured: and certainly people rushed up madly from Suffolk to hear her but once and then die. I rather doubted the value of this general appreciation. But one cause of my not hearing her was that I was not in London for more than a fortnight in the Spring: and she came out but at the close of my fortnight....

...You are wrong, as usual, about Moore and Eastlake: all the world say that Moore had much the best of the controversy, and Eastlake only remains cock of the walk because he is held up by authority. I do not pretend to judge which of the two is right in art: but I am sure that Moore argues most logically, and sets out upon finer principles; and if two shoemakers quarrelled about the making of a shoe, I should be disposed to side with him who argued best on the matter, though my eyes and other senses could not help me to a verdict. Moore takes his stand on high ground, and appeals to Titian, Michel Angelo, and Reynolds. Eastlake is always shifting about, and appealing to Sir Robert Peel, Etty, and the Picture-dealers¹. Now farewell. Write when you can to Boulge.

To S. Laurence.

[1847.]

Dear LAURENCE,

...I assure you I am deeply obliged to you for the great trouble you have taken, and the kindness you

¹ Morris Moore's letters on the Abuses of the National Gallery were addressed to The Times at the end of 1846 and the beginning of 1847 with the signature 'Verax.' They were collected and published in a pamphlet by Pickering in 1847.

have shewn about the portrait. In spite of all our objections (yours amongst the number) it is very like, and perhaps only misses of being quite like by that much more than hairbreadth difference, which one would be foolish to expect to see adequated. Perhaps those painters are right who set out with rather idealising the likeness of those we love; for we do so ourselves probably when we look at them. And as art must miss the last delicacy of nature, it may be well to lean toward a better than our eyes can affirm.

This is all wrong. Truth is the ticket; but those who like strongly, in this as in other cases, love to be a little blind, or to see too much. One fancies that no face can be too delicate and handsome to be the depository of a noble spirit: and if we are not as good physiognomists as we are metaphysicians (that is, intimate with any one particular mind) our outward eyes will very likely be at variance with our inward, or rather be influenced by them. Very instructive all this!

I wish you would come to me to-night for an hour at ten: I don't know if any one else will be here.

To T. Carlyle.

ALDERMAN BROWNE'S, BEDFORD.

[20 Sept. 1847.]

Dear CARLYLE,

I was very glad of your letter: especially as regards that part in it about the Derbyshire villages. In many other parts of England (not to mention my own Suffolk) you would find the same substantial goodness among the people, resulting (as you say) from the funded virtues of many good humble men gone by. I hope you will continue to teach us all, as you have done, to make

some use and profit of all this : at least, not to let what good remains to die away under penury and neglect. I also hope you will have some mercy now, and in future, on the "Hebrew rags" which are grown offensive to you ; considering that it was these rags that really did bind together those virtues which have transmitted down to us all the good you noticed in Derbyshire. If the old creed was so commendably effective in the Generals and Counsellors of two hundred years ago, I think we may be well content to let it work still among the ploughmen and weavers of to-day ; and even to suffer some absurdities in the Form, if the Spirit does well upon the whole. Even poor Exeter Hall ought, I think, to be borne with ; it is at least better than the wretched Oxford business. When I was in Dorsetshire some weeks ago, and saw chancels done up in sky-blue and gold, with niches, candles, an *Altar*, rails to keep off the profane laity, and the parson (like your Reverend Mr Hitch') *intoning* with his back to the people, I thought the Exeter Hall war-cry of "The Bible—the whole Bible—and nothing but the Bible" a good cry : I wanted Oliver and his dragoons to march in and put an end to it all. Yet our Established Parsons (when quiet and in their senses) make good country gentlemen, and magistrates ; and I am glad to secure one man of means and education in each parish of England : the people can always resort to Wesley, Bunyan, and Baxter, if they want stronger food than the old Liturgy, and the orthodox Discourse. I think you will not read what I have written : or be very bored with it. But it *is* written now.

I am going to-day in the neighbourhood of Kimbolton : but shall be back here by the end of the week : and shall not leave Bedford till next Monday certainly. I may then

¹ See Carlyle's *Cromwell* (ed. 1), i. 193.

go to Naseby for three days : but this depends. I would go and hunt up some of the Peterboro' churchmen for you ; but that my enquiries would either be useless, or precipitate the burning of other records. I hope your excursion will do you good. Thank you for your account of Spedding : I had written however to himself, and from himself ascertained that he was out of the worst. But Spedding's life is a very ticklish one.

To E. B. Cowell.

[1847]

• Dear COWELL.

...I am only got half way in the third book of Thucydides : but I go on with pleasure ; with as much pleasure as I used to read a novel. I have also again taken up my Homer. That is a noble and affecting passage where Diomed and Glaucus, being about to fight, recognize each other as old family friends, exchange arms, and vow to avoid each other henceforth in the fray. (N.B. and this in the tenth year of the war !) After this comes, you know, the meeting of Hector and Andromache, which we read together ; altogether a truly Epic canto indeed.

Yet, as I often think, it is not the poetical imagination, but bare Science that every day more and more unrolls a greater Epic than the Iliad ; the history of the World, the infinitudes of Space and Time ! I never take up a book of Geology or Astronomy but this strikes me. And when we think that Man must go on to discover in the same plodding way, one fancies that the Poet of to-day may as well fold his hands, or turn them to dig and delve, considering how soon the march of discovery will distance all his imaginations, [and] dissolve the language in which

they are uttered. Martial, as you say, lives now, after two thousand years; a space that seems long to us whose lives are so brief; but a moment, the twinkling of an eye, if compared (not to Eternity alone) but to the ages which it is now known the world must have existed, and (unless for some external violence) must continue to exist. Lyell in his book about America, says that the falls of Niagara, if (as seems certain) they have worked their way back southwards for seven miles, must have taken over 35,000 years to do so, at the rate of something over a foot a year! Sometimes they fall back on a stratum that crumbles away from behind them more easily: but then again they have to roll over rock that yields to them scarcely more perceptibly than the anvil to the serpent. And those very soft strata which the Cataract now erodes contain evidences of a race of animals, and of the action of seas washing over them, long before Niagara came to have a distinct current; and the rocks were compounded ages and ages before those strata! So that, as Lyell says, the Geologist looking at Niagara forgets even the roar of its waters in the contemplation of the awful processes of time that it suggests. It is not only that this vision of Time must wither the Poet's hope of immortality; but it is in itself more wonderful than all the conceptions of Dante and Milton.

As to your friend Pliny, I don't think that Time can use his usual irony on that saying about Martial¹. Pliny evidently only suggests that "at non erunt æterna quæ scripsit" as a question of his correspondent; to which he himself replies "Non erunt *fortasse*". Your Greek quotations are very graceful. I should like to read Busbequius. Do *you* think Tacitus *affected* in style, as people now say he is?

¹ Pliny *Ep.* III. 21.

In the Notes to his edition of Selden's Table Talk, published in 1847, Mr Singer says, 'Part of the following Illustrations were kindly communicated to the Editor by a gentleman to whom his best thanks are due, and whom it would have afforded him great pleasure to be allowed to name.' It might have been said with truth that the 'greater part' of the illustrations were contributed by the same anonymous benefactor, who was, I have very little doubt, FitzGerald himself. I have in my possession a copy of the Table Talk which he gave me about 1871 or 1872, with annotations in his own handwriting, and these are almost literally reproduced in the Notes to Singer's edition. Of this copy FitzGerald wrote to me, 'What notes I have appended are worth nothing, I suspect; though I remember that the advice of the present Chancellor¹ was asked in some cases.'

To E. B. Cowell.

GELDESTONE, Jan. 13/48.

My dear COWELL,

...I suppose you have seen Carlyle's thirty-five Cromwell letters in Fraser. I see the Athenæum is picking holes with them too: and I certainly had a misgiving that Squire of Yarmouth must have pieced out the *erosions* of 'the vermin' by one or two hot-headed guesses of his own. But I am sure, both from the general matter of the letters, and from Squire's own bodily presence, that he did not forge them. Carlyle has made a bungle of the whole business; and is fairly twitted by the Athenæum for talking so loud about his veneration for Cromwell &c., and yet not stirring himself to travel a hundred miles to see and save such memorials as he talks of.

¹ Lord Hatherley.

BOULGE, *Wednesday.*

[*Jan. 25, 1848.*]

My dear COWELL,

I liked your paper on the Mesnavi¹ very much ; both your criticism and your Mosaic legend. That I may not seem to give you careless and undistinguishing praise, I will tell you that I could not quite hook on the latter part of Moses to the former ; did you leave out any necessary link of the chain in the hiatus you made ? or is the inconsequence only in my brains ? So much for the legend : and I must reprehend you for one tiny bit of Cockney about Memory's rosary at the end of your article, which, but for that, I liked so much.

So judges Fitz-Dennis ; who, you must know by this time, has the judgment of Molière's old woman, and the captiousness of Dennis. Ten years ago I might have been vexed to see you striding along in Sanscrit and Persian so fast ; reading so much ; remembering all ; writing about it so well. But now I am glad to see any man do any thing well ; and I know that it is my vocation to stand and wait, and know within myself whether it *is* done well.

I have just finished, all but the last three chapters, the fourth Book of Thucydides, and it is now no task to me to go on. This fourth book is the most interesting I have read ; containing all that blockade of Pylos ; that first great thumping of the Athenians at Oropus, after which they for ever dreaded the Theban troops. And it came upon me 'come stella in ciel,' when, in the account of the taking of Amphipolis², Thucydides, ὅς ταῦτα ξυνέγραψεν, comes with seven ships to the rescue ! Fancy old Hallam sticking to his gun at a Martello tower ! This was the way to write well ; and

¹ In *The People's Journal*, ed. Saunders, iv. 355—358.

² iv. 104.

this was the way to make literature respectable. Oh, Alfred Tennyson, could you but have the luck to be put to such employment! No man would do it better; a more heroic figure to head the defenders of his country could not be.

To S. Laurence.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,
[30 Jan. 1848.]

My dear LAURENCE,

How are you—how are you getting on? A voice from the tombs thus addresses you; respect the dead, and answer. Barton is well; that is, I left him well on Friday; but he was just going off to attend a Quaker's funeral in the snow: whether he has survived that, I don't know. To-morrow is his Birth-day: and I am going (if he be alive) to help him to celebrate it. His portrait has been hung (under my directions) over the mantel-piece in his sitting room, with a broad margin of some red stuff behind it, to set it off. You may turn up your nose at all this; but let me tell you it is considered one of the happiest contrivances ever adopted in Woodbridge. Nineteen people out of twenty like the portrait much; the twentieth, you may be sure, is a man of no taste at all.

I hear you were for a long time in Cumberland. Did you paint a waterfall—or old Wordsworth—or Skiddaw, or any of the beauties? Did you see anything so inviting to the pencil as the river Deben? When are you coming to see us again? Churchyard relies on your coming; but then he is a very sanguine man, and, though a lawyer, wonderfully confident in the promises of men. How are all your family? You see I have asked you some questions; so you must answer them; and believe me yours truly,

E. FITZGERALD.

To John Allen.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,
March 2/48.

My dear ALLEN,

...Every year I have less and less desire to go to London: and now you are not there I have one reason the less for going there. I want to settle myself in some town—for good—for life! A pleasant country town, a cathedral town perhaps! What sort of a place is Lichfield?

I say nothing about French Revolutions, which are too big for a little letter. I think we shall all be in a war before the year; I know not how else the French can keep peace at home but by quarrelling abroad. But 'come what come may.'

My old friend Major Moor died rather suddenly last Saturday¹: and this next Saturday is to be buried in the Church to which he used to take me when I was a boy. He has not left a better man behind him.

BOULGE, *Friday.*

My dear ALLEN,

...I suppose by a '*Minster Pool*' in Lichfield you mean a select coterie of Prebends, Canons, &c. These would never trouble me. I should much prefer the society of the Doctor, the Lawyer (if tolerably honest) and the singing men. I love a small Cathedral town; and the dignified respectability of the Church potentates is a part of the pleasure. I sometimes think of Salisbury: and have altogether long had an idea of *settling* at forty years old. Perhaps it will be at Woodbridge, after all!

¹ 26 Feb. 1848.

*To F. Tennyson.*BOULGE, *May 4, 1848.*

My dear Frederic, When you talk of two idle men not taking the trouble to keep up a little intercourse by letters, you do not, in conscience, reflect upon me; who, you know, am very active in answering almost by return of post. It is some six months since you must have got my last letter, full of most instructive advice concerning my namesake; of whom, and of which, you say nothing. How much has he borrowed of you? Is he now living on the top of your hospitable roof? Do you think him the most ill-used of men? I see great advertisements in the papers about your great Grimsby Railway...Does it pay? does it pay all but you? who live only on the fine promises of the lawyers and directors engaged in it? You know England has had a famous winter of it for commercial troubles: my family has not escaped the agitation: I even now doubt if I must not give up my daily twopennyworth of cream and take to milk: and give up my Spectator and Athenæum. I don't trouble myself much about all this: for, unless the kingdom goes to pieces by national bankruptcy, I shall probably have enough to live on: and, luckily, every year I want less. What do you think of my not going up to London this year; to see exhibitions, to hear operas, and so on! Indeed I do not think I shall go: and I have no great desire to go. I hear of nothing new in any way worth going up for. I have never yet heard the famous Jenny Lind, whom all the world raves about. Spedding is especially mad about her, I understand: and, after that, is it not best for weaker vessels to keep out of her way? Night after night is that bald head seen in one particular position in the Opera house, in a stall; the miserable man has forgot Bacon and philosophy,

and goes after strange women. There is no doubt this lady is a wonderful singer; but I will not go into hot crowds till another Pasta comes; I have heard no one since her worth being crushed for. And to perform in one's head one of Handel's choruses is better than most of the Exeter Hall performances. I went to hear Mendelssohn's Elijah last spring: and found it wasn't at all worth the trouble. Though very good music it is not original: Haydn much better. I think the day of Oratorios is gone, like the day for painting Holy Families &c. But we cannot get tired of what has been done in Oratorios more than we can get tired of Raffaele. Mendelssohn is really original and beautiful in *romantic* music: witness his Midsummer Night's Dream, and Fingal's Cave.

I had a note from Alfred three months ago. He was then in London: but is now in Ireland, I think, adding to his new poem, the Princess. Have you seen it? I am considered a great heretic for abusing it; it seems to me a wretched waste of power at a time of life when a man ought to be doing his best; and I almost feel hopeless about Alfred now. I mean, about his doing what he was born to do... On the other hand, Thackeray is progressing greatly in his line: he publishes a Novel in numbers—Vanity Fair—which began dull, I thought: but gets better every number, and has some very fine things indeed in it. He is become a great man I am told: goes to Holland House, and Devonshire House: and for some reason or other, will not write a word to me. But I am sure this is not because he is asked to Holland House. Dickens has fallen off in his last novel¹, just completed; but there are wonderful things in it too. Do you ever get a glimpse of any of these things?

As to public affairs, they are so wonderful that one does

¹ Dombey and Son.

not know where to begin. If England maintains her own this year, she must have the elements of long lasting in her. I think People begin to wish we had no more to do with Ireland: but the Whigs will never listen to a doctrine which was never heard of in Holland House. I am glad Italy is free: and surely there is nothing for her now but a Republic. It is well to stand by old kings who have done well by us: but it is too late in the day to *begin* Royalty.

If anything could tempt me so far as Italy, it would certainly be your presence in Florence. But I boggle about going twenty miles, and *cui bono?* deadens me more and more.

July 2. All that precedes was written six weeks ago, when I was obliged to go up to London on business....I saw Alfred, and the rest of the sçavans. Thackeray is a great man: goes to Devonshire House &c.: and *his* book (which is capital) is read by the Great: and will, I hope, do them good. I heard but little music: the glorious Acis and Galatea; and the redoubtable Jenny Lind, for the first time. I was disappointed in her: but am told this is all my fault. As to naming her in the same Olympiad with great old Pasta, I am sure that is ridiculous. The Exhibition is like most others you have seen; worse perhaps. There is an 'Aaron' and a 'John the Baptist' by Etty far worse than the Saracen's Head on Ludgate Hill. Moore is turned Picture dealer: and that high Roman virtue in which he indulged is likely to suffer a Picture-dealer's change, I think. Carlyle writes in the Examiner about Ireland: raves and foams, but has nothing to propose. Spedding prospers with Bacon. Alfred seemed to me in fair plight: much dining out: and his last Poem is well liked I believe. Morton is still at Lisbon, I believe also: but I have not written to him, nor heard from him. And now, my dear

Frederic, I must shut up. Do not neglect to write to me sometimes. Alfred said you ought to be in England about your Grimsby Land.

To E. B. Cowell.

[1848.]

My dear COWELL,

...I do not know that I praised Xenophon's imagination in recording such things as Alcibiades at Lamp-sacus¹; all I meant to say was that the history was not dull which does record such facts, if it be for the imagination of others to quicken them...As to Sophocles, I will not give up my old Titan. Is there not an infusion of Xenophon in Sophocles, as compared to Æschylus,—a dilution? Sophocles is doubtless the better artist, the more complete; but are we to expect anything but glimpses and ruins of the divinest? Sophocles is a pure Greek temple; but Æschylus is a rugged mountain, lashed by seas, and riven by thunderbolts: and which is the most wonderful, and appalling? Or if one will have Æschylus too a work of man, I say he is like a Gothic Cathedral, which the Germans say did arise from the genius of man aspiring up to the immeasurable, and reaching after the infinite in complexity and gloom, according as Christianity elevated and widened men's minds. A dozen lines of Æschylus have a more Almighty power on me than all Sophocles' plays; though I would perhaps rather save Sophocles, as the consummation of Greek art, than Æschylus' twelve lines, if it came to a choice which must be lost. Besides these Æschyluses *trouble* us with their grandeur and gloom; but Sophocles is always soothing, complete, and satisfactory.

¹ Hellenica, II. i. 25.

To W. B. Donne.

BOULGE, Decr. 27, [1848.]

My dear DONNE,

You have sent me two or three kind messages through Barton. I hear you come into Suffolk the middle of January. My movements are as yet uncertain; the lawyers may call me back to London very suddenly: but should I be here at the time of your advent, you must really contrive to come here, to this Cottage, for a day or two. I have yet beds, tables, and chairs for two: I think Gurdon is also looking out for you.

I only returned home a few days ago, to spend Christmas with Barton: whose turkey I accordingly partook of. He seems only pretty well: is altered during the last year: less spirits, less strength; but quite amiable still.

I saw many of my friends in London, Carlyle and Tennyson among them; but most and best of all, Spedding. I have stolen his noble book¹ away from him; noble, in spite (I believe, but am not sure) of some *adikology* in the second volume: some special pleadings for his idol: amica Veritas, sed magis &c. But I suppose you will think this the intolerance of a weak stomach.

I also went to plays and concerts which I could scarce afford: but I thought I would have a Carnival before entering on a year of reductions. I have been trying to hurry on, and bully, Lawyers: have done a very little good with much trouble; and cannot manage to fret much though I am told there is great cause for fretting.

Farewell for the present: come and see me if we be near Woodbridge at the same time: remember me to all who do remember me: and believe me yours as ever, E. F. G.

¹ *Evenings with a Reviewer.*

To S. Laurence.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,

Febr: 9/49.

My Dear LAURENCE,

Roe promised me six copies of his Tennyson¹. Do you know anything of them? Why I ask is, that, in case they should be at your house, I may have an opportunity of having them brought down here one day. And I have promised them nearly all to people hereabout.

Barton is out of health; some affection of the heart, I think, that will never leave him, never let him be what he was when you saw him. He is forced to be very abstemious...but he bears his illness quite as a man; and looks very demurely to the necessary end of all life². Churchyard is pretty well; has had a bad cough for three months. I suppose we are all growing older: though I have been well this winter, and was unwell all last. I forget if you saw Crabbe (I mean the Father) when you were down here.

You may tell Mr Hullah, if you like, that in spite of his contempt for my music, I was very much pleased with a duett of his I chanced to see—‘O that we two were maying’—and which I bought and have forced two ladies here to take pains to learn. They would sing nicely if they had voices and were taught.

(Fragment of letter to J. Allen.)

I see a good deal of Alfred, who lives not far off me: and he is still the same noble and droll fellow he used to be. A lithograph has been made from Laurence's portrait of him; *my* portrait: and six copies are given to me. I reserve one for you; how can I send it to you?

¹ A lithograph of the portrait by Laurence.

² Bernard Barton died 19 Feb. 1849.

Laurence has for months been studying the Venetian secret of colour in company with Geldart; and at last they have discovered it, they say. I have seen some of Laurence's portraits done on his new system; they seem to be really much better up to a certain point of progress: but I think he is apt, by a bad choice of colours, to spoil the effect which an improved system of laying on the colours should ensure. But he has only lately begun on his new system, of which he is quite confident; and perhaps all will come right by and bye.

I have seen Thackeray three or four times. He is just the same. All the world admires *Vanity Fair*; and the Author is courted by Dukes and Duchesses, and wits of both sexes. I like *Pendennis* much; and Alfred said he thought 'it was quite delicious: it seemed to him so *mature*,' he said. You can imagine Alfred saying this over one's fire, spreading his great hand out.

To F. Tennyson.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE, *June 19, 1849.*

My dear old FREDERIC,

I often think of you: often wish to write to you—often intend to do so—determine to do so—but perhaps should not do so for a long time, but that this sheet of thin paper happens to come under my fingers this 19th of June 1849. You must not believe however that it is only chance that puts me up to this exertion; I really should have written but that the reports we read of Italian and Florentine troubles put me in doubt first whether you are still at Florence to receive my letter: and secondly whether, if you

be there, it would ever reach your hands. But I will brace myself up even to that great act of Friendship, to write a long letter with all probability of its miscarrying. Only look here ; if it ever does reach you, you must really write to me directly : to let me know how you and yours are, for I am sincerely anxious to know this. I saw great reports in the paper too some months back of Prince Albert going to open Great Grimsby Docks. Were not such Docks to be made on your land? and were you not to be a rich man if they were made? And have you easily consented to forego being paid in money, and to accept in lieu thereof a certain quantity of wholly valueless shares in said Docks, which will lead you into expense, instead of enriching you? This is what I suppose will be the case. For though you have a microscopic eye for human character, you are to be diddled by any knave, or set of knaves, as you well know.

Of my own affairs I have nothing agreeable to tell... When I met you in London, I was raising money for myself on my reversionary property: and so I am still: and of course the lawyers continue to do so in the most expensive way ; a slow torture of the purse. But do not suppose I want money: I get it, at a good price: nor do I fret myself about the price: there will be quite enough (if public securities hold) for my life under any dispensation the lawyers can inflict. As I grow older I want less. I have not bought a book or a picture this year: have not been to a concert, opera, or play: and, what is more, I don't care to go. Not but if I meet you in London again I shall break out into shilling concerts &c. and shall be glad of the opportunity.

After you left London, I remained there nearly to the end of December ; saw a good deal of Alfred &c. Since then I have been down here except a fortnight's stay in London, from which I have just returned. I heard Alfred

had been seen flying through town to the Lushingtons: but I did not see him. He is said to be still busy about that accursed Princess. By the by, beg, borrow, steal, or buy Keats' Letters and Poems; most wonderful bits of Poems, written off hand at a sitting, most of them: I only wonder that they do not make a noise in the world. By the by again, it is quite necessary *your* poems should be printed; which Moxon, I am sure, would do gladly. Except this book of Keats, we have had *no* poetry lately, I believe; luckily, the —, —, — &c. are getting older and past the age of conceiving—*wind*. Send your poems over to Alfred to sort and arrange for you: he will do it: and you and he are the only men alive whose poems I want to see in print. By the by, thirdly and lastly, and in total contradiction to the last sentence, I am now helping to edit some letters and poems of—Bernard Barton! Yes: the poor fellow died suddenly of heart disease; leaving his daughter, a noble woman, almost unprovided for: and we are getting up this volume by subscription. If you were in England *you* must subscribe: but as you are not, you need only give us a share in the Great Grimsby Dock instead.

Now there are some more things I could tell you, but you see where my pen has honestly got to in the paper. I remember you did not desire to hear about my garden, which is now gorgeous with large red poppies, and lilac irises—satisfactory colouring: and the trees murmur a continuous soft *chorus to the solo which my soul discourses within*. If that be not Poetry, I should like to know what is? and with it I may as well conclude. I think I shall send this letter to your family at Cheltenham to be forwarded to you:—they may possibly have later intelligence of you than I have. Pray write to me if you get this; indeed you *must*; and never come to England without letting me know of it.

*To George Crabbe*¹.

TERRACE HOUSE, RICHMOND,

October 22/49.

My dear GEORGE,

Warren's analysis of my MS. is rather wonderful to me. Though not wholly correct (as I think, and as I will expound to you one day) it seems to me yet as exact as most of my friends who know me best could draw out from their personal knowledge. Some of his guesses (though partly right) hit upon traits of character I should conceive quite out of all possibility of solution from mere handwriting. I can understand that a man should guess at one's temperament, whether lively or slow; at one's habit of thought, whether diffuse or logical; at one's Will, whether strong and direct or feeble and timid. But whether one distrusts men, and yet trusts friends? Half of this is true, at all events. Then I cannot conceive how a man should see in handwriting such *an accident* as whether one knew much of Books or men; and in this point it is very doubtful if Warren is right. But, take it all in all, his analysis puzzles me much. I have sent it to old Jem Spedding the Wise. You shall have it again.

If my Mother should remain at this place you must one day come and see her and it with me. She would be very glad to receive you. Richmond and all its environs are very beautiful, and very interesting; haunted by the memory of Princes, Wits, and Beauties.

¹ Grandson of the poet, afterwards Rector of Merton, near Watton, Norfolk.

To F. Tennyson.

BEDFORD, Dec. 7/49.

My dear old FREDERIC,

Your note came to me to day. I ought to have written to you long ago: and indeed did half do a letter before the summer was half over: which letter I mislaid. I shall be delighted indeed to have your photograph: insufficient as a photograph is. You are one of the few men whose portrait I would give a penny to have: and one day when you are in England we must get it done by Laurence; half at your expense and half at mine, I think. I wish you had sent over to me some of your poems which you told me you were printing at Florence: and often I wish I was at Florence to give you some of my self-satisfied advice on what you should select. For though I do not pretend to write Poetry you know I have a high notion of my judgment in it.

Well, I was at Boulge all the summer: came up thence five weeks ago: stayed three weeks with my mother at Richmond; a week in London: and now am come here to try and finish a money bargain with some lawyers which you heard me beginning a year ago. They utterly failed in any part of the transaction except bringing me in a large bill for service unperformed. However, we are now upon another tack....

In a week I go to London, where I hope to see Alfred. Oddly enough, I had a note from him this very day on which I receive yours: he has, he tells me, taken chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Moxon told me he was about to publish another edition of his Princess, with interludes added between the parts: and also that he was about to print, but (I think) not to publish, those Elegiacs on

Hallam. I saw poor old Thackeray in London : getting very slowly better of a bilious fever that had almost killed him. Some one told me that he was gone or going to the Water Doctor at Malvern. People in general thought Pendennis got dull as it got on ; and I confess I thought so too : he would do well to take the opportunity of his illness to discontinue it altogether. He told me last June he himself was tired of it : must not his readers naturally tire too ? Do you see Dickens' David Copperfield ? It is very good, I think : more carefully written than his later works. But the melodramatic parts, as usual, bad. Carlyle says he is a showman whom one gives a shilling to once a month to see his raree-show, and then sends him about his business.

I have been obliged to turn Author on the very smallest scale. My old friend Bernard Barton chose to die in the early part of this year...We have made a Book out of his Letters and Poems, and published it by subscription...and I have been obliged to contribute a little dapper Memoir, as well as to select bits of Letters, bits of Poems, &c. All that was wanted is accomplished : many people subscribed. Some of B. B's letters are pleasant, I think, and when you come to England I will give you this little book of incredibly small value. I have heard no music but two concerts at Jullien's a fortnight ago ; very dull, I thought : no beautiful new Waltzes and Polkas which I love. It is a strange thing to go to the Casinos and see the coarse whores and apprentices in bespattered morning dresses, pea-jackets and bonnets, twirl round clumsily and indecently to the divine airs played in the Gallery ; 'the music yearning like a God in pain' indeed. I should like to hear some of your Florentine Concerts ; and I do wish you to believe that I do constantly wish myself with you : that, if I ever went anywhere, I would assuredly go to visit the Villa Gondi. I wish

you to believe this, which I know to be true, though I am probably further than ever from accomplishing my desire. Farewell: I shall hope to find out your Consul and your portrait in London: though you do not give me very good directions where I am to find them. And I will let you know soon whether I have found the portrait, and how I like it.

To John Allen.

BEDFORD, Dec. 13/49.

My dear old ALLEN,

...I am glad you like the Book¹. You are partly right as to what I say about the Poems. For though I really do think some of the Poems very pretty, yet I think they belong to a class which the world no longer wants. Notwithstanding this, one is sure the world will not be the worse for them: they are a kind of elder Nursery rhymes; pleasing to younger people of good affections. The letters, some of them, I like very much: but I had some curiosity to know how others would like them.

To W. B. Donne.

19 CHARLOTTE ST., FITZROY SQUARE,

LONDON.

[18 Jan. 1850.]

Dear DONNE,

...After I left Richmond, whence I last wrote to you, I went to Bedford, where I was for five weeks: then returned to spend Christmas at Richmond: and now dawdle here hoping to get some accursed lawyers to raise me some money on what remains of my reversion. This they *can* do, and *will* do, in time: but, as usual, find it their interest to delay as much as possible.

¹ *Selections from the Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton.*

I found A. Tennyson in chambers at Lincoln's Inn: and recreated myself with a sight of his fine old mug, and got out of him all his dear old stories, and many new ones. He is re-publishing his Poems, the Princess with songs interposed. I cannot say I thought them like the old vintage of his earlier days, though perhaps better than other people's. But, even to you, such opinions appear blasphemies. A. T. is now gone on a visit into Leicestershire: and I miss him greatly. Carlyle I have not seen; but I read an excellent bit of his in the Examiner, about Ireland. Thackeray is well again, except not quite strong yet. Spedding is not yet returned: and I doubt will not return before I have left London.

I have been but to one play; to see the Hypocrite, and Tom Taylor's burlesque¹ at the Strand Theatre. It was dreadfully cold in the pit: and I thought dull. Farren almost unintelligible: Mrs Glover good in a disagreeable part². Diogenes has very good Aristophanic hits in it, as perhaps you know: but its action was rather slow, I thought: and I was so cold I could not sit it half through.

To F. Tennyson.

[Written from Bramford? E. F. G. was staying at this time with the Cowells.]

Direct to BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE.

March 7/50.

My dear old FREDERIC,

...I saw Alfred in London—pretty well I thought. He has written songs to be stuck between the cantos of the Princess, none of them of the old champagne flavour, as I think. But I am in a minority about the Princess, I

¹ Diogenes and his Lantern.

² Old Lady Lambert.

believe. If you print any poems, I especially desire you will transmit them to me. I wish I was with you to consider about these: for though I cannot write poems, you know I consider that I have the old woman's faculty of judging of them: yes, much better than much cleverer and wiser men; I pretend to no Genius, but to Taste: which, according to my aphorism, is the feminine of Genius....

...Please to answer me directly. I constantly think of you: and, as I have often sincerely told you, with a kind of love which I feel towards but two or three friends. Are you coming to England? How goes on Grimsby? Doesn't the state of Europe sicken you? Above all, let me have any poems you print: you are now the only man I expect verse from; such gloomy grand stuff as you write. Thackeray, to be sure, can write good ballads, half serious. His *Pendennis* is very stupid, I think: Dickens' *Copperfield* on the whole, very good. He always lights one up somehow. There is a new volume of posthumous poems by Ebenezer Elliott: with fine things in it. I don't find myself growing old about Poetry; on the contrary. I wish I could take twenty years off Alfred's shoulders, and set him up in his youthful glory:.....He is the same magnanimous, kindly, delightful fellow as ever; uttering by far the finest prose sayings of any one.

To John Allen.

BOULGE: *March 9/50.*

My dear ALLEN,

...I have now been home about three weeks, and, as you say, one sees indications of lovely spring about. I have read but very little of late; indeed my eyes have not been in superfine order. I caught a glimpse of the second

volume of Southey's Life and Letters; interesting enough. I have also bought Emerson's 'Representative Men,' a shilling book of Bohn's: with very good scattered thoughts in it: but scarcely leaving any large impression with one, or establishing a theory. So at least it has seemed to me: but I have not read very carefully. I have also bought a little posthumous volume of Ebenezer Elliott: which is sure to have fine things in it.

I believe I love poetry almost as much as ever: but then I have been suffered to doze all these years in the enjoyment of old childish habits and sympathies, without being called on to more active and serious duties of life. I have not put away childish things, though a man. But, at the same time, this visionary inactivity is better than the mischievous activity of so many I see about me; not better than the useful and virtuous activity of a few others: John Allen among the number.

To F. Tennyson.

PORTLAND COFFEE HOUSE, LONDON.

April 17/50.

My dear FREDERIC,

You tell me to write soon: and this letter is begun, at least, on the day yours reaches me. This is partly owing to my having to wait an hour here in the Coffee room of the Portland Hotel: whither your letter has been forwarded to me from Boulge. I am come up for one week: once more to haggle with Lawyers; once more to try and settle my own affairs as well as those of others for a time....

I don't think of drowning myself yet: and what I wrote to you was a sort of safety escape for my poor flame...it is only idle and well-to-do people who kill themselves; it is

ennui that is hopeless: great pain of mind and body 'still, still, on hope relies': the very old, the very wretched, the most incurably diseased never put themselves to rest. It really gives me pain to hear you or any one else call me a philosopher, or any good thing of the sort. I am none, never was; and, if I pretended to be so, was a hypocrite. Some things, as wealth, rank, respectability, I don't care a straw about; but no one can resent the toothache more, nor fifty other little ills beside that flesh is heir to. But let us leave all this.

I am come to London; but I do not go to Operas or Plays: and have scarce time (and, it must be said, scarce inclination) to hunt up many friends. Dear old Alfred is out of town; Spedding is my sheet-anchor, the truly wise and fine fellow: I am going to his rooms this very evening: and there I believe Thackeray, Venables &c. are to be. I hope not a large assembly: for I get shyer and shyer even of those I knew. Thackeray is in such a great world that I am afraid of him; he gets tired of me: and we are content to regard each other at a distance. You, Alfred, Spedding, and Allen, are the only men I ever care to see again. If ever I leave this country I will go and see you at Florence or elsewhere; but my plans are at present unsettled. I have refused to be Godfather to all who have ever asked me; but I declare it will give me sincere pleasure to officiate for your Child. I got your photograph at last: it is a beastly thing: not a bit like; why did you not send your Poems, which are like you; and reflect your dear old face well? As you know I admire your poems, the only poems by a living writer I do admire, except Alfred's, you should not hesitate. I can have no doubt whatever they ought to be published in England: I believe Moxon would publish them: and I believe you would make some money by them.

But don't send them to Alfred to revise or select: only for this reason, that you would both of you be a little annoyed by gossip about how much share each of you had in them. Your poems can want no other hand than your own to meddle with them, except in respect of the choice of them to make a volume which would please generally: a little of the vulgar faculty of popular tact is all that needs to be added to you, as I think. You will know I do not say this presumptuously: since I think the power of writing one fine line transcends all the 'Able-Editor' ability in the ably-edited Universe.

Do you see Carlyle's 'Latter Day Pamphlets'? They make the world laugh, and his friends rather sorry for him. But that is because people will still look for practical measures from him: one must be content with him as a great satirist who can make us feel when we are wrong though he cannot set us right. There is a bottom of truth in Carlyle's wildest rhapsodies. I have no news to tell you of books or music, for I scarce see or hear any. And moreover I must be up, and leave the mahogany coffee-room table on which I write so badly: and be off to Lincoln's Inn. God bless you, my dear fellow. I ask a man of business here in the room about Grimsby: he says, 'Well, all these railways are troublesome; but the Grimsby one is one of the best: railway property must look up a little: and so will Grimsby.'

To W. B. Donne.

BOULGE: Friday [4 Oct. 1850].

My dear DONNE,

I have been some while intending to send you a few lines, to report my continued existence, to thank you for the Papers, which I and my dear old Crabbe read and mark, and to tell you I was much pleased with

Laurence's sketch of you, which he exhibited to me in a transitory way some weeks ago. Has he been to Bury again? To Sir H. Bunbury's?

I am packing up my mind by degrees to move away from here on a round of visits: and will give you a look at Bury if you like it. I am really frightened that it is a whole year since I have seen you: and we but two hours asunder! I know it is not want of will on my part: though you may wonder what other want detains me; but you will believe me when I say it is not want of will. You are too busy to come here: where indeed is nothing to come for. I wished for Charles last Monday: for people came to shoot the three brace of pheasants inhabiting these woods: had I remembered the first of October, I would have let him know. Otherwise, I am afraid to invite the young, whom I cannot entertain.

H. Groome came over and dined with me on Wednesday: and Crabbe came to meet him; but the latter had no hearty smoker to keep him in countenance, and was not quite comfortable. H. Groome improves: his poetical and etymological ambitions begin to pale away before years that bring the philosophic mind, and before a rising family.

I liked your Articles on Pepys much. How go on the Norfolk worthies? I see by your Review that you are now ripe to write them at your ease: which means (in a work of that kind) successfully.

To F. Tennyson.

[BOULGE]. Decr. 31/50.

My dear old FREDERIC,

If you knew how glad I am to hear from you, you would write to me oftener. You see I make a quick return whenever I get an epistle from you. I should indeed

have begun to indite before, but I had not a scrap of serviceable paper in the house: and I am only this minute returned from a wet walk to Woodbridge bringing home the sheet on which I am now writing, along with the rest of a half quire, which may be filled to you, if we both live. I now count the number of sheets: there are nine. I do not think we average more than three letters a year each. Shall both of us, or either, live three years more, beginning with the year that opens to morrow? I somehow believe *not*: which I say not as a doleful thing (indeed you may look at it as a very ludicrous one). Well, we shall see. I am all for the short and merry life. Last night I began the sixth Book of Lucretius in bed. You laugh grimly again? I have not looked into it for more than a year, and I took it up by mistake for one of Swift's dirty volumes; and, having got into bed with it, did not care to get out to change it.

The delightful lady...is going to leave this neighbourhood and carry her young Husband¹ to Oxford, there to get him some Oriental Professorship one day. He is a delightful fellow, and, *I* say, will, if he live, be the best Scholar in England. Not that I think Oxford will be so helpful to his studies as his counting house at Ipswich was. However, being married he cannot at all events become Fellow, and, as so many do, dissolve all the promise of Scholarship in Sloth, Gluttony, and sham Dignity. I shall miss them both more than I can say, and must take to Lucretius! to comfort me. I have entirely given up the *Genteel* Society here about; and scarce ever go anywhere but to the neighbouring Parson², with whom I discuss Paley's Theology, and the Gorham Question. I am going to him to night, by the help of a Lantern, in order to light out the Old Year with a Cigar.

¹ E. B. Cowell.

² The Rev. George Crabbe, son of the Poet, and Vicar of Bredfield.

For he is a great Smoker, and a very fine fellow in all ways.

I have not seen any one you know since I last wrote; nor heard from any one: except dear old Spedding, who really came down and spent two days with us, me and that Scholar and his Wife in their Village¹, in their delightful little house, in their pleasant fields by the River side. Old Spedding was delicious there; always leaving a mark, as I say, in all places one has been at with him, a sort of Platonic perfume. For has he not all the beauty of the Platonic Socrates, with some personal Beauty to boot? He explained to us one day about the laws of reflection in water: and I said then one never could look at the willow whose branches furnished the text without thinking of him. How beastly this reads! As if he gave us a lecture! But you know the man, how quietly it all came out; only because I petulantly denied his plain assertion. For I really often cross him only to draw him out; and vain as I may be, he is one of those that I am well content to make shine at my own expense.

Don't suppose that this or any other ideal day with him effaces my days with you. Indeed, my dear Frederic, you also mark many times and many places in which I have been with you. Gravesend and its ἀνήριθμοι shrimps cannot be forgotten. You say I shall never go to see you at Florence. I have said to you before and I now repeat it, that if ever I go abroad it shall be to see you and my Godchild. I really cannot say if I should not have gone this winter (as I hinted in my last) in case you had answered my letter. But I really did not know if you had not left Florence; and a fortnight ago I thought to myself I would write to Horatio at Cheltenham and ask him for news of you. As to Alfred, I have heard of his marriage &c. from Spedding, who also

¹ Bramford, near Ipswich.

saw and was much pleased with her indeed. But you know Alfred himself never writes, nor indeed cares a halfpenny about one, though he is very well satisfied to see one when one falls in his way. You will think I have a spite against him for some neglect, when I say this, and say besides that I cannot care for his *In Memoriam*. Not so, if I know myself: I always thought the same of him, and was just as well satisfied with it as now. His poem I never did greatly affect: nor can I learn to do so: it is full of finest things, but it is monotonous, and has that air of being evolved by a Poetical Machine of the highest order. So it seems to be with him now, at least to me, the Impetus, the Lyrical œstrus, is gone...It is the cursed inactivity (very pleasant to me who am no Hero) of this 19th century which has spoiled Alfred, I mean spoiled him for the great work he ought now to be entering upon; the lovely and noble things he has done must remain. It is dangerous work this prophesying about great Men....I beg you very much to send me your poems, the very first opportunity; as I want them very much. Nobody doubts that you ought to make a volume for Moxon. Send your poems to Spedding to advise on. No doubt Alfred would be best adviser of all: but then people would be stupid and say that he had done all that was good in the Book—(wait till I take my tea, which has been lying on the table these ten minutes—) Now, animated by some very inferior Souchong from the village shop, I continue my letter, having reflected during my repast that I have seen two College men you remember since I last wrote, Thompson and Merivale. The former is just recovering of the water cure, looking blue: the latter, Merivale, is just recovering from—Marriage!—which he undertook this Midsummer, with a light-haired daughter of George Frere's. Merivale lives just on the borders of

Suffolk: and a week before his marriage he invited me to meet F. Pollock and his wife at the Rectory. There we spent two easy days, and I heard no more of Merivale till three weeks ago when he asked me to meet Thompson just before Christmas... Have you seen Merivale's History of Rome, beginning with the Empire? Two portly volumes are out, and are approved of by Scholars, I believe. I have not read them, not having money to buy, nor any friend to lend.

I hear little music but what I make myself, or help to make with my Parson's son and daughter. We, with not a voice among us, go through Handel's Coronation Anthems! Laughable it may seem; yet it is not quite so; the things are so well-defined, simple, and grand, that the faintest outline of them tells; my admiration of the old Giant grows and grows: his is the Music for a Great, Active, People. Sometimes too, I go over to a place elegantly called *Bungay*, where a Printer¹ lives who drills the young folks of a manufactory there to sing in Chorus once a week... They sing some of the English Madrigals, some of Purcell, and some of Handel, in a way to satisfy me, who don't want perfection, and who believe that the *grandest* things do not depend on delicate finish. If you were here now, we would go over and hear the Harmonious Blacksmith sung in Chorus, with words, of course. It almost made me cry, when I heard the divine Air rolled into vocal harmony from the four corners of a large Hall. One can scarce comprehend the Beauty of the English Madrigals till one hears them done (though coarsely) in this way and on a large scale: the play of the parts as they alternate from the different quarters of the room.

I have taken another half sheet to finish my letter upon:

¹ Charles Childs.

so as my calculation of how far this half-quire is to spread over Time is defeated. Let us write oftener, and longer, and we shall not tempt the Fates by inchoating too long a hope of letter-paper. I have written enough for to-night: I am now going to sit down and play one of Handel's Overtures as well as I can—Semele, perhaps, a very grand one—then, lighting my lantern, trudge through the mud to Parson Crabbe's. Before I take my pen again to finish this letter the New Year will have dawned—on some of us. 'Thou fool! this night thy soul may be required of thee!' Very well: while it is in this Body I will wish my dear old F. T. a happy New Year. And now to drum out the Old with Handel. Good Night.

New Year's Day, 1851. A happy new Year to you! I sat up with my Parson till the Old Year was past, drinking punch and smoking cigars, for which I endure some headache this morning. Not that we took much; but a very little punch disagrees with me. Only I would not disappoint my old friend's convivial expectations. He is one of those happy men who has the boy's heart throbbing and trembling under the snows of sixty-five.

To G. Crabbe.

[GELDESTONE, *Feb. 11, 1851.*]

My dear GEORGE,

I send you an Euphranor, and (as you desire it) Spedding's Examiner¹. I believe that I should be ashamed of his praise, if I did not desire to take any means to make my little book known for a good purpose. I think he over-praises it: but he cannot over-praise the design, and (as I believe) the tendency of it.

¹ Containing an article by Spedding on Euphranor.

60 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,
[Feb. 27, 1851].

My dear GEORGE,

.....My heart saddens to think of Bramford all desolate¹; and I shall now almost turn my head away as any road, or railroad brings me within sight of the little spire! I write once a week to abuse both of them for going. But they are quite happy at Oxford.

I felt a sort of horror when I read in your letter you had ordered the Book² into your Club, for fear some one might guess. But if *your* folks don't guess, no one else will. I have heard no more of it since I wrote to you last, except that its sale does not stand still. Pickering's foreman blundered in the Advertisements; quoting an extract about the use of the Book, when he should have quoted about its amusement, which is what the world is attracted by. But I left it to him. As it would be a real horror to me to be known as the writer, I do not think I can have much personal ambition in its success; but I should sincerely wish it to be read for what little benefit it may do....

I have seen scarce anybody here: Thackeray only once; neither Tennyson nor Carlyle. Donne came up for a day to see as to the morality of the 'Prodigal Son'³ at Drury Lane, which the Bishop of London complained of. Donne is deputy Licenser for Jack Kemble. I went to see it with him; it was only stupid and gaudy.

¹ The Cowells had gone to live in Oxford.

² Euphranor.

³ Azaël the Prodigal, adapted from Scribe and Auber's *L'Enfant Prodigue*.

BOULGE, Tuesday, *May* the something, 1851.

My dear GEORGE,

I am ashamed you should have the trouble of asking me to Merton so often, and so in vain. I might give you a special reason for not going now... but I will honestly confess I believe I should not have accompanied your Father in his Voyage to your house, had the sky been quite clear of engagement. Why, I cannot exactly say: my soul is not packed up for Merton yet, though one day it will be; and I have no such idea of the preciousness of my company as to have any hesitation in letting my friends wait any length of time before I go to occupy their easy chairs. The day will come, if we live. I have had a very strong invitation to Cambridge this week; to live with my old friends the Skrines in Sidney College. But why should we meet to see each other grown old &c.? (I dont mean this quite seriously.) Ah, I should like a drive over Newmarket Heath: the sun shining on the distant leads of Ely Cathedral.

To F. Tennyson.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,

[25 *August*, 1851].

My dear old FREDERIC, Why do you never write to me? I am sure I wrote last: I constantly am thinking of you, and constantly wishing to see you. Perhaps you are in England at this very hour, and do not let me know of it. *When* I wrote to you last I cannot remember; whether in Winter or Spring. I was in London during January and February last, but have been vegetating down here ever since. Have not been up even to see the Great Exh.—one is tired of writing, and seeing written, the word. All the

world, as you know, goes in droves : you may be lounging in it this very hour, though I don't mean to say you are one of a drove. It is because there are so few F. Tennysons in the world that I do not like to be wholly out of hearing of the one I know.... My own affairs do not improve, and I have seen more and more of the pitiful in humanity...but luckily my wants decrease. I am quite content never to buy a picture or a Book ; almost content not to see them. One could soon relapse into Barbarism. I do indeed take a survey of old Handel's Choruses now and then ; and am just now looking with great delight into Purcell's King Arthur, real noble *English* music, much of it ; and assuredly the prototype of much of Handel. It is said Handel would not admire Purcell ; but I am sure he adapted himself to English ears and sympathies by means of taking up Purcell's vein. I wish you were here to consider this with me ; but you would grunt dissent, and smile bitterly at my theories. I am trying to teach the bumpkins of the united parishes of Boulge and Debach to sing a second to such melodies as the women sing by way of Hymns in our Church : and I have invented (as I think) a most simple and easy way of teaching them the little they need to learn. How would you like to see me, with a bit of chalk in my hand, before a black board, scoring up semibreves on a staff for half a dozen Rustics to vocalize ? Laugh at me in Imagination....

Almost the only man I hear from is dear old Spedding, who has lost his Father, and is now, I suppose, a rich man. This makes no apparent change in his way of life : he has only hired an additional Attic in Lincoln's Inn Fields, so as to be able to bed a friend upon occasion. I may have to fill it ere long. Merivale (you know, surely) is married, and has a son I hear. He lives some twenty miles from here....

Now, my dear Frederic, this is a sadly dull letter. I could have made it duller and sadder by telling you other things. But, instead of this, let me hear from you a good account of yourself and your family, and especially of my little Godson. Remember, I have a right to hear about him. Ever yours, dear old Grimsby, E. F. G.

[19 CHARLOTTE ST., FITZROY SQUARE,
Dec. 1851].

My dear old FREDERIC,

I have long been thinking I would answer a long and kind letter I had from you some weeks ago, in which you condoled with me about my finances, and offered me your house as a Refuge for the Destitute. I can never wonder at generosity in you : but I am sorry I should have seemed to complain so much as to provoke so much pity from you. I am not worse off than I have been these last three years ; and so much better off than thousands who deserve more that I should deserve to be kicked if I whined over my decayed fortunes. If I go to Italy, it will be to see Florence and Fred. Tennyson : I do not despair of going one day : I believe my desire is gathering, and my indolence warming up with the exhilarating increase of Railroads.

But for the present here I am, at 19 Charlotte Street Fitzroy Square, come up to have a fresh squabble with Lawyers, and to see an old College friend who is gone mad, and threatens to drive his wife mad too, I think. Here are troubles, if you like : I mean, these poor people's. Well, I have not had much time except to post about in Omnibi between Lincoln's Inn and Bayswater : but I have seen Alfred once ; Carlyle once ; Thackeray twice ; and Spedding many times. I did not see Mrs A. : but am to go

and dine there one day before I leave. Carlyle has been undergoing the Water System at Malvern, and says it has done him a very little good. He would be quite well, he says, if he threw his Books away, and walked about the mountains: but that would be 'propter vitam &c.' Nature made him a Writer: so he must wear himself out writing Lives of Sterling etc. for the Benefit of the World. Thackeray says he is getting tired of being witty, and of the great world: he is now gone to deliver his Lectures¹ at Edinburgh: having already given them at Oxford and Cambridge. Alfred, I thought looking pretty well. Spedding is immutably wise, good, and delightful: not so immutably well in Body, I think: though he does not complain. But I will deal in no more vaticinations of Evil. I can't think what was the oracle in my Letters you allude to, I mean about the three years' duration of our lives. I have long felt about England as you do, and even made up my mind to it, so as to sit comparatively, if ignobly, easy on that score. Sometimes I envy those who are so old that the curtain will probably fall on them before it does on their Country. If one could save the Race, what a Cause it would be! not for one's own glory as a member of it, nor even for its glory as a Nation: but because it is the only spot in Europe where Freedom keeps her place. Had I Alfred's voice, I would not have mumbled for years over *In Memoriam* and the Princess, but sung such strains as would have revived the *Μαραθω-ρομάχους ἄνδρας* to guard the territory they had won. What can 'In Memoriam' do but make us all sentimental?...

My dear Frederic, I hope to see you one day: I really do look forward one day to go and see you in Italy, as well as to see you here in England. I know no one whom

¹ On the English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century.

it would give me more pleasure to think of as one who might perhaps be near me as we both go down the hill together, whether in Italy or England. You, Spedding, Thackeray, and only one or two more. The rest have come like shadows and so departed.

To G. Crabbe.

[Feb. 27, 1852.]

My dear GEORGE,

.....I rejoice in your telling me what you think ; or I should rejoice if these books were of importance enough to require honest advice. I think you may be very right about the length of the Preface¹; that I do not think you right about the reasoning of it you may suppose by my ever printing it. It is to show *why* Books of that kind are dull: what sort of writers ought to be quoted &c.; proverbial writers: and what constitutes proverbiality &c. Well, enough of it all: I am glad you like it on the whole. As to Euphranor I do wish him not to die yet: and am gratified you think him worthy to survive a little longer. That is a good cause, let my treatment of it be as it will.

I and Drew sat up at your Father's till 3 (a.m.) last Tuesday: at the old affair of Calvinism &c. It amuses them: else one would think it odd they did not see how they keep on fighting with Shadows, and slaying the slain.

I am really going next week from home, towards that famous expedition to Shropshire² which I mean to perform one day. I write after walking to Woodbridge: and hear that Mr Cana has called in my absence to announce that

¹ To Polonius.

² To visit his friend John Allen.

'the Hall' is let; to a Mr Cobbold, from Saxmundham, I think, who has a farm at Sutton. I met Tom (*young Tom*) Churchyard in Woodbridge, who tells me he is going to America on Monday! He makes less fuss about it than I do about going to Shropshire.

HAM, *June 2/52.*

My dear GEORGE,

.....Order into your Book Club 'Trench on the Study of Words'; a delightful, good, book, not at all dry (unless to fools); one I am sure you will like. Price but three and sixpence and well worth a guinea at least.

In spite of my anti-London prejudices, I find this Limb of London (for such it is) very beautiful: the Thames with its Swans upon it, and its wooded sides garnished with the Villas of Poets, Wits, and Courtiers, of a Time which (I am sorry to say) has more charms to me than the Middle Ages, or the Heroic.

I have seen scarce any of the living London Wits; Spedding and Donne most: Thackeray but twice for a few minutes. He finished his Novel¹ last Saturday and is gone, (I believe, to the Continent.

To F. Tennyson.

GOLDINGTON, BEDFORD,

June 8/52.

My dear FREDERIC,

It gave me, as always, the greatest pleasure to hear from you. Your letter found me at my Mother's house, at Ham, close to Richmond; a really lovely place,

¹ Esmond.

and neighbourhood, though I say it who am all prejudiced against London and 'all the purtenances thereof.' But the copious woods, green meadows, the Thames and its swans gliding between, and so many villas and cheerful houses and terraced gardens with all their associations of Wits and Courtiers on either side, all this is very delightful. I am not heroic enough for Castles, Battlefields &c. Strawberry Hill for me! I looked all over it: you know all the pictures, jewels, curiosities, were sold some ten years ago; only bare walls remain: the walls indeed here and there stuck with Gothic woodwork, and the cielings with Gothic gilding, sometimes painted Gothic to imitate woodwork; much of it therefore in less good taste: all a Toy, but yet the Toy of a very clever man. The rain is coming through the Roofs, and gradually disengaging the confectionary Battlements and Cornices. Do you like Walpole? did you ever read him? Then close by is Hampton Court: with its stately gardens, and fine portraits inside; all very much to my liking. I am quite sure gardens should be formal, and unlike general Nature. I much prefer the old French and Dutch gardens to what are called the English.

. I saw scarce any of our friends during the three weeks I passed at Ham. Though I had to run to London several times, I generally ran back as fast as I could; much preferring the fresh air and the fields to the smoke and the 'wilderness of monkeys' in London. Thackeray I saw for ten minutes: he was just in the agony of finishing a Novel: which has arisen out of the Reading necessary for his Lectures, and relates to those Times—of Queen Anne, I mean. He will get £1000 for his Novel. He was wanting to finish it, and rush off to the Continent, I think, to shake off the fumes of it. Old Spedding, that aged and most subtle Serpent, was in his old haunt in Lincoln's Inn

Fields, up to any mischief. It was supposed that Alfred was somewhere near Malvern: Carlyle I did not go to see, for I really have nothing to tell him, and I have got tired of hearing him growl: though I do not cease to admire him as much as ever. I also went once to the pit of the Covent Garden Italian Opera, to hear Meyerbeer's Huguenots, of which I had only heard bits on the Pianoforte. But the first Act was so noisy, and ugly, that I came away, unable to wait for the better part, that, I am told, follows. Meyerbeer is a man of Genius: and works up *dramatic* Music: but he has scarce any melody, and is rather grotesque and noisy than really powerful. I think this is the fault of modern music; people cannot believe that Mozart is *powerful* because he is so Beautiful: in the same way as it requires a very practised eye (more than I possess) to recognize the consummate power predominating in the tranquil Beauty of Greek Sculpture. I think Beethoven is rather spasmodically, than sustainedly, grand.


Well, I must take to my third side after all, which I meant to have spared you, partly because of this transparent paper, and my more than usually bad writing. I came down here four days ago: and have this morning sketched for you the enclosed, the common that lies before my Bedroom window, as I pulled up my blind, and opened my shutter upon it, early this morning. I never draw now, never drew well; but this may serve to give a hint of poor old dewy England to you who are, I suppose, beginning to be dried up in the South. W. Browne, my host, tells me that your Grimsby Rail is looking up greatly, and certainly will pay well, sooner or later: which I devoutly hope it may.

I do not think I told you my Father was dead; like poor old Sedley in Thackeray's Vanity Fair, all his Coal schemes at an end. He died in March, after an illness of

three weeks, saying 'that engine works well' (meaning one of his Colliery steam engines) as he lay in the stupor of Death. I was in Shropshire at the time, with my old friend Allen; but I went home to Suffolk just to help to lay him in the Grave.

Pray do send me your Poems, one and all: I should like very much to talk them over with you, however much you might resent me, who am no Poet, presuming to advise you who as certainly are one. That you ought to publish some of these Poems (as I think, somewhat condensed, or, at least, curtailed) I am more and more sure, having seen the very great pleasure, and deep interest, some of them have caused when read to persons of very different talents and tastes.

And now, my dear Frederic, farewell for the present. Remember, you cannot write to me too often, as far as I am concerned.

 Don't write Politics—I agree with you beforehand.

To W. B. Donne.

BOULGE, *August 10/52.*

My dear DONNE,

It is very good of you to write to me, so much as you have to do. I am much obliged to you also for taking the trouble to go and see my Mother. You may rely on it she feels as pleased with your company as she says she is: I do not know any one who has the power of being so agreeable to her as yourself.

And dear old Thackeray is really going to America! I must fire him a letter of farewell.

The Cowells are at Ipswich, and I get over to see

them &c. They talk of coming here too. I have begun again to read Calderon with Cowell: the *Magico* we have just read, a very grand thing. I suppose Calderon was over-praised some twenty years ago: for the last twenty it has been the fashion to underpraise him, I am sure. His Drama may not be the finest in the world: one sees how often too he wrote in the fashion of his time and country: but he is a wonderful fellow; one of the Great Men of the world.

In October 1852 Thackeray sailed for America and before leaving wrote to FitzGerald the letter which he copied for Archdeacon Allen. I shall I trust be pardoned for thinking that others will be the better for reading the words of 'noble kindness' in which Thackeray took leave of his friend.

[BOULGE, 22 Nov. 1852.]

My dear ALLEN,

I won't send you Thackeray's own letter because it is his own delegation of a little trust I would not hazard. But on the other side of the page I write a copy: for your eyes only: for I would not wish to show even its noble kindness to any but one who has known him as closely as myself.

From W. M. Thackeray to E. F. G.

October 27, 1852.

My dearest old Friend,

I mustn't go away without shaking your hand, and saying Farewell and God Bless you. If anything happens to me, you by these presents must get ready the Book of Ballads

which you like, and which I had not time to prepare before embarking on this voyage. And I should like my daughters to remember that you are the best and oldest friend their Father ever had, and that you would act as such: as my literary executor and so forth. My Books would yield a something as copyrights: and, should anything occur, I have commissioned friends in good place to get a Pension for my poor little wife.... Does not this sound gloomily? Well: who knows what Fate is in store: and I feel not at all downcast, but very grave and solemn just at the brink of a great voyage.

I shall send you a copy of *Esmond* to-morrow or so which you shall yawn over when you are inclined. But the great comfort I have in thinking about my dear old boy is that recollection of our youth when we loved each other as I do now while I write Farewell.

Laurence has done a capital head of me ordered by Smith the Publisher: and I have ordered a copy and Lord Ashburton another. If Smith gives me this one, I shall send the copy to you. I care for you as you know, and always like to think that I am fondly and affectionately yours

W. M. T.

I sail from Liverpool on Saturday Morning by the *Canada* for Boston.

I have not been able to ascertain the exact time at which FitzGerald began his Spanish studies; but it must have been long before this, for in 1853 the firstfruits of them appeared in the 'Six Dramas from Calderon freely translated by Edward FitzGerald,' the only book to which he ever put his name. It was probably in 1853 that he took up Persian, in which, as in Spanish, his friend Cowell was his guide.

To G. Crabbe.

BOULGE, *July 22/53.*

My dear GEORGE,

Your account of the Doctor's warnings to your Cousin in your first note delighted me greatly: as it did your Father to whom I read it last night. For, on coming home from Aldbro' (where I had been for a day) I found to my great surprise your Father smoking in my room, with a bottle of Port (which he had brought with him!). The mystery was then solved; that, after his own dinner, Mr ———— was announced, and your Father dreading lest he should stay all the Evening declared he had most important business, first at Woodbridge, then, on second thoughts, with me; and so decamped.

Now as to your second letter which I found also on my return: I am very glad you like the plays¹ and am encouraged to hope that other persons who are not biassed by pedantic prejudices or spites might like them too. But I fully expect that (as I told you, I think) the London press &c. will either sink them, or condemn them as on too free a principle: and all the more if they have not read the originals. For these are safe courses to adopt. All this while I am assuming the plays are well done in their way, which of course I do. On the other hand, they really may not be as well done as I think; on their own principle: and that would really be a fair ground of condemnation.

¹ Six Dramas from Calderon.

To W. F. Pollock.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,

July 25/53.

My dear POLLOCK,

Thank you for your letter. Though I believed the Calderon to be on the whole well done and entertaining, I began to wish to be told it was so by others, for fear I had made a total mistake: which would have been a bore. And the very free and easy translation lies open to such easy condemnation, unless it be successful.

Your account of Sherborne rouses all the Dowager within me. I shall have to leave this cottage, I believe, and have not yet found a place sufficiently dull to migrate to. Meanwhile to-morrow I am going to one of my great treats: viz. the Assizes at Ipswich: where I shall see little Voltaire Jervis¹, and old Parke², who I trust will have the gout, he bears it so Christianly.

To G. Crabbe.

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,

Sept. 12/53.

My dear GEORGE,

I enclose you a scrap from 'The Leader' as you like to see criticisms on my Calderon. I suppose your sisters will send you the Athenæum in which you will see a more determined spit at me. I foresaw (as I think I told you) how likely this was to be the case: and so am

¹ Chief Justice.

² Baron Parke, afterwards Lord Wensleydale.

not surprized. One must take these chances if one will play at so doubtful a game. I believe those who read the Book, without troubling themselves about whether it is a free Translation or not, like it: but Critics must be supposed to know all, and it is safe to condemn. On the other hand, the Translation may not be good on any ground: and then the Critics are all right.

To E. B. Cowell.

3 PARK VILLAS WEST, RICHMOND, SURREY,

October 25/53.

My dear COWELL,

.....I think I forgot to tell you that Mr Mac-carthy (my literal Rival in Calderon) mentions in his Preface a masterly Critique on Calderon in the Westminster 1851, which I take to be yours¹. He says it, and the included translations, are the best Commentary he has seen on the subject.

— I have ordered Eastwick's Gulistan: for I believe I shall potter out so much Persian. The weak Apologue² goes on (for I have not had time for much here) and I find it difficult enough even with Jones's Translation.

I am now going to see the last of the Tennysons at Twickenham.

¹ This conjecture was correct. See p. 240.

² The Gardener and the Nightingale in Sir W. Jones's *Persian Grammar*.

To F. Tennyson.

BREDFIELD RECTORY¹, WOODBRIDGE.

December 27/53.

My dear FREDERIC,

I am too late to wish you a Happy Christmas ; so must wish you a happy New Year. Write to me here, and tell me (in however few words) how you prospered in your journey to Italy : how you all are there : and how your Book progresses. I saw Harvest Home advertised in Fraser : and I have heard from Mrs Alfred it is so admired that Parker is to print two thousand copies of the Volume. I am glad of this, and I think, little ambitious or vain as you really are, you will insensibly be pleased at gaining your proper station in public Celebrity. Had I not known what an invidious office it is to meddle with such Poems, and how assuredly people would have said that one had helped to clip away the Best Poems, and the best part of them, I should have liked to advise you in the selection : a matter in which I feel confidence. But you would not have agreed with me any more than others : though on different grounds : and so in all ways it was, and is, and will be, best to say nothing more on the subject. I am very sure of that, of whatever your Volume is composed, you will make public almost the only Volume of Verse, except Alfred's, worthy of the name.

I hear from Mrs Alfred they are got to their new abode in the Isle of Wight. I have been into Norfolk : and am now come to spend Christmas in this place, where, as you have been here, you can fancy me. Old Crabbe is as

¹ Vicarage.

brave and hearty as ever: drawing designs of churches: and we are all now reading Moore's Memoirs with considerable entertainment: I cannot say the result of it in one's mind is to prove Moore a Great Man: though it certainly does not leave him altogether 'The Poor Creature' that Mr Allingham reduced him to. I also amuse myself with poking out some Persian which E. Cowell would inaugurate me with: I go on with it because it is a point in common with him, and enables us to study a little together. He and his wife are at Oxford: and his *Pracrit Grammar* is to be out in a few days.

I have settled upon no new Abode: but have packed up my few goods in a neighbouring Farm-House¹ (that one near Woodbridge I took you to), and will now float about for a year and visit some friends. Perhaps I shall get down to the Isle of Wight one day: also to Shropshire, to see Allen: to Bath to a Sister. But you can always direct hither, since old Crabbe is only too glad to have some letters to pay for, and forward to me.... We have one of the old fashioned winters, snow and frost: not fulfilling the word of those who were quite sure the seasons were altered. Farewell, my dear Frederic. E. F. G.

BATH, *May 7/54.*

My dear FREDERIC. You see to what fashionable places I am reduced in my old Age. The truth is however I am come here by way of Visit to a sister² I have scarce seen these six years; my visit consisting in this that I live alone in a lodging of my own by day, and spend two or three hours with her in the Evening. This has been my way of

¹ Farlingay Hall, sometimes called Farthing Cake Hall.

² Mrs De Soyres.

Life for three weeks, and will be so for some ten days more: after which I talk of flying back to more native countries. I was to have gone on to see Alfred in his 'Island Home' from here: but it appears he goes to London about the same time I quit this place; so I must and shall defer my Visit to him. Perhaps I shall catch a sight of him in London; as also of old Thackeray who, Donne writes me word, came suddenly on him in Pall Mall the other day: while all the while people supposed the Newcomes were being indited at Rome or Naples.

If ever you live in England you must live here at Bath. It really is a splendid City in a lovely, even a noble, Country. Did you ever see it? One beautiful feature in the place is the quantity of Garden and Orchard it is all through embroidered with. Then the Streets, when you go into them, are as handsome and gay as London, gayer and handsomer because cleaner and in a cleaner Atmosphere; and if you want the Country you get into it (and a very fine Country) on all sides and directly. Then there is such Choice of Houses, Cheap as well as Dear, of all sizes, with good Markets, Railways &c. I am not sure I shall not come here for part of the Winter. It is a place you would like, I am sure: though I do not say but you are better in Florence. Then on the top of the hill is old Vathek's Tower, which he used to sit and read in daily, and from which he could see his own Fonthill, while it stood. Old Landor quoted to me 'Nullus in orbe locus &c.' apropos of Bath: he, you may know, has lived here for years, and I should think would die here, though not yet. He seems so strong that he may rival old Rogers; of whom indeed one Newspaper gave what is called an 'Alarming Report of Mr Rogers' Health' the other day, but another contradicted it directly and indignantly, and declared the

Venerable Poet never was better. Landor has some hundred and fifty Pictures ; each of which he thinks the finest specimen of the finest Master, and has a long story about, how he got it, when &c. I dare say some are very good : but also some very bad. He appeared to me to judge of them as he does of Books and Men ; with a most uncompromising perversity which the Phreniologists must explain to us after his Death.

By the bye, about your Book, which of course you wish me to say something about. Parker sent me down a copy 'from the Author' for which I hereby thank you. If you believe my word, you already know my Estimation of so much that is in it: you have already guessed that I should have made a different selection from the great Volume which is now in Tatters. As I differ in Taste from the world, however, quite as much as from you, I do not know but you have done very much better in choosing as you have ; the few people I have seen are very much pleased with it, the Cowells at Oxford delighted. A Bookseller there sold all his Copies the first day they came down: and even in Bath a Bookseller (and not one of the Principal) told me a fortnight ago he had sold some twenty Copies. I have not been in Town since it came out: and have now so little correspondence with literati I can't tell you about them. There was a very unfair Review in the Athenæum ; which is the only Literary Paper I see: but I am told there are laudatory ones in Examiner and Spectator.

I was five weeks at Oxford, visiting the Cowells in just the same way that I am visiting my Sister here. I also liked Oxford greatly: but not so well I think as Bath: which is so large and busy that one is drowned in it as much as in London. There are often concerts &c. for those who like them ; I only go to a shilling affair that comes off

every Saturday at what they call the Pump Room. On these occasions there is sometimes some Good Music if not excellently played. Last Saturday I heard a fine Trio of Beethoven. Mendelssohn's things are mostly tiresome to me. I have brought my old Handel Book here and recreate myself now and then with pounding one of the old Giant's Overtures on my sister's Piano, as I used to do on that Spinnet at my Cottage. As to Operas, and Exeter Halls, I have almost done with them: they give me no pleasure, I scarce know why.

I suppose there is no chance of your being over in England this year, and perhaps as little Chance of my being in Italy. All I can say is, the latter is not impossible, which I suppose I may equally say of the former. But pray write to me. You can always direct to me at Donne's, 12 St James' Square, or at Rev. G. Crabbe's, Bredfield, Woodbridge. Either way the letter will soon reach me. Write soon, Frederic, and let me hear how you and yours are: and don't wait, as you usually do, for some inundation of the Arno to set your pen agoing. Write ever so shortly and whatever-about-ly. I have no news to tell you of Friends. I saw old Spedding in London; only doubly calm after the death of a Niece he dearly loved and whose death-bed at Hastings he had just been waiting upon. Harry Lushington wrote a martial Ode on seeing the Guards march over Waterloo Bridge towards the East: I did not see it, but it was much admired and handed about, I believe. And now my paper is out: and I am going through the rain (it is said to rain very much here) to my Sister's. So Good Bye, and write to me, as I beg you, in reply to this long if not very interesting letter.

To T. Carlyle.

RECTORY, BREDFIELD, WOODBRIDGE.

Dear CARLYLE,

I should sometimes write to you if I had anything worth telling, or worth putting you to the trouble of answering me. About twice in a year however I do not mind asking you one thing which is easily answered, how you and Mrs Carlyle are? And yet perhaps it is not so easy for you to tell me so much about yourself: for your "well-being" comprises a good deal! That you are not carried off by the Cholera I take for granted: since else I should have seen in the papers some controversy with Doctor Wordsworth as to whether you were to be buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Wilberforce perhaps! Besides, a short note from Thackeray a few weeks ago told me you had been to see him. I conclude also from this that you have not been a summer excursion of any distance.

I address from the Rectory (*Vicarage* it ought to be) of Crabbe, the "Radiator," whose mind is now greatly exercised with Dr Whewell's Plurality of Worlds. Crabbe, who is a good deal in the secrets of Providence, admires the work beyond measure, but most indignantly rejects the Doctrine as unworthy of God. I have not read the Book, contented to hear Crabbe's commentaries. I have been staying with him off and on for two months, and, as I say, give his Address because any letter thither directed will find me sooner or later in my little wanderings. I am at present staying with a Farmer in a very pleasant house near Woodbridge: inhabiting such a room as even you, I think, would sleep composedly in; my host a taciturn, cautious, honest, active man whom I have known all my life. He and his Wife, a capital housewife, and his Son, who could carry me

on his shoulders to Ipswich, and a Maid servant who, as she curtsies of a morning, lets fall the Tea-pot etc., constitute the household. Farming greatly prospers; farming materials fetching an exorbitant price at the Michaelmas Auctions: all in defiance of Sir Fitzroy Kelly who got returned for Suffolk on the strength of denouncing Corn Law Repeal as the ruin of the Country. He has bought a fine house near Ipswich, with great gilded gates before it, and by dint of good dinners and soft sawder finally draws the country gentry to him....

Please to look at the September Number of Fraser's Magazine where are some prose Translations of Hafiz by Cowell which may interest you a little. I think Cowell (as he is apt to do) gives Hafiz rather too much credit for a mystical wine-cup, and Cup-bearer; I mean taking him on the whole. The few odes he quotes have certainly a deep and pious feeling: such as the Man of Mirth will feel at times; none perhaps more strongly.

Some one by chance read out to me the other day at the seaside your account of poor old Naseby Village from Cromwell, quoted in Knight's "Half Hours etc." It is now twelve years ago, at this very season, I was ransacking for you; you promising to come down, and never coming. I hope very much you are soon going to give us something: else Jerrold and Tupper carry all before them.

SATURDAY, *October 14/54.*

In August 1855 Carlyle went to stay with Fitzgerald at Farlingay, a farm house on the Hasketon road, half a mile from Woodbridge.

BREDFIELD RECTORY, WOODBRIDGE,
August 1, [1855].

Dear CARLYLE,

I came down here yesterday: and saw my Farming Friends to-day, who are quite ready to do all service for us at any time. They live about two miles nearer Woodbridge than this place I write from and I am certain they and their place will suit you very well. I am going to them any day: indeed am always fluctuating between this place and theirs; and you can come down to me there, or here, any day—for Crabbe and his Daughter will, they bid me say, be very glad if you will come; and I engage you shan't be frightened, and that the place shall suit you as well as the Farmer's)—I say you can come to either place any day, and without warning if you like; only in that case I can't go to meet you at Ipswich: Beds etc. are all ready whether here or at the Farmer's. If you like to give me notice, you can say which place you will come to first: and I will meet you at any time at Ipswich.

I think if you come you had best come as soon as possible, before harvest, and while the Days are long and fine. Why not come directly? while all the Coast is so clear?

Now as to your mode of going. There are Rail Trains to Ipswich from Shoreditch, at 7 a.m. 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. all of which come to Ipswich in time for Coaches which carry you to Woodbridge; where, if you arrive unawares, any one will show you the way to Mr Smith's, of Farlingay Hall, about half a mile from Woodbridge; or direct you to Parson Crabbe's, at Bredfield, about three miles from Wood-

bridge. You may take my word (will you?) that you will be very welcome at either or both of these places; I mean, to the owners as well as myself.

Well, then there is a Steamer every Wednesday and Sunday; which starts from Blackwall at 9 a. m.; to go by which you must be at the Blackwall Railroad Station in Fenchurch Street by half past eight. This Steamer gets to Ipswich at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 or 6; probably in time for a Woodbridge Coach, but not certainly. It is a very pleasant sail. The Rail to Ipswich takes three or two and a half hours.

Have I more to say? I can't think of it if I have. Only, dear Mrs Carlyle, please to let me know what C. is "*To Eat—Drink—and Avoid.*" As I know that his wants are in a small compass, it will be as easy to get what he likes as not, if you will only say. If you like Sunday Steam, it will be quite convenient whether here or at Farlingay. Crabbe only is too glad if one doesn't go to his church.

BREDFIELD, *Sunday.*

Scrap for Scrap! I go tomorrow to stay at Farlingay, where you will find me, or I will find you, as proposed in my last. Do not let it be a burden on you to come now, then, or at all; but, if you come, I think this week will be good in weather as in other respects. You will be at most entire Liberty; with room, garden, and hours, to yourself, whether at Farlingay or here, where you must come for a day or so. Pipes are the order of the house at both places; the Radiator always lighting up after his 5 o'clock dinner, and rather despising me for not always doing so. At both places a capital sunshiny airy Bedroom without any noise. I wish Mrs C. could come, indeed; but I will not propose this; for though my Farm has good room, my Hostess

would fret herself to entertain a Lady suitably, and that I would avoid, especially toward Harvest time. Will Mrs Carlyle believe this? E. F. G.

P. S. Bring some Books. If you don't find yourself well, or at ease, with us, you have really but to go off without any sort of Ceremony as soon as you like : so don't tie yourself to any time at all. If the weather be fair, I predict you will like a week ; and I shall like as much more as you please ; leaving you mainly to your own devices all the while.

From T. Carlyle.

CHELSEA, 7 Aug^t, 1855.

Dear FITZGERALD,

In spite of these heavy showers, I persist in believing the weather will clear, and means really to be dry : at any rate I am not made of sugar or of salt ; so intend to be off tomorrow ;—and am, even now, in all the horrors of a half rotted ship, which has lain two years, dead, among the ooze, and is now trying to get up its anchor again : ropes breaking, sails holed, blocks giving way, you may fancy what a pother there is !

My train is to be 11 a.m. from Shoreditch ; which gets to Ipswich about two ? If you have a gig and pony, of course it will be pleasant to see your face at the end of my shrieking, mad, (and to me quite horrible) rail operations : but if I see nothing, I will courageously go for the Coach, and shall do quite well there, if I can get on the outside especially. So don't mind which way it is ; a *small* weight ought to turn it either way. I hope to get to Farlingay not long after 4 o'clock, and have a quiet mutton chop in due time, and have a d° pipe or pipes : nay I could even have a bathe if there was any sea water left in the evening. If you did come to Ipswich, an

hour (hardly more) to glance at the old Town might not be amiss.

I will bring Books enough with me: I am used to several hours of solitude every day; and cannot be said ever to *weary* of being left well alone. But we will "drive" to any places you recommend; do bidding of the omens, to a fair degree withal: in short I calculate on getting some real benefit by this plunge into the maritime rusticities under your friendly guidance, and the quiet of it will be of all things welcome to me.

My wife firmly intended writing to you to-day, and perhaps has done so; but if not, you are to take it as a thing done, for indeed there was nothing whatever of importance to be said farther.

Tomorrow then (Wednesday 8th) 11 a.m.—wish me a happy passage.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

CHELSEA, 23 *Aug^t*. 1855.

Dear FITZGERALD,

Here, after a good deal of bothering to improve it, above all to abridge it, is the proposed Inscription for the Pillar at Naseby. You need not scruple a moment to make any change that strikes you; I am well aware it is good for nothing except its practical object, and that I have no skill in lapidary literature.

The worst thing will be, discovering the *date* of your Naseby diggings. I ought to have it here; and probably I have,—in some remote dusty trunk, whither it is a terror to go looking for it! Try you what you can, and the Naseby Farmer too (if he is still extant); then I will try. At worst we can say "Ten years ago;" but the exact date would be better.

The figure of the stone ought to be of Egyptian simplicity: a broadish parallelopipedon (or rather *octaedron*; the *corners* well chamfered off, to avoid breakages, will make it 8-faced, I think); in the substance of the stone there is one quality to be

looked for, durability ; and the letters ought to be cut deep,—and by no means in lapidary *lines* (attend to that !), but simply like two *verses of the Bible*, so that he who runs may read. I rather like the *Siste Viator*,—yet will let you blot it out,—it is as applicable as to any Roman Tomb, and more so than to ours, which are in enclosed places, where any “Traveller,” if he either “stop” or go, will presently have the constable upon him. This is all I have to say about the stone ; and I recommend that it be now done straightway, before you quit hold of that troublesome locality.

I find I must not promise to myself to go thither with you ; alas, nor at all. I cannot get to sleep again since I came out of Suffolk : the stilness of Farlingay is unattainable in Chelsea for a *second* sleep, so I have to be content with the first, which is oftenest about 5 hours, and a very poor allowance for the afflicted son of Adam. I feel privately confident I *have* got good by my Suffolk visit, and by all the kindness of my beneficent brother mortals to me there : but in the meanwhile it has “stirred up a good deal of bile,” I suppose ; and we must wait.

London is utterly vacant to me, of all but noises from Cremorne and such sources : there is not in Britain a better place for work than this Garret, if one had strength or heart for fronting work to any purpose. I try a little, but mostly with very small result.

If you know *Glyde* of Ipswich, and can understand him to be really worth subscribing for, pray put down your name and mine, as a bit of duty ; if not, not,—and burn his letter.

I send the heartiest thanks, and remembrances to kind Mrs Smith, and all the industrious Harvesters ; also to Papa and the young lady at Bredfield :—as I well may !—I recommend myself to your prayers ; and hope to come again, if I live, when you have set your own house in order. Yours, dear F., with true regards,

T. CARLYLE.

Naseby Pillar (briefest and final form).

Siste Viator.

Here and for — yards to rearward lies the Dust of men slain in the Battle of Naseby, 14 June 1645. Hereabouts appears to have been the crisis of the struggle, hereabouts the final charge of Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides, that day.

¹ Ground opened, not irreverently or with^t reluctance, Sat^y 23 Sept^r 1842, to ascertain that fact, and render the contemporary records legible. Peace henceforth to these old Dead.

Edw^d Fitzg^d (with date).

ADDISCOMBE FARM, CROYDON,
15 Sept^r, 1855.

Dear FITZGERALD,

I have been here ever since the day you last heard of me; leading the strangest life of absolute *Latrappism*; and often enough remembering Farlingay and you. I live perfectly alone, and without speech at all,—there being in fact nobody to speak to, except one austere punctual housemaid, who does her functions, like an eight-day clock, generally without bidding. My wife comes out now and then to give the requisite directions; but commonly withdraws again on the morrow, leaving the monster to himself and his own ways. I have Books; a complete Edition of *Voltaire*², for one Book, in which I read for *use*, or for idleness oftenest,—getting into endless reflexions over it, mostly of a sad and not very utterable nature. I find V. a “gentleman,” living in a world partly furnished with such; and that there are now almost no “gentlemen” (not quite *none*): this is one great head of my reflexions, to which there is no visible *tail* or finish. I have also a Horse (borrowed from my

¹ This with a wider margin, or in some other way distinguishable from the rest of the inscription.

² Some volumes of which C. had brought down to Suffolk, being then engaged with his Frederick II. *MS. note by FitzGerald.*

fat German friend, who is at sea bathing in Sussex); and I go riding, at great lengths daily, over hill and dale: this I believe is really the main good I am doing,—if in this either there be much good. But it is a strange way of life to me, for the time; perhaps not unprofitable: To let *Chaos* say out its say, then, and one's Evil Genius give one the very worst language he has, for a while. It is still to last for a week or more. To day, for the first time, I ride back to Chelsea, but mean to return hither on Monday. There is a great circle of yellow light all the way from Shooter's Hill to Primrose Hill, spread round my horizon every night, I see it while smoking my pipe before bed (so bright, last night, it cast a visible shadow of me against the white window-shutters); and this is all I have to do with London and its *gases* for a fortnight or more. My wife writes to me there was an awful jangle of bells last day she went home from this; a Quaker asked in the railway, of some porter, "Can thou tell me what these bells mean?"—"Well, I suppose something is up. They say Sebastopol is took, and the Rushans run away."—*À la bonne heure*: but won't they come back again, think you?

On the whole I say, when you get your little Suffolk cottage, you must have in it a "chamber in the wall" for me, *plus* a pony that can trot, and a cow that gives good milk: with these outfits we shall make a pretty rustication now and then, not wholly *Latrappish*, but only *half*, on much easier terms than here; and I shall be right willing to come and try it, I for one party.—Meanwhile, I hope the Naseby matter is steadily going ahead; sale *completed*; and even the *monument* concern making way. Tell me a little how that and other matters are. If you are at home, a line is rapidly conveyed hither, steam all the way: after the beginning of the next week, I am at Chelsea, and (I dare say) there is a fire in the evenings now to welcome you there. Shew face in some way or other.

And so adieu; for my hour of riding is at hand.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

To E. B. Cowell.

31 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, P. PLACE.

[1855.]

My dear COWELL,

...You never say a word about your Hafiz. Has that fallen for the present, Austin not daring to embark in it in these days of war, when nothing that is not warlike sells except Macaulay? Don't suppose I bandy compliments; but, with moderate care, any such Translation of such a writer as Hafiz by you into pure, sweet, and partially measured Prose must be better than what I am doing for Jámí¹; whose ingenuous prattle I am stilting into too Miltonic verse. This I am very sure of. But it is done.

To Mrs Cowell.

[1856].

My dear LADY,

...If you see Trench's new Book about Calderon² you will see he has dealt very handsomely with me. He does not approve the Principle I went on; and what has he made of his own! I say this with every reason, as you will see, to praise him for his good word. He seems to me wrong about his 'asonantes' which were much better *un-
assonanted* as Cowell did his Specimens³. With Trench the Language has to be forced to secure the shadow of a Rhyme which is no pleasure to the Ear. So it seems to me on a hasty Look.

¹ Salámán and Absál.

² Life's a Dream: The Great Theatre of the World. From the Spanish of Calderon.

³ In an article on Spanish Literature in the Westminster Review for April 1851, pp. 281—323.

LONDON. Friday [*April 25, 1856*].

My dear LADY,

The Picture after all did not go down yesterday as I meant, but shall and will go to-morrow (Saturday). Also I shall send you dear Major Moor's "Oriental Fragments;" an almost worthless Book, I doubt, to those who did not know him—which means, *love* him!¹ And somehow all of us in our corner of Suffolk knew something of him: and so again loved something of him. For there was nothing at all about him not to be beloved. Ah! I think how interested he would have been with all this Persian: and how we should have disputed over parts and expressions over a glass of his Shiraz wine (for he had some) in his snug Parlour, or in his Cornfields when the Sun fell upon the latest Gleaners! He is dead, and you will go where he lived, to be dead to me!

Remember to take poor Barton's little Book² with you to India; better than many a better Book to you there!

I got a glimpse of Professor Müller's Essay³—full of fine things; but I hardly gather it up into a good whole, which is very likely my fault; from hasty perusal, ignorance, or other Incapacity. Perhaps, on the other hand, he found the Subject too great for his Space; and so has left it disproportioned, which the German is not inapt to do.

¹ In another letter written about the same time he says, 'The letter to Major Price at the beginning is worth any Money, and almost any Love!' This dedication by Major Moor to his old comrade in arms FitzGerald would sometimes try to read aloud, but would break down before he could finish it.

² The Selection from his Letters &c. published after his death, in which FitzGerald wrote a sketch of his life.

³ On Comparative Mythology, in the Oxford Essays for 1856.

But one may well be thankful for such admirable fragments, perhaps left so in the very honesty that is above rounding them into a specious Theory which will not hold.

Mr Cowell was appointed Professor of History at the Presidency College, Calcutta, in 1856 and went out to India by the Cape in August, greatly to FitzGerald's regret. 'Your talk of going to India,' he wrote, 'makes my Heart hang really heavy at my side.'

To E. B. Cowell.

31 GT PORTLAND ST. LONDON.

Jan. 22/57.

My dearest COWELL,

As usual I blunder. I have been taking for granted all this while that of course we could not write to you till you had written to us! Else how several times I could have written! could have sent you some Lines of Hafiz or Jámí or Nizámí that I thought wanted Comment of some kind: so as the Atlantic should have been no greater Bar between us than the two hours rail to Oxford. And now I have forgot many things, or have left the Books scattered in divers places; or, if I had all here 'twould be too much to send. So I must e'en take up with what the present Hour turns up.

It was only yesterday I heard from your Brother of a Letter from you, telling of your safe Arrival; of the Dark Faces about you at your Calcutta Caravanserai! Methinks how I should like to be there! Perhaps should not, though, were the Journey only half its length! Write to me one day....

I have now been five weeks alone at my old Lodgings

in London where you came this time last year! My wife in Norfolk. She came up yesterday; and we have taken Lodgings for two months in the Regent's Park. And I positively stay behind here in the old Place on purpose to write to you in the same condition you knew me in and I you! I believe there are new Channels fretted in my Cheeks with many unmanly Tears since then, "remembering the Days that are no more," in which you two are so mixt up. Well, well; I have no news to tell you. Public Matters you know I don't meddle with; and I have seen scarce any Friends even while in London here. Carlyle but once; Thackeray not once; Spedding and Donne pretty often. Spedding's first volume of Bacon is out; some seven hundred pages; and the Reviews already begin to think it over-commentaried. How interested would you be in it! and from you I should get a good Judgment, which perhaps I can't make for myself. I hear Tennyson goes on with King Arthur; but I have not seen or heard from him for a long long while.

Oddly enough, as I finished the last sentence, Thackeray was announced; he came in looking gray, grand, and good-humoured; and I held up this Letter and told him whom it was written to and he sends his Love! He goes Lecturing all over England; has fifty pounds for each Lecture: and says he is ashamed of the Fortune he is making. But he deserves it.

And now for my poor Studies. I have read really very little except Persian since you went: and yet, from want of Eyes, not very much of that. I have gone carefully over two thirds of Hafiz again with Dictionary and Von Hammer: and gone on with Jámí and Nizámí. But my great Performance all lies in the last five weeks since I have been alone here; when I wrote to Napoleon Newton to ask him to lend

me his MS. of Attár's Mantic uttair; and, with the help of Garcin de Tassy¹ have nearly made out about two-thirds of it. For it has greatly interested me, though I confess it is always an old Story. The Germans make a Fuss about the Súfi Doctrine; but, as far as I understand, it is not very abstruse Pantheism, and always the same. One becomes as wearied of the *man-i* and *du-i* in their Philosophy as of the *bulbul* &c. in their Songs. Attár's Doctrine seems to me only Jámí and Jeláledín (of whom I have poked out a little from the MS. you bought for me), but his Mantic has, like Salámán, the advantage of having a Story to hang all upon; and some of his illustrative Stories are very agreeable: better than any of the others I have seen. He has not so much Fancy or Imagination as Jámí, nor I dare say, so much depth as Jeláledín; but his touch is lighter. I mean to make a Poetic Abstract of the Mantic, I think: neither De Tassy nor Von Hammer² gives these Stories which are by far the best part, though there are so many childish and silly ones. Shah Máhmúd figures in the best. I am very pleased at having got on so well with this MS. though I doubt at more cost of Eyesight than it is worth. I have exchanged several Letters with Mr Newton, though by various mischances we have not yet met; he has however introduced me to Mr Dowson of the Asiatic, with whom, or with a certain Seyd Abdúllah recommended by Allen, I mean (I think) to read a little. No need of this had you remained behind! Oh! how I should like to read the Mantic with you! It is very easy in the main. But I believe I shall never see you again; I really do believe that. And my

¹ In his 'Mémoire sur la poesie philosophique et religieuse chez les Persans.' His edition of the text of Attár's poem came out in 1857, but the French translation only in 1863.

² In his 'Geschichte der schönen Redekünste Persiens.'

Paper is gradually overcome as I write this: and I must say Good Bye. Good Bye, my dear dear Friends! I dare not meddle with Mr and Mrs Charlesworth¹. Thackeray coming in overset me, with one thing and another. Farewell. Write to me; direct—whither? For till I see better how we get on I dare fix on no place to live or die in. Direct to me at Crabbe's, Bredfield, till you hear further.

24 PORTLAND TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK.

Saturday *January 23* [? 24] 1857.

My dear E. B. C.,

I must write you a second Letter (which will reach you, I suppose, by the same Post as that which I posted on Thursday Jan. 22) to tell you that not half an hour after I had posted that first Letter, arrived yours! And now, to make the Coincidence stranger, your brother Charles, who is now with us for two days, tells me that very Thursday Jan. 24 (? 22) is your Birthday! I am extremely obliged to you for your long, kind, and interesting Letter: yes, yes: I should have liked to be on the Voyage with you, and to be among the Dark People with you even now. Your Brother Charles, who came up yesterday, brought us up your Home Letter, and read it to us last night after Tea to our great Satisfaction. I believe that in my already posted Letter I have told you much that you enquire about in yours received half an hour after: of my poor Studies at all events. This morning I have been taking the Physiognomy of the 19th Birds.... There are, as I wrote you, very pleasant stories. One, of a Shah returning to his Capital, and his People dressing out a Welcome for him, and bringing out Presents

¹ Mrs Cowell's father and mother.

of Gold, Jewels, &c. all which he rides past without any Notice, till, coming to the Prison, the Prisoners, by way of their Welcome, toss before him the Bloody Heads and Limbs of old and recent Execution. At which the Shah for the first time stops his Horse—smiles—casts Largess among the Prisoners &c. And when asked why he neglected all the Jewels &c. and stopped with satisfaction at such a grim welcome as the Prisoners threw him, he says, ‘The Jewels &c. were but empty Ostentation—but those bloody Limbs prove that my Law has been executed, without which none of those Heads and Carcases would have parted Company &c.’ De Tassy notices a very agreeable Story of Mahmúd and the Lad fishing: and I find another as pleasant about Mahmúd consorting ‘incog:’ with a Bath-Stove-Keeper, who is so good a Fellow that, at last, Mahmúd, making himself known, tells the Poor Man to ask what he will—a Crown, if he likes. But the poor Fellow says, ‘All I ask is that the Shah will come now and then to me as I am, and here where I am; here, in this poor Place, which he has made illustrious with his Presence, and a better Throne to me with Him, than the Throne of Both Worlds without Him &c.’ You observed perhaps in De Tassy’s Summary that he notices an Eastern Form of William Tell’s Apple? A Sultan doats on a beautiful Slave, who yet is seen daily to pine away under all the Shah’s Favour, and being askt why, replies, ‘Because every day the Shah, who is a famous Marksman with the Bow, shoots at an Apple laid on my Head, and always hits it; and when all the Court cries “Lo! the Fortune of the King!” He also asks me why I turn pale under the Trial, he being such a Marksman, and his Mark an Apple set on the Head he most doats upon?’ I am going to transcribe on the next Page a rough Draft of a Version of another

Story, because all this will amuse you, I think. I couldn't help running some of these Apologues into Verse as I read them: but they are in a very rough state as yet, and so perhaps may continue, for to correct is the Bore.

When Yúsúf from his Father's House was torn,
His Father's Heart was utterly forlorn;
And, like a Pipe with but one note, his Tongue
Still nothing but the name of Yúsúf rung.
Then down from Heaven's Branches came the Bird
Of Heaven, and said "God wearies of that Word.
Hast thou not else to do, and else to say?"
So Yacúb's lips were sealed from that Day.
But one Night in a Vision, far away
His Darling in some alien Home he saw,
And stretch'd his Arms forth; and between the Awe
Of God's Displeasure, and the bitter Pass
Of Love and Anguish, sigh'd forth an *Alas!*
And stopp'd—But when he woke The Angel came,
And said, 'Oh, faint of purpose! Though the Name
Of that Belovèd were not utter'd by
Thy Lips, it hung sequester'd in that Sigh.'

You see this is very imperfect, and I am not always quite certain of always getting the right Sow by the Ear; but it is pretty anyhow. In this, as in several other Stories, one sees the fierce vindictive Character of the Eastern Divinity and Religion: a 'jealous God' indeed! So there is another Story of a poor Hermit, who retires into the Wilderness to be alone with God, and lives in a Tree, and there in the Branches a little Bird has a Nest, and sings so sweetly that the poor old Man's Heart is drawn to it in spite of Himself; till a Voice from Heaven calls to Him—'What are you about? You have bought *Me* with your Prayers &c. and I *You* by some Largess of Grace: and is this Bargain to be

cancelled by the Piping of a little Bird¹?’ So I construe at least right or wrong....

Monday Jan. 25 [? 26]. Like your Journal, you see, I spread my Letter over more than a Day. On Saturday Night your Brother and I went to hear Thackeray lecture on George III.—very agreeable to me, though I did not think highly of the Lecture.... I should like to see Nizám’s Shírín, though I have not yet seen enough to care for in Nizámí. Get me a MS. if you can get a fair one; as also one of Attár’s Birds; of which however Garcin de Tassy gives hint of publishing a Text. There might be a good Book made of

¹ This Apologue FitzGerald afterwards turned into verse; but it remained an unfinished fragment. Professor Cowell has kindly filled up the gaps which were left.

A Saint there was who threescore Years and ten
In holy Meditation among Men
Had spent, but, wishing, ere he came to close
With God, to meet him in complete Repose,
Withdrew into the Wilderness, where he
Set up his Dwelling in an aged Tree
Whose hollow Trunk his Winter Shelter made,
And whose green branching Arms his Summer Shade.
And like himself a Nightingale one Spring
Making her Nest above his Head would sing
So sweetly that her pleasant Music stole
Between the Saint and his severer Soul,
And made him sometimes [heedless of his] Vows
Listening his little Neighbour in the Boughs.
Until one Day a sterner Music woke
The sleeping Leaves, and through the Branches spoke—
“What! is the Love between us two begun
And waxing till we Two were nearly One,
For three score Years of Intercourse unstirr’d
Of Men, now shaken by a little Bird;
And such a precious Bargain, and so long
A making, [put in peril] for a Song?”

about half the Text of the Original; for the Repetitions are many, and the stories so many of them not wanted. What a nice Book too would be the Text of some of the best Apologues in Jámí, Jeláledín, Attár, &c. with literal Translations!...

I was with Borrow¹ a week ago at Donne's, and also at Yarmouth three months ago: he is well, but not yet agreed with Murray. He read me a long Translation he had made from the Turkish: which I could not admire, and his Taste becomes stranger than ever.

24 PORTLAND TERRACE,
REGENT'S PARK.

My dear COWELL,

...March 12. You see I leave this Letter like an unfinished Picture; giving it a touch every now and then. Meanwhile it lies in a volume of Sir W. Ouseley's Travels. Meanwhile also I keep putting into shape some of that Mantic which however would never do to publish. For this reason; that anything like a literal Translation would be, I think, unreadable; and what I have done for amusement is not only so unliteral, but I doubt unoriental, in its form and Expression, as would destroy the value of the Original without replacing it with anything worth reading of my own. It has amused me however to reduce the Mass into something of an Artistic Shape. There are lots of Passages which—how should I like to talk them over with you! Shall we ever meet again? I think not; or not in such plight, both of us, as will make Meeting what it used to be. Only to day I have been opening dear old Salámán: the original Copy we bought and began this time three years

¹ George Borrow, Author of *The Bible in Spain* &c.

ago at Oxford ; with all my scratches of Query and Explanation in it, and the Notes from you among the Leaves. How often I think with Sorrow of my many Harshnesses and Impatiences! which are yet more of manner than intention. My wife is sick of hearing me sing in a doleful voice the old Glee of 'When shall we Three Meet again?' Especially the Stanza, 'Though in foreign Lands we sigh, Parcht beneath a hostile Sky &c.' How often too I think of the grand Song written by some Scotch Lady, which I sing to myself for you on Ganges Banks!

Slow spreads the Gloom my Soul desires,
The Sun from India's Shore retires:
To *Orwell's* Bank, with temperate ray—
Home of my Youth!—he leads the Day:
Oh Banks to me for ever dear,
Oh Stream whose Murmur meets my Ear;
Oh all my Hopes of Bliss abide
Where Orwell mingles with the Tide.

The Music has come to me for these Words, little good otherwise than expressive: but there is no use sending it to India. To India! It seems to me it would be easy to get into the first great Ship and never see Land again till I saw the Mouth of the Ganges! and there live what remains of my shabby Life.

But there is no good in all such Talk. I never write to you about Politics in which you know I little meddle. ...March 20. Why, see how the Time goes! And here has my Letter been lying in Sir W. Ouseley for the last ten days, I suppose: To-day I have been writing twenty pages of a metrical Sketch of the Mantic, for such uses as I told you of. It is an amusement to me to take what Liberties I like with these Persians, who (as I think) are not Poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who

really do want a little Art to shape them. I don't speak of Jelâleddîn whom I know so little of (enough to show me that he is no great Artist, however), nor of Hafiz, whose *best* is untranslatable because he is the best Musician of Words. Old Johnson¹ said the Poets were the best Preservers of a Language: for People must go to the Original to relish them. I am sure that what Tennyson said to you is true: that Hafiz is the most Eastern—or, he should have said, most *Persian*—of the Persians. He is the best representative of their character, whether his Sáki and Wine be real or mystical. Their Religion and Philosophy is soon seen through, and always seems to me *cuckooed* over like a borrowed thing, which people, once having got, don't know how to parade enough. To be sure, their Roses and Nightingales are repeated enough; but Hafiz and old Omar Khayyám ring like true Metal. — The Philosophy of the Latter is, alas!, one that never fails in the World. 'To-day is ours, &c.'

While I think of it, why is the Sea² (in that Apologue of Attár once quoted by Falconer) supposed to have lost God? Did the Persians agree with something I remember in Plato about the Sea and all in it being of an inferior Nature, in spite of Homer's 'divine Ocean &c.' And here I come to the end of my sheet, which you will hardly get through, I think. I scarce dare to think of reading it over. But I will try.

¹ Boswell's Johnson, 11 April 1776.

² This struck E. F. G. so much that he introduced it into Omar Khayyám, stanza xxxvi. Professor Cowell writes, 'I well remember shewing it to FitzGerald and reading it with him in his early Persian days at Oxford in 1855. I laughed at the quaintness; but the idea seized his imagination from the first, and, like Virgil with Ennius rough jewels, his genius detected gold where I had seen only tinsel. He has made two grand lines out of it.'

24 PORTLAND TERRACE,
REGENCY PARK.

March 29, [1857].

My dear COWELL,

I only posted my last long letter four days ago: and how far shall I get with this? Like the other, I keep it in Sir W. Ouseley, and note down a bit now and then. When the time for the Mail comes, the sheet shall go whether full or not. I had a letter from your Mother telling me she had heard from you—all well—but the Heats encreasing. I suppose the Crocuses we see even in these poor little Gardens hereabout would wither in a Glance of your Sun. Now the black Trees in the Regent's Park opposite are beginning to show green Buds; and Men come by with great Baskets of Flowers; Primroses, Hepaticas, Crocuses, great Daisies &c. calling as they go, 'Growing, Growing, Growing! All the Glory going!' So my wife says she has heard them call: some old Street cry, no doubt, of which we have so few now remaining. It will almost make you smell them all the way from Calcutta. 'All the Glory going!' What has put me upon beginning with this Sheet so soon is, that, (having done my Will for the present with the Mantic—one reason being that I am afraid to meddle more with N. Newton's tender MS., and another reason that I now lay by what I have sketched out so as to happen on it again one day with fresh eyes)—I say, this being shelved, I took up old Hafiz again, and began with him where I left off in November at Brighton. And this morning came to an ode we did together this time two years ago when you were at Spiers' in Oxford... How it brought all back to me! Oriel opposite, and the Militia in Broad Street, and the old Canary-coloured Sofa and the Cocoa or Tea on the Table!...

I should think Bramford begins to look pretty about this time, hey, Mr Cowell? And Mrs Cowell? There is a house there constantly advertised to let in the Papers. I think that one by the Mill; not the pleasant place where *Trygæus*¹ looked forth on the Rail! 'The Days are gone when Beauty bright &c.'...

Spedding has been once here in near three months. His Bacon keeps coming out: his part, the Letters &c. of Bacon, is not come yet; so it remains to be seen what he will do then: but I can't help thinking he has let the Pot boil too long. Well, here is a great deal written to-day: and I shall shut up the Sheet in Ouseley again. March 30. Another reason for thinking the *máhi* which supports the world to be only a *myth* of the simple Fish genus is that the stage next above him is *Gau*, the Bull, as the Symbol of *Earth*. It seems to me one sees this as it were pictured in those Assyrian Sculptures; just some waving lines and a fish to represent Water &c. And it hooks on, I think, to Max Müller's Theory in that Essay² of his. Saturday, April 4. Why, we are creeping toward another Post day! another 25th when the 'Viâ Marseilles' Letters go off! And I now renew this great Sheet, because in returning to old Hafiz two or three days ago, I happened on a line which you will confer with a Tetrastich of Omar's... Donne has got the Licenser's Post; given him in the handsomest way by Lord Bredalbane to whom the Queen as handsomely committed it. The said Donne has written an Article on Calderon in Fraser³, in which he says very handsome things of me, but is not accurate in what he says. I suppose it was he wrote an Article in the Saturday Review some

¹ A retired clergyman who lived at Bramford.

² On Comparative Mythology. Oxford Essays, 1856.

³ Fraser's Magazine for April 1857.

months ago to the same effect ; but I have not asked him. I find people like that Calderon book. By the bye again, what is the passage I am to write out for you from the Volume you gave me, the old Bramford Volume, 'E. B. Cowell, Bramford, Aug. 20, 1849?' Tell me, and I will write it in my best style: I have the Volume here in my room, and was looking into it only last night ; at that end of the *Magico* which we read together at Elmsett ! I don't know if I could translate it now that the '*æstus*' caught from your sympathy is gone !... April 5. In looking into the '*Secreto Agravio*' I saw an Oriental superstition, which was likely enough however to be a poetical fancy of any nation : I mean, the Sun turning Stone to Ruby &c. Enter Don Luis : 'Soy mercador, y trato en los Diamantes, que hoy son Piedras, y rayos fueron antes de Sol, que perficiona é ilumina rústico Grano en la abrasada Mina.' The Partridge in the Mantic tells something of the same ; he digs up and swallows Rubies which turn his Blood to Fire inside him and sparkle out of his Eyes and Bill. This volume of Calderon is marked by the Days on which you finished several Plays, all at Bramford ! Wednesday, April 8. I have been reading the '*Mágico*' over and remembering other days ; I saw *us* sitting at other tables reading it. Also I am looking over old *Æschylus*—*Agamemnon*—with Blackie's Translation.... Is it in *Hafiz* we have met the Proverb (about *pregnant* Night) which *Clytemnestra* also makes her Entry with [264, 5]? εὐάγγελος μὲν, ὥσπερ ἡ παροιμία, ἕως γένοιτο μητρὸς εὐφρόνης πάρα. I think one sees that the Oriental borrowed this Fancy, which smacks of the Grecian Deification of Mother Night. What an Epitaph for a Warrior are those two Greek words by which the Chorus express all that returns to Mycenæ of the living Hero who went forth [435]—τεύχη καὶ σποδός !

Well; and I have had a note from Garcin de Tassy whom I had asked if he knew of any copy of Omar Khayyám in all the Paris Libraries: he writes 'I have made, by means of a Friend &c.' But I shall enclose his Note to amuse you. Now what I mean to do is, in return for his politeness to me, to copy out as well as I can the Tetrastichs as you copied them for me, and send them as a Present to De Tassy. Perhaps he will edit them. I should not wish him to do so if there were any chance of your ever doing it; but I don't think you will help on the old Pantheist, and De Tassy really, after what he is doing for the Mantic, deserves to make the acquaintance of this remarkable little Fellow. Indeed I think you will be pleased that I should do this. Now for some more Æschylus. Friday, April 17. I have been for the last five days with my brother at Twickenham; during which time I really copied out Omar Khayyám, in a way! and shall to-day post it as a '*cadeau*' to Garcin de Tassy in return for his Courtesy to me. I am afraid, a bad return: for my MS. is but badly written and it would perhaps more plague than profit an English 'savant' to have such a present made him. But a Frenchman gets over all this very lightly. Garcin de Tassy tells me he has printed four thousand lines of the Mantic. And here is April running away and it will soon be time to post you another Letter! When I once get into the Country I shall have less to write you about than now; and that, you see, is not much.

Tuesday, April 21. Yours and your wife's dear good Letters put into my hand as I sit in the sunshine in a little Balcony outside the Windows looking upon the quite green hedge side of the Regent's Park. For Green it is thus early, and such weather as I never remember before at this Season. Well, your Letters, I say, were put into my hand

as I was there looking into Æschylus under an Umbrella, and waiting for Breakfast. My wife cried a good deal over your wife's Letter, I think, I think so. Ah me! I would not as yet read it, for I was already sad; but I shall answer hers to me which I did read indeed with many thoughts: perhaps I can write this post; at least I will clear off this letter to you, my dear Cowell. E. F. G.

April 21.

My dear Lady, I have told E. B. C. at the close of my long letter to him how his and yours were put into my hand this morning. Well, as in telling him that I finished that sheet of Paper, I will e'en take one scrap more to thank you; and (since you have, I believe, some confidences together) some things I have yet got to say to him shall be addressed to you; and you can exercise your own discretion as to telling him. One thing tell him however, which my overflowing Sheet had not room for, and was the very thing that most needed telling: viz. that he, a busy man, must not feel bound to write me as long Letters in return. Who knows how long I shall keep up any thing like to my own mark; for I daily grow worse with the Letter-pen: and beside his other employments, the Sun of India will '*belaze*' him (I doubt if the word be in Johnson). But '*vogue la Galère*' while the wind blows! Again you may give him the enclosed instead of a former Letter from the same G. de T. For is it not odd he should not have time to read a dozen of those 150 Tetrastichs? I pointed out such a dozen to him of the best, and told him if he liked them I would try and get the rest better written for him than I could write. I had also told him that the whole thing came from E. B. C. and I now write to tell him I have no sort of intention of writing a paper in the Journal Asiatique, nor I

suppose E. B. C. neither. G. de Tassy is very civil to me however. How much I might say about your Letter to me! you will hardly comprehend how it is I almost turn my Eyes from it in this Answer, and dally with other matter. You make me sad with old Memories; yet, I don't mean quite disagreeably sad, but enough to make me shrink recurring to them, I don't know whether to be comforted or not when *you* talk of India as a Land of Exile—...

Wednesday, April 22. Now this morning comes a second Letter from Garcin de Tassy saying that his first note about Omar Khayyám was 'in haste': that he has read some of the Tetrastichs which he finds not very difficult; some difficulties which are probably errors of the 'copist'; and he proposes his writing an Article in the Journal Asiatique on it in which he will 'honourably mention' E. B. C. and E. F. G. I now write to deprecate all this¹: putting it on the ground (and a fair one) that we do not yet know enough of the matter: that I do not wish E. B. C. to be made answerable for errors which E. F. G. (the '*copist*') may have made: and that E. F. G. neither merits nor desires any honourable mention as a Persian Scholar: being none. Tell E. B. C. that I have used his name with all caution, referring De Tassy to Vararuchi &c. But these Frenchmen are so self-content and superficial, one never knows how they will take up anything. To turn to other matters—we are talking of leaving this place almost directly... I often wonder if I shall ever see you both again! Well, for the present Adieu, Adieu, Adieu!

¹ M. Garcin de Tassy scrupulously observed this injunction in his Note sur les Rubá'iyât de 'Omar Khayyám, which appeared in the Journal Asiatique.

LONDON, *May* 7/57.

My dear COWELL,

Owing partly to my own Stupidity, and partly to a change in the India Post days, my last two letters (to you and wife) which were quite ready by the Marseilles Post of April 25th will not get off till the Southampton Mail of this May 10. Your Letter of March 21 reached me three days ago. Write only when you have Leisure and Inclination, and only as much as those two good things are good for: I will do the same. I will at once say (in reply to a kind offer you make to have Hatifi's 'Haft Paikar' copied for me) that it will [be] best to wait till you have read it; you know me well enough to know whether it will hit my taste. However, if it be but a very short poem, no harm would be done by a Copy: but do let me be at the Charges of such things. I will ask for Hatifi's Laili: but I didn't (as you know) take much to what little I saw. As to any copies Allen might have had, I believe there is no good asking for them: for, only yesterday going to put into Madden's hands Mr Newton's MS. of the Mantic, I saw Allen's house *kharáb*. There had been a Fire there, Madden told me, which had destroyed stock &c., but I could not make much out of the matter, Madden putting on a Face of foolish mystery. You can imagine it? We talked of you, as you may imagine also: and I believe in that he is not foolish. Well, and to-day I have a note from the great De Tassy which announces, 'My dear Sir, Definitively I have written a little Paper upon Omar with some Quotations taken here and there at random, avoiding only the too badly sounding *rubayát*. I have read that paper before the Persian Ambassador and suite, at a meeting of the Oriental Society of which I am Vice President, the Duc de Dondeau-

ville being president. The Ambassador has been much pleased of my quotations.' So you see I have done the part of an ill Subject in helping France to ingratiate herself with Persia when England might have had the start! I suppose it probable *Ferukh Khan* himself had never read or perhaps heard of Omar. I think I told you in my last that I had desired De Tassy to say nothing about you in any Paper he should write; since I cannot have you answerable for any blunders I may have made in my Copy, nor may you care to be named with Omar at all. I hope the Frenchman will attend to my desire; and I dare say he will, as he will then have all credit to himself. He says he can't make out the metre of the *rubayât* at all—never could—though 'I am enough skilful in scanning the Persian verses as you have seen' (Q^y?) 'in my Prosody of the languages of Musulman Countries &c.' So much for De Tassy. No; but something more yet: and better, for he tells me his Print of the Mantic is finisht, 'in proofs,' and will be out in about a Month: and he will send me one. Now, my dear Cowell, can't I send one to you? Yes, we must manage that somehow.

Well, I have not turned over Johnson's Dictionary for the last month, having got hold of Æschylus. I think I want to turn his Trilogy into what shall be readable English Verse; a thing I have always thought of, but was frightened at the Chorus. So I am now; I can't think them so fine as People talk of: they are terribly maimed; and all such Lyrics require a better Poet than I am to set forth in English. But the better Poets won't do it; and I cannot find one readable translation. I shall (if I make one) make a very free one; not for Scholars, but for those who are ignorant of Greek, and who (so far as I have seen) have never been induced to learn it by any Translations yet

) made of these Plays. I think I shall become a bore, of the Bowring order, by all this Translation: but it amuses me without any labour, and I really think I have the faculty of making some things readable which others have hitherto left unreadable. But don't be alarmed with the anticipation of another sudden volume of Translations; for I only sketch out the matter, then put it away; and coming on it one day with fresh eyes trim it up with some natural impulse that I think gives a natural air to all. So I have put away the Mantic. When I die, what a farrago of such things will be found! Enough of such matter...

Friday, June 5! What an interval since the last sentence! And why? Because I have been moving about nearly ever since till yesterday, and my Letter, thus far written, was packt up in a Box sent down hither, namely, Gorlestone Cliffs, Great Yarmouth. Instead of the Regent's Park, and Regent Street, here before my windows are the Vessels going in and out of this River: and Sailors walking about with fur caps and their brown hands in their Breeches Pockets. Within hail almost lives George Borrow who has lately published, and given me, two new Volumes of Lavengro called 'Romany Rye,' with some excellent things, and some very bad (as I have made bold to write to him—how shall I face him!). You would not like the Book at all, I think. But I must now tell you an odd thing, which will also be a sad thing to you. I left London last Tuesday fortnight for Bedfordshire, meaning to touch at Hertford in passing; but, as usual, bungled between two Railroads and got to Bedford, and not to Hertford, on the Tuesday Evening. To that latter place I had wanted to go, as well to see it, as to see N. Newton, who had made one or two bungled efforts to see me in London. So, when I got to Bedford, I wrote him a line to say how it

was I had missed him. On the very Saturday immediately after, I received a Hertford Paper announcing the sudden Death of N. Newton on the very Tuesday on which I had set out to see him! He had been quite well till the Saturday preceding: had then caught some illness (I suppose some infectious fever) which had been visiting some in his house; died on the Tuesday, and was buried on the Thursday after! What will Austin do without him? He had written to me about your Hafiz saying he had got several subjects for Illustration, and I meant to have a talk with him on the matter. What should be done? I dare not undertake any great responsibility in meddling in such a matter even if asked to do so, which is not likely to be unless on your part; for I find my taste so very different from the Public that what I think good would probably be very unprofitable.

When in Bedfordshire I put away almost all Books except Omar Khayyám!, which I could not help looking over in a Paddock covered with Buttercups and brushed by a delicious Breeze, while a dainty racing Filly of W. Browne's came startling up to wonder and snuff about me. 'Tempus est quo Orientis Aurâ mundus renovatur, Quo de fonte pluviali dulcis Imber reseratur; *Musi-manus* undecumque ramos insuper splendescit; Jesu-spiritusque Salutaris terram pervagatur.' Which is to be read as Monkish Latin, like 'Dies Iræ' &c., retaining the Italian value of the Vowels, not the Classical. You will think me a perfectly Aristophanic Old Man when I tell you how many of Omar I could not help running into such bad Latin. I should not confide such follies but to you who won't think them so, and who will be pleased at least with my still harping on our old Studies. You would be sorry, too, to think that Omar breathes a sort of Consolation to me! Poor Fellow; I

think of him, and Oliver Basselin, and Anacreon; lighter Shadows among the Shades, perhaps, over which Lucretius presides so grimly.—Thursday, June 11. Your letter of April is come to hand, very welcome; and I am expecting the MS. Omar which I have written about to London. And now with respect to your proposed Fraser Paper on Omar. You see a few lines back I talk of some lazy Latin Versions of his Tetrastichs, giving one clumsy example. Now I shall rub up a few more of those I have sketched in the same manner, in order to see if you approve, if not of the thing done, yet of

(letter breaks off abruptly at the end of the page.)

June 23. I begin another Letter because I am looking into the Omar MS. you have sent me, and shall perhaps make some notes and enquiries as I go on. I had not intended to do so till I had looked all over and tried to make out what I could of it; since it is both pleasant to oneself to find out for oneself if possible, and also saves trouble to one's friends. But yet it will keep me talking with you as I go along: and if I find I say silly things or clear up difficulties for myself before I close my Letter (which has a month to be open in!) why, I can cancel or amend, so as you will see the whole Process of Blunder. I think this MS. furnishes some opportunities for one's critical faculties, and so is a good exercise for them, if one wanted such! First however I must tell you how much ill poor Crabbe has been: a sort of Paralysis, I suppose, in two little fits, which made him think he was sure to die: but Dr Beck at present says he may live many years with care. Of this also I shall be able to tell you more before I wind up. The brave old Fellow! he was quite content to depart, and had his Daughter up to give her his Keys, and

tell her where the different wines were laid! I must also tell you that Borrow is greatly delighted with your MS. of Omar which I showed him: delighted at the terseness so unusual in Oriental Verse. But his Eyes are apt to cloud: and his wife has been obliged, he tells me, to carry off even the little Omar out of reach of them for a while....

June 27. Geldestone Hall. I brought back my two Nieces here yesterday: and to-day am sitting as of old in my accustomed Bedroom, looking out on a Landscape which your Eyes would drink. It is said there has not been such a Flush of Verdure for years: and they are making hay on the Lawn before the house, so as one wakes to the tune of the Mower's scythe-whetting, and with the old Perfume blowing in at open windows....

July 1. June over! A thing I think of with Omar-like sorrow. And the Roses here are blowing—and going—as abundantly as even in Persia. I am still at Geldestone, and still looking at Omar by an open window which gives over a Greener Landscape than yours. To-morrow my eldest Nephew, Walter Kerrich, whom I first took to school, is to be married in the Bermudas to a young Widow. He has chosen his chosen sister Andalusia's Birthday to be married on: and so we are to keep that double Festival....

Extract from letter begun 3 July, 1857.

Monday, July 13. This day year was the last I spent with you at Rushmere! We dined in the Evening at your Uncle's in Ipswich, walking home at night together. The night before (yesterday year) you all went to Mr Maude's Church, and I was so sorry afterward I had not gone with you too; for the last time, as your wife said. One of my manifold stupidities, all avenged in a Lump now! I think

I shall close this letter to-morrow: which will be the Anniversary of my departure from Rushmere. I went from you, you know, to old Crabbe's. Is he too to be wiped away by a yet more irrecoverable exile than India? By to-morrow I shall have finisht my first Physiognomy of Omar, whom I decidedly prefer to any Persian I have yet seen, unless perhaps Salámán.

Tuesday, July 14. Here is the Anniversary of our Adieu at Rushmere. And I have been (rather hastily) getting to an end of my first survey of the Calcutta Omar, by way of counterpart to our joint survey of the Ouseley MS. then. I suppose we spoke of it this day year; probably had a final look at it together before I went off, in some Gig, I think, to Crabbe's. We hear rather better Report of him, if the being likely to live a while longer is better. I shall finish my Letter to-day; only leaving it open to add any very particular word. I must repeat I am sure this Calcutta Omar is, in the same proportion with the Ouseley, by as good a hand as the Ouseley: by as good a hand, if not Omar's; which I think you seemed to doubt if it was, in one of your letters....

Have I previously asked you to observe 486, of which I send a poor Sir W. Jones' sort of Parody which came into my mind walking in the Garden here; where the Rose is blowing as in Persia? And with this poor little Envoy my Letter shall end. I will not stop to make the Verse better.

I long for wine! oh Sáki of my Soul,
Prepare thy Song and fill the morning Bowl;
For this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Takes many a Sultan with it as it goes.

RUSHMERE, *October 3/57.*

My dear COWELL,

I hope things will not be so black with you and us by the time this Letter reaches you, but you may be amused and glad to have it from me. Not that I have come into Suffolk on any cheerful Errand: I have come to bury dear old Mr Crabbe! I suppose you have had some Letters of mine telling you of his Illness; Epileptic Fits which came successively and weakened him gradually, and at last put him to his Bed entirely, where he lay some while unable to move himself or to think! They said he might lie so a long time, since he eat and drank with fair Appetite: but suddenly the End came on and after a twelve hours Stupor he died. On Tuesday September 22 he was buried; and I came from Bedfordshire (where I had only arrived two days before) to assist at it. I and Mr Drew were the only persons invited not of the Family: but there were very many Farmers and Neighbours come to pay respect to the remains of the brave old Man, who was buried, by his own desire, among the poor in the Churchyard in a Grave that he wishes to be no otherwise distinguisht than by a common Head and Footstone....

You may imagine it was melancholy enough to me to revisit the house when He who had made it so warm for me so often lay cold in his Coffin unable to entertain me any more! His little old dark Study (which I called the 'Cobbler's') smelt strong of its old Smoke: and the last Cheroot he had tried lay three quarters smoked in its little China ash-pan. This I have taken as a Relic, as also a little silver Nutmeg Grater which used to give the finishing Touch to many a Glass of good hot Stuff, and also had belonged to the Poet Crabbe....

Last night I had some of your Letters read to me: among them one but yesterday arrived, not very sunshiny in its prospects: but your Brother thinks the Times Newspaper of yesterday somewhat bids us look up. Only all are trembling for Lucknow crowded with Helplessness and Innocence! I am ashamed to think how little I understand of all these things: but have wiser men, and men in Place, understood much more? or, understanding, have they *done* what they should?...

Love to the dear Lady, and may you be now and for time to come safe and well is the Prayer of yours E. F. G.

[MERTON RECTORY].

September 3/58.

My dear COWELL,

...Now about my Studies, which, I think, are likely to dwindle away too. I have not turned to Persian since the Spring; but shall one day look back to it: and renew my attack on the 'Seven Castles,' if that be the name. I found the Jámí MS. at Rushmere: and there left it for the present: as the other Poem will be enough for me for my first onslaught. I believe I will do a little a day, so as not to lose what little knowledge I had. As to my Omar: I gave it to Parker in January, I think: he saying Fraser was agreeable to take it. Since then I have heard no more; so as, I suppose, they don't care about it: and may be quite right. Had I thought they would be so long however I would have copied it out and sent it to you: and I will still do so from a rough and imperfect Copy I have (though not now at hand) in case they show no signs of printing me. My Translation will interest you from its *Form*, and also in many respects in its *Detail*: very unliteral as it is. Many Quatrains are mashed together: and something lost, I doubt,

of Omar's Simplicity, which is so much a Virtue in him. But there it is, such as it is. I purposely said in the very short notice I prefixed to the Poem that it was so short because better Information might be furnished in another Paper, which I thought *you* would undertake. So it rests. Nor have I meddled with the Mantic lately: nor does what you say encourage me to do so. For what I had sketcht out was very paraphrase indeed. I do not indeed believe that any readable Account (unless a prose Analysis for the History and Curiosity of the Thing) will be possible, for *me* to do, at least. But I took no great pleasure in what I had done: and every day get more and more a sort of Terror at re-opening any such MS. My '*Go*' (such as it was) is *gone*, and it becomes *Work*: and the Upshot is not worth *working* for. It was very well when it was a Pleasure. So it is with Calderon. It is well enough to sketch such things out in warm Blood; but to finish them in cold! I wish I could finish the 'Mighty Magician' in my new way: which I know you would like, in spite of your caveat for the Gracioso. I have not wholly dropt the two Students, but kept them quite under; and brought out the religious character of the Piece into stronger Relief. But as I have thrown much, if not into Lyric, into Rhyme, which strikes a more Lyric Chord. I have found it much harder to satisfy myself than with the good old Blank Verse, which I used to manage easily enough. The '*Vida es Sueño*' again, though blank Verse, has been difficult to arrange; here also Clarin is not quenched, but subdued: as is all Rosaura's Story, so as to assist, and not compete with, the main Interest. I really wish I could finish these some lucky day: but, as I said, it is so much easier to leave them alone; and when I had done my best, I don't know if they are worth the pains, or whether any one (except you) would care for them even if

they were worth caring for. So much for my grand Performances, except that I amuse myself with jotting down materials (out of Vocabularies etc.) for a Vocabulary of *rural* English, or *rustic* English: that is, only the best country words selected from the very many Glossaries etc. relating chiefly to country matters, but also to things in general: words that carry their own story with them, without needing Derivation or Authority, though both are often to be found. I always say I have heard the Language of Queen Elizabeth's, or King Harry's Court, in the Suffolk Villages: better a great deal than that spoken in London Societies, whether Fashionable or Literary: and the homely [strength] of which has made Shakespeare, Dryden, South, and Swift, what they could not have been without it. But my Vocabulary if ever done will be a very little Affair—if ever done: for here again it is pleasant enough to jot down a word now and then, but not to equip all for the Press.

FARLINGAY, WOODBRIDGE. *Nov.* 2/58.

My dear COWELL,

...No. I have not read the *Jámí Díwán*; partly because I find my Eyes are none the better, and partly because I have now no one to "prick the sides of my Intent"; not even "Vaulting Ambition" now. I have got the Seven Castles¹ in my Box here and old Johnson's Dictionary; and these I shall strike a little Fire out of by and by: *Jámí* also in time perhaps. I have nearly finisht

¹ Hatifi's *Haft Paikar*, a poem on the Seven Castles of *Bahrám Gúr*, as I learn from Professor Cowell, 'each with its princess who lives in it, and tells *Bahrám* a story.' He adds, 'We always used the name with an understood playful reference to Corporal Trim's unfinished story of the King of Bohemia and *his* Seven Castles.'

a metrical Paraphrase and Epitome of the Mantic: but you would scarce like it, and who else would? It has amused me to give a 'Bird's Eye' View of the Bird Poem in some sixteen hundred lines. I do not think one could do it as Salámán is done. As to Omar, I hear and see nothing of it in Fraser yet: and so I suppose they don't want it. I told Parker he might find it rather dangerous among his Divines: he took it however, and keeps it. I really think I shall take it back; add some Stanzas which I kept out for fear of being too strong; print fifty copies and give away; one to you, who won't like it neither. Yet it is most ingeniously tessellated into a sort of Epicurean Eclogue in a Persian Garden.

88 GT. PORTLAND ST., LONDON,

Jan. 13/59.

My dear COWELL,

I have been here some five weeks: but before my Letter reaches you shall probably have slid back into the Country somewhere. This is my old Lodging, but new numbered. I have been almost alone here: having seen even Spedding and Donne but two or three times. They are well and go on as before. Spedding has got out the seventh volume of Bacon, I believe: with Capital Prefaces to Henry VII. &c. But I have not yet seen it. After vol. viii. (I think) there is to be a Pause: till Spedding has set the Letters to his Mind. Then we shall see what he can make of his Blackamoor....

I am almost ashamed to write to you, so much have I forsaken Persian, and even all good Books of late. There is no one now to "prick the Sides of my Intent"; Vaulting Ambition having long failed to do so! I took my Omar from Fraser [? Parker], as I saw he didn't care for it; and also I want to enlarge it to near as much again, of such Matter as

he would not dare to put in Fraser. If I print it, I shall do the impudence of quoting your Account of Omar, and your Apology for his Freethinking: it is not wholly my Apology, but you introduced him to me, and your excuse extends to that which you have not ventured to quote, and I do. I like your Apology extremely also, allowing its Point of View. I doubt you will repent of ever having showed me the Book. I should like well to have the Lithograph Copy of Omar which you tell of in your Note. My Translation has its merit: but it misses a main one in Omar, which I will leave you to find out. The Latin Versions, if they were corrected into decent Latin, would be very much better.... I have forgotten to write out for you a little Quatrain which Binning found written in Persepolis; the Persian Tourists having the same propensity as English to write their Names and Sentiments on their national Monuments¹.

In the early part of 1859 his friend William Browne was terribly injured by his horse falling upon him and lingered in great agony for several weeks.

To W. B. Donne.

GOLDINGTON, BEDFORD.

March 26 [1859].

My dear DONNE,

Your folks told you on what Errand I left your house so abruptly. I was not allowed to see W. B. the day I came: nor yesterday till 3 p.m.; when, poor fellow, he tried to write a line to me, like a child's! and I went,

¹ See note on Omar Khayyám, stanza xviii.

and saw, no longer the gay Lad, nor the healthy Man, I had known: but a wreck of all that: a Face like Charles I. (after decapitation almost) above the Clothes: and the poor shattered Body underneath lying as it had lain eight weeks; such a case as the Doctor says he had never known. Instead of the light utterance of other days too, came the slow painful syllables in a far lower Key: and when the old familiar words, "Old Fellow—Fitz"—&c. came forth, so spoken, I broke down too in spite of foregone Resolution.

They thought he'd die last Night: but this Morning he is a little better: but no hope. He has spoken of me in the Night, and (if he wishes) I shall go again, provided his Wife and Doctor approve. But it agitates him: and Tears he could not wipe away came to his Eyes. The poor Wife bears up wonderfully.

To T. Carlyle.

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES.

June 20/59.

Dear CARLYLE,

Very soon after I called and saw Mrs Carlyle I got a violent cold, which (being neglected) flew to my Ears, and settled into such a Deafness I couldn't hear the Postman knock nor the Omnibus roll. When I began (after more than a Month) to begin recovering of this (though still so deaf as to determine not to be a Bore to any one else) I heard from Bedford that my poor W. Browne (who got you a Horse some fifteen years ago) had been fallen on and crushed all through the middle Body by one of his own: and I then kept expecting every Postman's knock was to announce his Death. He kept on however in a shattered

Condition which the Doctors told me scarce any one else would have borne a Week ; kept on for near two Months, and then gave up his honest Ghost. I went to bid him Farewell : and then came here (an Address you remember), only going to Lowestoft (on the Sea) to entertain my old George Crabbe's two Daughters, who, now living inland, are glad of a sight of the old German Sea, and also perhaps of poor Me. I return to Lowestoft (for a few days only) to-morrow, and shall perhaps see the Steam of your Ship passing the Shore. I have always been wanting to sail to Scotland : but my old Fellow-traveller is gone ! His Accident was the more vexatious as quite unnecessary—so to say—returning quietly from Hunting. But there's no use talking of it. Your Destinies and Silences have settled it.

I really had wished to go and see Mrs Carlyle again : I won't say you, because I don't think in your heart you care to be disturbed ; and I am glad to believe that, with all your Pains, you are better than any of us, I do think. You don't care what one thinks of your Books : you know I love so many : I don't care so much for Frederick so far as he's gone : I suppose you don't neither. I was thinking of you the other day reading in Aubrey's Wiltshire how he heard Cromwell one Day at Dinnèr (I think) at Hampton Court say that Devonshire showed the best Farming of any Part of England he had been in. Did you know all the Dawson Turner Letters ?

I see Spedding directs your Letter : which is nearly all I see of his MS. : though he would let me see enough of it if there were a good Turn to be done.

Please to give my best Remembrances to Mrs Carlyle, and believe me yours sincerely

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

To W. H. Thompson.

10 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT.

Nov. 27, 1859.

My dear THOMPSON,

After a Fortnight's Visit to my Sister's (where I caught Cold which flew at once to my Ears, and there hangs) I returned hither, as the nearest Place to go to, and here shall be till Christmas at all Events. I wish to avoid London this winter: and indeed seem almost to have done with it, except for a Day's Business or Sightseeing every now and then. Often should I like to roam about old Cambridge, and hear St Mary's Chimes at Midnight—but—but! This Place of course is dull enough: but here's the Old Sea (a dirty Dutch one to be sure) and Sands, and Sailors, a very fine Race of Men, far superior to those in Regent Street. Also the Dutchmen (an ugly set whom I can't help liking for old Neighbours) come over in their broad Bottoms and take in Water at a Creek along the Shore. But I believe the East winds get very fierce after Christmas, when the Sea has cooled down. You won't come here, to be sure: or I should be very glad to smoke a Cigar, and have a Chat: and I would take care to have a Fire in your Bedroom this time: a Negligence I was very sorry for in London.

I read, or was told, they wouldn't let old Alfred's Bust into your Trinity. They are right, I think, to let no one in there (as it should be in Westminster Abbey) till a hundred Years are past; when, after too much Admiration (perhaps) and then a Reaction of undue Dis-esteem, Men have settled into some steady Opinion on the subject: supposing always that the Hero survives so long, which of itself goes far to decide the Question. No doubt A. T. will do *that*.

To W. F. Pollock.

10 MARINE TERRACE,

LOWESTOFT.

Febr. 23/60.

My dear POLLOCK,

‘*Me voilà ici*’ still! having weathered it out so long. No bad Place, I assure you, though you who are accustomed to Pall Mall, Clubs &c. wouldn’t like it. Mudie finds one out easily: and the London Library too: and altogether I can’t complain of not getting such drowsy Books as I want. Hakluyt lasted a long while: then came Captain Cook, whom I hadn’t read since I was a Boy, and whom I was very glad to see again. But he soon evaporates in his large Type Quartos. I can hardly manage Emerson Tennent’s Ceylon: a very dry Catalogue Raisonnée of the Place. A little Essay of De Quincey’s gave me a better Idea of it (as I suppose) in some twenty or thirty pages. Anyhow, I prefer Lowestoft, considering the Snakes, Sand-leaches, Mosquitos &c. I suppose Russell’s Indian Diary is over-coloured: but I feel sure it’s true in the Main: and he has the Art to make one feel in the thick of it; quite enough in the Thick, however. Sir C. Napier came here to try and get the Beachmen to enlist in the Naval Reserve. Not one would go: they won’t give up their Independence: and so really half starve here during Winter. Then Spring comes and they go and catch the Herrings which, if left alone, would multiply by Millions by Autumn: and so kill their Golden Goose. They are a strange set of Fellows. I think a Law ought to be made against their Spring Fishing: more important, for their own sakes, than Game Laws.

I laid out half a crown on your Fraser¹: and liked much

¹ Article on ‘British Novelists’ in Fraser’s Magazine, Jan. 1860.

of it very much: especially the Beginning about the Advantage the Novelist has over the Playwriter. A little too much always about Miss Austen, whom yet I think quite capital in a Circle I have found quite unendurable to walk in. Thackeray's first Number was famous I thought: his own little Roundabout Paper so pleasant: but the Second Number, I say; lets the Cockney in already: about Hogarth: Lewes is vulgar: and I don't think one can care much for Thackeray's Novel. He is always talking so of himself, too. I have been very glad to find I could take to a Novel again, in Trollope's Barchester Towers &c.: not perfect, like Miss Austen: but then so much wider Scope: and perfect enough to make me feel I know the People though caricatured or carelessly drawn. I doubt if you can read my writing here: or whether it will be worth your Pains to do so. If you can, or can not, one Day write me a Line, which I will read. I suppose when the Fields and Hedges begin to grow green I shall move a little further inland to be among them.

To George Crabbe.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

Decr. 28/60.

My dear GEORGE,

...I forgot to tell you I really ran to London three weeks ago: by the morning Express, and was too glad to rush back by the Evening Ditto. I went up for a Business I of course did not accomplish: did not call on, or see, a Friend: couldn't get into the National Gallery: and didn't care a straw for Holman Hunt's Picture. No doubt, there is Thought and Care in it: but what an outcome of several Years and sold for several Thousands!

What Man with the Elements of a Great Painter could come out with such a costive Thing after so long waiting! Think of the Acres of Canvas Titian or Reynolds would have covered with grand Outlines and deep Colours in the Time it has taken to niggle this Miniature! The Christ seemed to me only a wayward Boy: the Jews, Jews no doubt: the Temple I dare say very correct in its Detail: but think of even Rembrandt's Woman in Adultery at the National Gallery; a much smaller Picture, but how much vaster in Space and Feeling! Hunt's Picture stifled me with its Littleness. I think Ruskin must see what his System has led to.

I have just got Lady Waterford's 'Babes in the Wood,' which are well enough, pretty in Colour: only, why has she made so bad a Portrait of one of her chief Performers, whose Likeness is so easily got at, the Robin Redbreast? This Lady Waterford was at Gillingham this Summer: and my Sister Eleanor said (as Thackeray had done) she was something almost to worship for unaffected Dignity.

MARKET-HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

Whitmonday [May 20, 1861].

My dear GEORGE,

...I take pleasure in my new little Boat: and last week went with her to Aldbro'; and she '*behaved*' very well both going and returning; though, to be sure there was not much to try her Temper. I am so glad of this fine Whit-Monday, when so many Holiday-makers will enjoy *theirselves*, and so many others make a little money by their Enjoyment. Our 'Rifles' are going to march to Grundisburgh, *manuring* and *skrimmaging* as they go, and also (as the Captain¹ hopes) recruiting. He is a right good

¹ Major Rolla Rouse of Melton.

little Fellow, I do believe. It is a shame the Gentry hereabout are so indifferent in the Matter: they subscribe next to nothing: and give absolutely nothing in the way of Entertainment or Attention to the Corps. But we are split up into the pettiest possible Squirarchy, who want to make the utmost of their little territory: cut down all the Trees, level all the old Violet Banks, and stop up all the Footways they can. The old pleasant way from Hasketon to Bredfield is now a Desert. I was walking it yesterday and had the pleasure of breaking down and through some Bushes and Hurdles put to block up a fallen Stile. I thought what your Father would have said of it all. And really it is the sad ugliness of our once pleasant Fields that half drives me to the Water where the Power of the Squirarchy stops.

MARKET-HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

June 4/61.

My dear GEORGE,

Let me know when you come into these Parts, and be sure I shall be glad to entertain you as well as I can if you come while I am here. Nor am I likely to be away further than Aldbro', so far as I see. I do meditate crossing one fine Day to Holland: to see the Hague, Paul Potter, and some Rembrandts at Rotterdam. This, however, is not to be done in my little Boat: but in some Trader from Ipswich. I also talk of a cruise to Edinburgh in one of their Schooners. But both these Excursions I reserve for such hot weather as may make a retreat from the Town agreeable. I make no advances to Farlingay, because (as yet) we have not had any such Heat as to bake the Houses here: and, beside, I am glad to be by the River. It is strange how sad the Country has become to me. I went inland to see Acton's Curiosities before the Auction: and

was quite glad to get back to the little Town again. I am quite clear I must live the remainder of my Life in a Town, but a little one, and with a strip of Garden to saunter in....

I go sometimes to see the Rifles drill, and shoot at their Target, and have got John¹ to ask them up to Boulge to practise some day: I must insinuate that he should offer them some Beer when they get there. It is a shame the Squires do nothing in the matter: take no Interest: offer no Encouragement, beyond a Pound or two in Money. And who are those who have most interest at stake in case of Rifles being really wanted? But I am quite assured that this Country is dying, as other Countries die, as Trees die, atop first. The lower Limbs are making all haste to follow....

By the bye, don't let me forget to ask you to bring with you my Persian Dictionary in case you come into these Parts. I read very very little: and get very desultory: but when Winter comes again must take to some dull Study to keep from Suicide, I suppose. The River, the Sea, &c. serve to divert one now.

Adieu. These long Letters prove one's Idleness.

To R. C. Trench².

MARKET-HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

July 3/61.

Dear Doctor TRENCH,

Thank you sincerely for the delightful little Journal³ which I had from you yesterday, and only wished to be a dozen times as long. The beautiful note at p. 75 speaks of much yet unprinted! It is a pity Mrs Kemble

¹ His brother.

² Dean of Westminster and afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

³ Journal of Mrs Trench, not then published.

had not read p. 79. I thought in the Night of 'the subdued Voice of Good Sense' and 'The Eye that invites you to look into it.' I doubt I can read, more or less attentively, most personal Memoirs: but I am equally sure of the superiority of this, in its Shrewdness, Humour, natural Taste, and Good Breeding. One is sorry for the account of Lord Nelson: but one cannot doubt it. It was at the time when he was intoxicated, I suppose, with Glory and Lady Hamilton. What your Mother says of the Dresden Madonna reminds me of what Tennyson once said: that the Attitude of The Child was that of a Man: but perhaps not the less right for all that. As to the Countenance, he said that scarce any Man's Face could look so grave and rapt as a Baby's could at times. He once said of his own Child's, 'He was a whole hour this morning worshipping the Sunshine playing on the Bedpost.' He never writes Letters or Journals: but I hope People will be found to remember some of the things he has said as naturally as your Mother wrote them¹.

To W. H. Thompson.

MARKET-HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

July 15/61.

My dear THOMPSON,

I was very glad to hear of you again. You need never take it to Conscience, not answering my Letters,

¹ In 1872 he wrote to me; 'I hope that others have remembered and made note of A. T.'s sayings—which hit the nail on the head. Had I continued to be with him, I would have risked being called another Boszy by the thankless World; and have often looked in vain for a Note Book I had made of such things.'

And again in 1876: 'He *said*, and I dare say, *says* things to be remembered: decisive Verdicts; which I hope some one makes note of: post me memoranda.'

further than that I really do want to hear you are well, and where you are, and what doing, from time to time. I have absolutely nothing to tell about myself, not having moved from this place since I last wrote, unless to our Sea coast at Aldbro', whither I run, or sail, from time to time to idle with the Sailors in their Boats or on their Beach. I love their childish ways: but they too degenerate. As to reading, my Studies have lain chiefly in some back Volumes of the New Monthly Magazine and some French Memoirs. Trench was good enough to send me a little unpublished Journal by his Mother: a very pretty thing indeed. I suppose he did this in return for one or two Papers on Oriental Literature which Cowell had sent me from India, and which I thought might interest Trench. I am very glad to hear old Spedding is really getting *his* Share of Bacon into Print: I doubt if it will be half as good as the "*Evenings*", where Spedding was in the *Passion* which is wanted to fill his Sail for any longer Voyage.

I have not seen his Paper on English Hexameters¹ which you tell me of: but I will now contrive to do so. I, however, believe in them: and I think the ever recurring attempts that way show there is some ground for such belief. To be sure, the Philosopher's Stone, and the Quadrature of the Circle, have had at least as many Followers.... Mrs Browning's Death is rather a relief to me, I must say: no more Aurora Leighs, thank God! A woman of real Genius, I know: but what is the upshot of it all? She and her Sex had better mind the Kitchen and their Children; and perhaps the Poor: except in such things as little Novels, they only devote themselves to what

¹ In Fraser's Magazine for June 1861, 'On translating Homer.'

Men do much better, leaving that which Men do worse or not at all.

It was finding some Bits of Letters and Poems of old Alfred's that made me wish to restore those I gave you to the number, as marking a by-gone time to me. That they will not so much do to you, who did not happen to save them from the Fire when the Volumes of 1842 were printing. But I would waive that if you found it good or possible to lay them up in Trinity Library in the Closet with Milton's! Otherwise, I would still look at them now and then for the few years I suppose I have to live....

This is a terribly long Letter: but, if it be legible sufficiently, will perhaps do as if I were spinning it in talk under the walls of the Cathedral. I dare not now even talk of going any visits: I can truly say I wish you could drop in here some Summer Day and take a Float with me on our dull River, which does lead to THE SEA some ten miles off.

You must think I have become very nautical, by all this: haul away at ropes, swear, dance Hornpipes &c. But it is not so: I simply sit in Boat or Vessel as in a moving Chair, dispensing a little Grog and Shag to those who do the work.

To E. B. Cowell.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

December 7/61.

My dear COWELL,

...I shall look directly for the passages in Omar and Hafiz which you refer to and clear up, though I scarce ever see the Persian Character now. I suppose you would think it a dangerous thing to edit Omar: else, who so proper? Nay, are you not the only Man to do it? And he certainly

is worth good re-editing. I thought him from the first the most remarkable of the Persian Poets: and you keep finding out in him Evidences of logical Fancy which I had not dreamed of. I dare say these logical Riddles are not his best: but they are yet evidences of a Strength of mind which our Persian Friends rarely exhibit, I think. I always said about Cowley, Donne &c. whom Johnson calls the metaphysical Poets, that their very Quibbles of Fancy showed a power of Logic which could follow Fancy through such remote Analogies. This is the case with Calderon's Conceits also. I doubt I have given but a very one-sided version of Omar: but what I do only comes up as a Bubble to the Surface, and breaks: whereas you, with exact scholarship, might make a lasting impression of such an Author. So I say of Jeláluddín, whom you need not edit in Persian, perhaps, unless in selections, which would be very good work: but you should certainly translate for us some such selections exactly in the way in which you did that apologue of Azrael¹. I don't know the value of the Indian Philosophy &c. which you tell me is a fitter exercise for the Reason: but I am sure that you should give us some of the Persian I now speak of, which you can do all so easily to yourself; yes, as a holiday recreation, you say, to your Indian Studies. As to India being 'your Place,' it may be: but as to your being lost in England, that could not be. You know I do not flatter....

I declare I should like to go to India as well as any where: and I believe it might be the best thing for me to do. But, always slow at getting under way as I have been all my Life, what is to be done with one after fifty! I am sure there is no longer any great pleasure living in this

¹ Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1860, pp. 1—17; published in 1861.

Country, so tost with perpetual Alarms as it is. One Day we are all in Arms about France. To-day we are doubting if To-morrow we may not be at War to the Knife with America! I say still, as I used, We have too much Property, Honour &c. on our Hands: our outward Limbs go on lengthening while our central Heart beats weaklier: I say, as I used, we should give up something before it is forced from us. The World, I think, may justly resent our being and interfering all over the Globe. Once more I say, would we were a little, peaceful, unambitious, trading, Nation, like—the Dutch !...

Adieu, my dear Cowell; once more, Adieu. I doubt if you can read what I have written. Do not forget my Love to your Wife. I wonder if we are ever to meet again: you would be most disappointed if we were!

To W. H. Thompson.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

Dec. 9/61.

My dear THOMPSON,

The MS. came safe to hand yesterday, thank you: and came out of its Envelope like a Ray of Old Times to my Eyes. I wish I had secured more leaves from that old "*Butcher's Book*" torn up in old Spedding's Rooms in 1842 when the Press went to work with, I think, the Last of old Alfred's Best. But that, I am told, is only a 'Crotchet.' However, had I taken some more of the Pages that went into the Fire, after serving in part for Pipe-lights, I might have enriched others with that which **A** himself would scarce have grudged, jealous as he is of such sort of Curiosity.

I have seen no more of Tannhäuser than the Athenæum showed me; and certainly do not want to see more. One wonders that Men of some Genius (as I suppose these are) should so disguise it in Imitation: but, if they be very young men, this is the natural course, is it not? By and by they may find their own Footing.

As to my own Peccadilloes in Verse, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of *Rubáiyát*. I had translated them partly for Cowell: young Parker asked me some years ago for something for Fraser, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using: and as I saw he didn't want them I printed some copies with Quaritch; and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a Copy, was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious Man: nor have I given any other Copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other Day, to whom I was showing a Passage in another Book which brought my old Omar up.

(end of letter lost.)

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

March 19/62.

My dear THOMPSON,

Thanks for your Letter in the middle of graver occupations. It will give me very great pleasure if you will come here: but not if you only do so out of kindness; I mean, if you have no other call of Business or Pleasure to yourself. For I don't deserve—

You should have sent me some Photograph. I hate them

nearly all: but S. Rice¹ was very good. I wonder you don't turn out well: I suppose, too black, is it? It is generally florid people, I think, who fail: yet, strange to say, my Brother Peter has come quite handsome in the Process....

I am all for a little Flattery in Portraits: that is, so far as, I think, the Painter or Sculptor should try at something more agreeable than anything he sees sitting to him: when People look either bored, or smirking: he should give the best possible Aspect which the Features before him *might* wear, even if the Artist had not seen that Aspect. Especially when he works for Friends or Kinsfolk: for even the plainest face has looked handsome to them at some happy moment, and just such we like to have perpetuated.

Now, I really do feel ashamed when you ask about my Persian Translations, though they are all very well: only very little affairs. I really have not the face to send to Milnes direct: but I send you four Copies which I have found in a Drawer here to do as you will with. This will save Milnes, or any one else, the bore of writing to me to acknowledge it.

My old Boat has been altered, I hope not spoiled; and I shall soon be preparing for the Water—and Mud. I don't think one can reckon on warm weather till after the Longest Day: but if you should come before, it will surely be warm enough to walk, or drive, if not to sail; and Leaves will be green, if the Tide should be out.

You would almost think I wanted to repay you in Compliment if I told you I regarded even your hasty Letters as excellent in all respects. I do, however: but I do not wish you to write one when you are busy or disinclined.

¹ The Hon. Stephen Spring Rice.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

Sept. 29/62.

My dear THOMPSON,

“What Cheer, ho!” I somehow fancy that a Line of Nonsense will catch you before you leave Ely: and yet, now I come to think, you will have left Ely, probably, and will be returning in another Fortnight to Cambridge for the Term. Well, I will direct to Cambridge then; and my Note shall await you there, and you need not answer it till some very happy hour of Leisure and Inclination. As to Inclination, indeed, I don’t think you will ever have much of that, toward writing such Letters, I mean; what sensible Man after forty has? You have done so much more (in my Eyes, and perhaps so much less in your own) coming all this way to see me! I did wonder at the Goodness of that. I suppose Spedding didn’t tell you that I wrote to him to say so. It was very unlucky I was out when you came: I have often thought of that with vexation.

Well, I have gone on Boating &c. just the same ever since. And just now I have been applying to Spring Rice to use his Influence to get a larger Buoy laid at the mouth of our River; across which lies a vile Bar of shifting Sand, and such a little Bit of a Buoy to mark it that we often almost miss it going in and out, and are in danger of running on the Shoal; which would break the Boat to Pieces if not drown us. Here is a fine Piece of Information to a Canon of Ely and Professor of Greek at Cambridge!

Spring Rice does not speak well, I think, of his health; not at all well, and his Handwriting looks shaky. What a Loyal Kind Heart it is!

To W. B. Donne.

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE,

Nov. 28/62.

My dear DONNE,

I talk indignantly against others bothering you, and do worse than all myself, I think, what with Book-bindings, Dressing-gowns &c. (N.B. You know that the last is only in case when you are going your Rounds to St. James &c.) Now I have a little Query to make: which, not being even so much out of your way, won't I hope trouble you. I remember Thompson telling me that, from what he had read and seen of Grecian Geography, he almost thought Clytemnestra's famous Account of the Line of Signal Fires from Troy to Mycenæ to be possible (I mean you know in the Agamemnon). At least this is what *I believe* he said: I must not assert from a not very accurate Memory anything that would compromise a Greek Professor: I am so ignorant of Geography, ancient as well as modern, I don't know exactly, or at all, the Points of the Beacons so enumerated: and Lempriere, the only Classic I have to refer to, doesn't help me in what I want. Will you turn to the passage, and tell me *what*, and *where*, are:

1. The Μακίστου σκοπαί—
2. The Μεσαπίου φύλακες—
3. The ὄρος Αἰγίπλαγκτον.

What, where, and why, so called? The rest I know, or can find in Dictionary, and Map. But for these—

Lempriere
Is no-where ;
Liddell and Scott
Don't help me a jot :
When I'm off, Donnegan
Don't help me *on again*.—

So I'm obliged to resort to old *Donne again* !

Rhyme and Epigram quite worthy of the German.

To W. H. Thompson.

Fragment of a letter written in Nov. 1862.

I took down a Juvenal to look for a Passage about the Loaded Waggon rolling through the Roman Streets¹. I couldn't find it. Do you know where it is? Not that you need answer this Question, which only comes in as if I were talking to you. I remember asking you whence Æschylus made his Agamemnon speak of Ulysses as unwilling at first to go on the Trojan Expedition. I see Paley refers it to some Poem called the Cypria quoted by Proclus. I was asking Donne the other Day as to some of the names of the Beacon-places in Clytemnestra's famous Speech: and I then said I *believed*—but only *believed*, as an inaccurate Man, not wishing to implicate others—that you, Thompson, had once told me that you thought the Chain of Fires *might* have passed from Troy to Mycenæ in the way described—*just possibly* MIGHT, I think—I assure you I took care not to commit your Credit by my uncertain Memory, whatever it was you said was only in a casual way over a Cigar. Are

¹ Sat. III. 254.

you for ἄτης θύελλαι—or ἄτης θυηλαὶ—ζῶσι¹, a point I don't care a straw about; so don't answer this neither.

No, I didn't go to the Exhibition: which, I know, looks like Affectation: but was honest Incuriosity and Indolence.

...On looking over Juvenal for the Lines I wanted I was amused at the prosaic Truth of one I didn't want—

Intolerabilius nihil est quam foemina dives².

To George Crabbe.

Dec. 20, 1862.

My dear GEORGE,

...I have been, and am, reading Borrow's 'Wild Wales,' which I like well, because I can hear him talking it. But I don't know if others will like it: anyhow there is too much of the same thing. Then what is meant for the plainest record of Conversation &c. has such Phrases as 'Marry come up' &c. which mar the sense of Authenticity. Then, no one writing better English than Borrow in general, there is the vile *Individual—Person—and Locality* always cropping up: and even this vulgar young Ladyism, 'The Scenery was beautiful *to a Degree*.' *What Degree?* When did this vile Phrase arise?

WOODBIDGE, June 8/63.

My dear GEORGE,

Your sister wrote me a very kind letter to tell of her safe Return home. I must repeat to you very sincerely that I never recollect to have passed a pleasanter week. As far as Company went, it was like old Times at Bredfield;

¹ Hermann's conjecture on Agam. 819.

² Sat. VI. 460.

and the Oak-trees were divine ! I never expected to care so very much for Trees, nor for your flat Country : but I really feel as one who has bathed in Verdure. I suppose Town-living makes one alive to such a Change.

I spent a long Day with Thompson¹ : and much liked the painted Roof. On Thursday I went to Lynn : which I took a Fancy to : the odd old Houses : the Quay : the really grand Inn (Duke's Head in the Market place) and the civil, Norfolk-talking, People. I went to Hunstanton, which is rather dreary : one could see the Country at Sandringham was good. I enquired fruitlessly about those Sandringham Pictures &c. : even the Auctioneer, whom I found in the Bar of the Inn, could tell nothing of where they had gone.

To W. B. Donne.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

Sat. July 18/63.

My dear DONNE,

...I can hardly tell you whether I am much pleased with my new Boat ; for I hardly know myself. She is (as I doubted would be from the first) rather awkward in our narrow River ; but then she was to be a good Sea-boat ; and I don't know but she is ; and will be better in all ways when we have got her in proper trim. Yesterday we gave her what they call "*a tuning*" in a rather heavy swell round Orford Ness : and she did well without a reef &c. But, now all is got, I don't any the more want to go far away by Sea, any more than by Land ; having no Curiosity left for other Places, and glad to get back to my own Chair and Bed after three or four Days' Absence. So long as I get on the

¹ At Ely.

Sea from time to time, it is much the same to me whether off Aldbro' or Penzance. And I find I can't sleep so well on board as I used to do thirty years ago : and not to get one's Sleep, you know, indisposes one more or less for the Day. However, we talk of Dover, Folkestone, Holland &c. which will give one's sleeping Talents a *tuning*.

To George Crabbe.

WOODBIDGE, *July 19*, [1863].

My dear GEORGE,

You tell me the Romney is at Gardner's : but where is Gardner's? And what was the Price of the Portrait? Laurence said well about Romney that, as compared to Sir Joshua and Gainsboro', his Pictures looked tinted, rather than painted ; the colour of the Cheek (for instance) rather superficially laid on, as rouge, rather than ingrained, and mantling like Blood from below. Laurence had seen those at last year's Exhibition : I have not seen near so many. I remember one that seemed to me capital at Lord Bute's in Bedfordshire.

I came home yesterday from a short Cruise to Yarmouth &c. where some people were interested in the Channel Fleet. But I could take no interest in Steam Ships and Iron Rams.

WOODBIDGE, *August 4*, [1863].

My dear GEORGE,

I have at last done my Holland : you won't be surprised to hear that I did it in two days, and was too glad to rush home on the first pretence, after (as usual) seeing nothing I cared the least about. The Country itself I had seen long before in Dutch Pictures, and between Beccles

and Norwich: the Towns I had seen in Picturesque Annuals, Drop Scenes &c.

But the Pictures—the Pictures—themselves?

Well, you know how I am sure to mismanage: but you will hardly believe, even of me, that I never saw what was most worth seeing, the Hague Gallery! But so it was: had I been by myself, I should have gone off directly (after landing at Rotterdam) to that: but Mr Manby was with me: and he thought best to see about Rotterdam first: which was last Thursday, at whose earliest Dawn we arrived. So we tore about in an open Cab: saw nothing: the Gallery not worth a visit: and at night I was half dead with weariness. Then again on Friday I, by myself, should have started for the Hague: but as Amsterdam was also to be done, we thought best to go there (as furthest) first. So we went: tore about the town in a Cab as before: and I raced through the Museum seeing (I must say) little better than what I have seen over and over again in England. I couldn't admire the Night-watch much: Van der Helst's very good Picture seemed to me to have been cleaned: I thought the Rembrandt Burgomasters worth all the rest put together. But I certainly looked very flimsily at all.

Well, all this done, away we went to the Hague: arriving there just as the Museum closed for that day; next Day (Saturday) it was not to be open at all (I having proposed to wait in case it should), and on Sunday only from 12 to 2. Hearing all this, in Rage and Despair I tore back to Rotterdam: and on Saturday Morning got the Boat out of the muddy Canal in which she lay and tore back down the Maas &c. so as to reach dear old Bawdsey shortly after Sunday's Sunrise. Oh my Delight when I heard them call out 'Orford Lights!' as the Boat was plunging over the Swell.

All this is very stupid, really wrong: but you are not surprised at it in me. One reason however of my Disgust was, that we (in our Boat) were shut up (as I said) in the Canal, where I couldn't breathe. I begged Mr Manby to let me take him to an Inn: he would stick to his Ship, he said: and I didn't like to leave him. Then it was Murray who misled me about the Hague Gallery: he knew nothing about its being shut on Saturdays. Then again we neither of us knew a word of Dutch: and I was surprised how little was known of English in return.

But I shall say no more. I think it is the last foreign Travel I shall ever undertake; unless I should go with you to see the Dresden Madonna: to which there is one less impediment now Holland is not to be gone through....I am the Colour of a Lobster with Sea-faring: and my Eyes smart: so Good-Bye. Let me hear of you. Ever yours
E. F. G.

Oh dear!—Rembrandt's Dissection—where and how did I miss that?

To W. B. Donne.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

October 4/63.

My dear DONNE,

Very rude of me not to have acknowledged your Tauchnitz¹ before: but I have been almost living in my Ship ever since: and I supposed also that you were abroad in Norfolk. I pitied you undergoing those dreadful Oratorios: I never heard one that was not tiresome, and in part ludicrous. Such subjects are scarce fitted for Catgut. Even Magnus Handel—even Messiah. He (Handel) was a good

¹ Euripides.

old Pagan at heart, and (till he had to yield to the fashionable Piety of England) stuck to Opera, and Cantatas, such as *Acis and Galatea*, Milton's *Penseroso*, Alexander's *Feast &c.* where he could revel and plunge and frolic without being tied down to Orthodoxy. And these are (to my mind) his really great works: these, and his Coronation Anthems, where Human Pomp is to be accompanied and illustrated.

Now for Tauchnitz; somehow, that which you sent me is not the thing: I don't like it half so well as my little Tauchnitz stereotype Sophocles of 1827. The Euripides you send bears date 1846: and is certainly not so clear to my eyes as 1827. Never mind: don't trouble yourself further: I shall light upon what I want one of these Days. It is wonderful how *The Sea* brought up this Appetite for Greek: it likes to be called *Θάλασσα* and *πόντος* better than the wretched word "*Sea*," I am sure: and the Greeks (especially Æschylus—after Homer) are full of Sea-faring Sounds and Allusions. I think the Murmur of the Ægean (if that is their Sea) wrought itself into their Language. How is it the Islandic (which I read is our Mother Tongue) was not more Poluphloisboi-ic?

Sophocles has almost shaken my Allegiance to Æschylus. Oh, those two Œdipuses! but then that Agamemnon! Well: one shall be the Handel and 'tother the Haydn; one the Michel Angelo, and 'tother the Raffaele, of Tragedy. As to the famous Prometheus, I think, as I always thought, it is somewhat over-rated for Sublimity; I can't see much in the far famed Conception of the Hero's Character: and I doubt (*rest wanting*).

To S. Laurence.

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE.

Jan. 7/64.

Dear LAURENCE,

...I want to know about your two Portraits of Thackeray: the first one (which I think Smith and Elder have) I know by the Print: I want to know about one you last did (some two years ago?) whether you think it as good and characteristic: and also who has it. Frederic Tennyson sent me a Photograph of W. M. T. old, white, massive, and melancholy, sitting in his Library.

I am surprized almost to find how much I am thinking of him: so little as I had seen him for the last ten years; not once for the last five. I had been told—by you, for one—that he was spoiled. I am glad therefore that I have scarce seen him since he was ‘old Thackeray’. I keep reading his Newcomes of nights, and as it were hear him saying so much in it; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my Stairs, and about to come (singing) into my Room, as in old Charlotte Street &c. thirty years ago¹.

To George Crabbe.

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE.

Jan. 12/64.

My dear GEORGE,

...Have we exchanged a word about Thackeray since his Death? I am quite surprized to see how I sit moping about him: to be sure, I keep reading his Books. Oh, the Newcomes are fine! And now I have got hold of Pendennis, and seem to like that much more than when I first read it. I keep hearing him say so much of it; and

¹ Thackeray died 24 Dec. 1863.

really think I shall hear his Step up the Stairs to this Lodging as in old Charlotte Street thirty years ago. Really, a grand Figure has sunk under Earth.

To W. H. Thompson.

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE.

Jan. 23/64.

My dear THOMPSON,

You see I return with your other troubles of Term time. Only when you have ten spare minutes let me know how you are &c....I have almost wondered at myself how much occupied I have been thinking of Thackeray; so little as I had seen of him for the last ten years, and my Interest in him a little gone from hearing he had become somewhat spoiled: which also some of his later writings hinted to me of themselves. But his Letters, and former works, bring me back the old Thackeray....I had never read Pendennis and the Newcomes since their first appearance till this last month. They are wonderful; Fielding's seems to me coarse work in comparison. I have indeed been thinking of little this last month but of these Books and their Author. Of his Letters to me I have only kept some Dozen, just to mark the different Epochs of our Acquaintance.

To S. Laurence.

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE.

April 23/64.

Dear LAURENCE,

I only got home last Night, from Wiltshire, where I had been to see Miss Crabbe, daughter of the old Vicar whom you remember. I found your two Letters: and

then your Box. When I had unscrewed the last Screw, it was as if a Coffin's Lid were raised; there was the Dead Man¹. I took him up to my Bedroom; and when morning came, he was there—reading; alive, and yet dead. I am perfectly satisfied with it on the whole; indeed, could only have suggested a very, very, slight alteration, if any....

As I passed through London, I saw that wonderful Collection of Rubbish, the late Bishop of Ely's Pictures; but I fell desperately in Love with a Sir Joshua, a young Lady in white with a blue Sash, and a sweet blue Sky over her sweet, noble, Head; far above Gainsboro' in its Air and Expression. I see in the Papers that it went for £165; which, if I thought well to give so much for any Picture, I could almost have given, by some means, for such a delightful Work.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

April 27/64.

Dear LAURENCE,

...I will send back the Gainsboro' copy² at once; I think the Original must be one of the happiest of the Painter's; while he had Vandyke in his Eye, with whom he was to go to Heaven. I will not argue how far he was superior to Reynolds in Colour; but in the Air of Dignity and Gentility (in the better Sense) he was surely inferior; it must be so, from the Difference of Character in the two men. Madame D'Arblay (Miss Burney) relates how one day when she was dining with Sir Joshua at Richmond, she chanced to see him looking at her in a peculiar way; she said to him, 'I know what you are thinking about.' 'Ay,' he said, 'you may come and sit to me now whenever you

¹ A copy by Laurence of his portrait of Thackeray.

² Gainsborough's sketch of Dupont which Laurence copied.

please.' They had often met; but he at last caught *the* phase of her which was best; but I don't think it ever went to Canvas. I don't think Gainsboro' could have painted the lovely portrait at the Bishop of Ely's, slight as it was; Sir Joshua was by much the finer Gentleman; indeed Gainsboro' was a Scamp.

In the summer of 1864 FitzGerald bought a small farmhouse in the outskirts of Woodbridge, which he afterwards converted into Little Grange.

To George Crabbe.

WOODBIDGE: *July 31/64.*

My dear GEORGE,

I returned yesterday from a 'Ten Days' Cruise to the Sussex Coast: which was pleasant enough. Tomorrow I talk of Lowestoft and Yarmouth.

...Read Newman's *Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ*, something of a very different order [from the 'Dean's English'], deeply interesting; pathetic, eloquent, and, I think, sincere: sincere, in not being conscious of all the steps he took in reaching his present Place.

To E. B. Cowell.

MARKET HILL: WOODBIDGE.

Aug. 31, [1864].

My dear COWELL,

...I hope you don't think I have forgotten you. Your visit gave me a sad sort of Pleasure, dashed with the Memory of other Days; I now see so few People, and those all of the common sort, with whom I never talk of our old

Subjects; so I get in some measure unfitted for such converse, and am almost saddened with the remembrance of an old contrast when it comes. And there is something besides; a Shadow of Death: but I won't talk of such things: only believe I don't forget you, nor wish to be forgotten by you. Indeed, your kindness touched me.

I have been reading Juvenal with Translation &c. in my Boat. Nearly the best things seem to me what one may call Epistles, rather than Satires: VIII. To Ponticus: XI. To Persicus: and XII. XIII. and XIV to several others: and, in these, leaving out the directly satirical Parts. Satires III and X, like Horace's Poems, are prostituted by Parliamentary and vulgar use, and should lie by for a while. One sees Lucretius, I think, in many parts; but Juvenal can't rise to Lucretius, who is, after all, the true sublime Satirist of poor Man, and of something deeper than his Corruptions and Vices: and he looks on all, too, with 'a Countenance more in Sorrow than in Anger'. By the way, I want you to tell me the name and title of that Essay on Lucretius¹ which you said was enlarged and reprinted by the Author from the original Cambridge and Oxford Essays. I want much to get it.

There is a fine Passage in Juvenal's 6th Satire on Women: beginning line 634, 'Fingimus hæc &c.' to 650: but (as I think) leaving out lines 639, 640; because one *can* understand without them, and they jingle sadly with their one vowel ending. I mention this because it occurs in a Satire which, from its Subject, you may perhaps have little cared for.

Another Book I have had is Wesley's Journal, which I used to read, but gave away my Copy—to you? or

¹ By Professor Sellar in the Oxford Essays for 1855: reprinted in his Roman Poets of the Republic, 1863.

Robert Groome¹ was it? If you don't know it, do know it; it is curious to think of this Diary of his running almost coevally with Walpole's Letter-Diary; the two men born and dying too within a few years of one another, and with such different Lives to record. And it is remarkable to read pure, unaffected, and undying, English, while Addison and Johnson are tainted with a Style, which all the world imitated! Remember me to all. Ever yours E. F. G.

'Sed genus humanum damnat caligo Futuri'—a Lucretian line from Juvenal².

To R. C. Trench.

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE.

February 25/65.

My dear LORD,

Edward Cowell's return to England³ set him and me talking of old Studies together, left off since he went to India. And I took up three sketched out Dramas, two of Calderon⁴, and have licked the two Calderons into some sort of shape of my own, without referring to the Original. One of them goes by this Post to your Grace; and when I tell you the other is no other than your own 'Life's a Dream,' you won't wonder at my sending the present one on Trial, both done as they are in the same lawless, perhaps impudent, way. I know you would not care who did these things, so long as they were well done; but one doesn't wish to meddle, and in so free-and-easy a way, with a Great Man's Masterpieces, and utterly fail: especially when two much better men have been before one. One excuse is, that Shelley and Dr Trench only took parts of these

¹ Late Archdeacon of Suffolk.

² VI. 556.

³ In June, 1864.

⁴ The third was probably the Agamemnon.

plays, not caring surely—who can?—for the underplot and buffoonery which stands most in the way of the tragic Dramas. Yet I think it is as a whole, that is, the whole main Story, that these Plays are capital; and therefore I have tried to present that whole, leaving out the rest, or nearly so; and altogether the Thing has become so altered one way or another that I am afraid of it now it's done, and only send you one Play (the other indeed is not done printing: neither to be published), which will be enough if it is an absurd Attempt. For the Vida is not so good even, I doubt: dealing more in the Heroics &c.

I tell Donne he is too partial a Friend; so is Cowell: Spedding, I think, wouldn't care. So, as you were very kind about the other Plays, and love Calderon (which I doubt argues against me), I send you *my* Magician.

You will not mind if I blunder in addressing you, in which I steered a middle course between the modes Donne told me; and so, probably, come to the Ground!

To W. B. Donne.

RAMSGATE: *August 27, [1865].*

My dear DONNE,

Your letter found me here, where I have been a week cruising about with my old Brother Peter. To morrow we leave—for Calais, as we propose; just to touch French Soil, and drink a Bottle of French Wine in the old Town: then home again to Woodbridge as fast as we may. For thither goes William Airy, partly in hopes of meeting me: he says he is much shaken by the dangerous illness he had this last Spring: and thinks, truly enough, that our chances of meeting in this World sensibly diminish.

You must not talk of my kindness to you at Lowestoft:

when all the good is on your side, going out of your way to see me. Really it makes me ashamed.

Together with your Letter, I found a very kind one from Mrs Kemble, who took the trouble to write only to tell me how well she liked the Plays. I know that Good Nature would not affect her Judgment (which I very honestly think too favourable), but it was Good Nature made her write to tell me.

Don't forget to sound Murray at some good opportunity about a Selection from Crabbe. Of course he won't let me do it, though I could do it better than any he would be likely to employ: for you know I rely on my Appreciation of what others do, not on what I can do myself.

The 'Parcel' you write of has not been sent me here: but I shall find it when I return, and will write to you again. I puzzle my Brains to remember what the '*Conscript*' is.

I have been reading, and reducing to one volume from two (more meo), a trashy Book, 'Bernard's Recollections of the Stage,' with some good recollections of the Old Actors, up to Macklin and Garrick. But, of all people's, one can't trust Actors' Stories. In 'Lethe,' where your Garrick figures in Sir Geoffrey, also figured Woodward, as 'The Fine Gentleman;' so I think, at least, is the Title of a very capital mezzotint I have of him in Character.

Oh! famous is your Story of Lord Chatham and the Bishops¹: be sure you set it afloat again in print.

You don't tell me if Trench be recovered: but I shall conclude from your Silence that, at any rate, he is not now seriously ill.

¹ Probably, as I am informed by Mr Mowbray Donne, 'that when Lord Chatham met any Bishops he bowed so low that you could see the peak of his nose between his legs.'

Now I hear my good Brother come in from Morning Mass, and we shall have Breakfast. He is really capital to sail about with. I read your letter yesterday while sitting out on a Bench with her—his Wife—a brave Woman, of the O'Dowd sort; and she wanted to know all about you and yours. We like Ramsgate very much: genial air: pleasant Country: good Harbour, Piers &c.: and the Company, though overflowing, not showy, nor vulgar: but seemingly come to make the most of a Holiday. I am surprized how little of the Cockney, in its worse aspect, is to be seen.

To W. H. Thompson.

WOODBIDGE: *March 15/66.*

My dear THOMPSON,

To-day's Post brings me a Letter from Robert Groome, which tells me (on "Times" authority) that you are Master of Trinity. Judging by your last Letter, I suppose this was unexpected by yourself: I have no means of knowing whether it was expected by others beside those who voted you to the Honour. For I had heard nothing further of the whole matter, even of Whewell's accident, than you yourself told me. Well, at our time of Life, any very vehement Congratulations are, I suppose, irrelevant on both sides. But I am very sure I do congratulate you heartily, if you are yourself gratified. Whether you are glad of the Post itself or not, you must, I think, be gratified with the Confidence in your Scholarship and Character which has made your Society elect you. And so far one may unreservedly congratulate you....

To-day I was looking at the Carpenters &c. carrying

away Chips &c. of a Tree I had cut down: and, coming home, read—

δρὺς πεσοῦσης πᾶς ἀνὴρ ξυλεύεται¹—

Whose Line?—Certainly not of

Yours ever sincerely E. F. G.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

[1866.]

My dear THOMPSON,

I should write 'My dear Master' but I don't know if you are yet installed. However, I suppose my Letter, so addressed, will find you and not the Old Lion now stalking in the Shades....

In turning up a heap of old Letters, which one's Executors and Heirs would make little of, I came upon several of Morton's from Italy: so good in Parts that I have copied those Parts into a Blank Book. When he was in his money Troubles I did the same from many others of his Letters, and Thackeray asked Blackwood to give ten pounds for them for his Magazine. But we heard no more of them.

I have the usual Story to tell of myself: middling well: still here, pottering about my House, in which I expect an invalid Niece; and preparing for my Ship in June. William Airy talks of coming to me soon. I am daily expecting the Death of a Sister in law, a right good Creature, who I thought would outlive me a dozen years, and should rejoice if she could. Things look serious about one. If one only could escape easily and at once! For *I* think the Fun is over: but that should not be. May you flourish in your high Place, my dear Master (now I say) for this long while.

¹ Quoted by the Scholiast on Theocritus, v. 65, and to be found in the editions of the *Parœmiographi Græci* by Gaisford and Leutsch.

[1866.]

My dear THOMPSON,

I won't say that I should have gone to Ely under any Circumstances, though it is the last Place I have been to stay at with a Friend: three years ago! And all my Stays there were very pleasant indeed: and I do not the less thank you for all your Constancy and Kindness. But one is got down yet deeper in one's Way of Life: of which enough has been said.

William Airy was to have come here about this time: and him I am obliged to put off because another old Fellow Collegian, Duncan¹, who has scarce stirred from his Dorsetshire Parsonage these twenty years, was seized with a Passion to see me just once more, he says: and he is now with me: a Hypochondriack Man, nervous, and restless, with a vast deal of uncouth Humour....

My Ship is afloat, with a new Irish Ensign; but I have scarce been about with her yet owing to "Mr Wesley's Troubles".²

Only yesterday I took down my little Tauchnitz Sophocles to carry to Sea with me; and made Duncan here read—

ὅποια χρήζει ῥηγνύτω· τοῦ μὲν δ' ἐγὼ &c.³

and began to blubber a little at

ὦ φίλτατ' Αἰγέως παῖ, μόνοις οὐ γίγνεται &c.

in the other Great Play⁴. The Elgin Marbles, and something more, began to pass before my Eyes.

I believe I write all this knowing you are at Ely: where I suppose you are more at Leisure than on your Throne in Trinity. But no doubt your Tyranny follows you there too; post Equitem and all.

¹ Francis Duncan, Rector of West Chelborough.

² See note, p. 320.

³ Œd. Tyr. 1076.

⁴ Œd. Col. 607.

To F. Tennyson.

WOODBIDGE: Jan. 29/67.

My dear FREDERICK,

Let me hear from you one Day. I would send you my MS. Book of Morton's Letters: but I scarce know if the Post would carry it to you; though not so very big: and I am still less sure that you would ever return it to me. And what odds if you didn't? It might as well die in your Possession as in mine.

In answer to my yearly Letter to Alfred and Co. I heard (from Mrs.) that they were about to leave Freshwater, frightened away by Hero-worshippers &c. and were going to a Solitude called Greyshott Hall, Haslemere; which, I am told, is in Hants. Whether they go to settle there I don't know. Lucretius' Death is thought to be too free-spoken for Publication, I believe; not so much in a religious, as an amatory, point of View. I should believe Lucretius more likely to have expedited his Departure because of Weariness of Life and Despair of the System, than because of any Love-philtre. I wrote also my yearly Letter to Carlyle, begging my compliments to his Wife: who, he replies, died, in a very tragical way, last April. I have since heard that the Papers reported all the Circumstances. So, if one lives so much out of the World as I do, it seems better to give up that Ghost altogether. Old Spedding has written a Pamphlet about 'Authors and Publishers'; showing up, or striving to show up, the Publishers' system. He adduces his own Edition of Bacon as a sample of their mismanagement, in respect of too bulky Volumes &c. But, as he says, Macaulay and Alison are still bulkier; yet they sell. The truth is that a solemnly-inaugurated Edition of all Bacon

was not wanted. 'The Philosophy is surely superseded ; not a Wilderness of Speddings can give men a new interest in the Politics and Letters. The Essays will no doubt always be in request, like Shakespeare. But I am perhaps not a proper Judge of these high matters. How should I? who have just, to my great sorrow, finished 'the Woman in White' for the third time, once every last three winters. I wish Sir Percival Glyde's death were a little less of the minor Theatre sort ; then I would swallow all the rest as a wonderful Caricature, better than so many a sober Portrait. I really think of having a Herring-lugger I am building named 'Marian Halcomb,' the brave Girl in the Story. Yes, a Herring-lugger ; which is to pay for the money she costs unless she goes to the Bottom : and which meanwhile amuses me to consult about with my Sea-folks. I go to Lowestoft now and then, by way of salutary Change : and there smoke a Pipe every night with a delightful Chap, who is to be Captain. I have been, up to this time, better than for the last two winters : but feel a Worm in my head now and then, for all that. You will say, only a Maggot. Well, we shall see. When I go to Lowestoft, I take Montaigne with me ; very comfortable Company. One of his Consolations for *The Stone* is, that it makes one less unwilling to part with Life. Oh, you think that it didn't need much Wisdom to suggest that? Please yourself, Ma'am. January, just gone! February, only 28 Days : then March with Light till six p.m. : then April with a blush of Green on the Whitethorn hedge : then May, Cuckoos, Nightingales &c. ; then June, Ship launched, and nothing but Ship till November, which is only just gone. The Story of our lives from Year to Year. This is a poor letter : but I won't set The Worm fretting. Let me hear how you are and don't be two months before you do so.

To W. B. Donne.

WOODBIDGE: *Febr.* 15 [1867.]

My dear DONNE,

I came home yesterday from a week's Stay at Lowestoft. As to the Athenæum¹, I would bet that the last Sentence was tacked on by the Editor: for it in some measure contradicts the earlier part of the Article.

When your letter was put into my hands, I happened to be reading Montaigne, L. III. Ch. 8, De l'Art de Conferer, where at the end he refers to Tacitus; the only Book, he says, he had read consecutively for an hour together for ten years. He does not say very much: but the Remarks of such a Man are worth many Cartloads of German Theory of Character, I think: their Philology I don't meddle with. I know that Cowell has discovered they are all wrong in their Sanskrit. Montaigne never doubts Tacitus' facts: but doubts his Inferences; well, if I were sure of his Facts, I would leave others to draw their Inferences. I mean, if I were Commentator, certainly; and I think if I were Historian too. Nothing is more wonderful to me than seeing such Men as Spedding, Carlyle, and I suppose Froude, straining Fact to Theory as they do, while a scatterheaded Paddy like myself can keep clear. But then so does the Mob of Readers. Well, but I believe in the Vox Populi of two hundred Years: still more, of two thousand. And, whether we be right or wrong, we prevail: so, however much wiser are the Builders of Theory, their Labour is but lost who build: they can't reason away Richard's Hump, nor Cromwell's

¹ Article in the Athenæum of 2 Feb. 1867 on Donne's edition of the correspondence of George III. and Lord North.

Ambition, nor Henry's Love of a new Wife, nor Tiberius' beastliness. Of course, they had all their Gleams of Goodness: but we of the Mob, if we have any Theory at all, have that which all Mankind have seen and felt, and know as surely as Day-light; that Power will tempt and spoil the Best.

Well, but what is all this Lecture to you for? Why, I think you rather turn to the re-actionary Party about these old Heroes. So I say, however right you may be, leave us, the many-headed, if not the wise-headed, to go our way, only making the Text of Tacitus as clear for us to flounder about in as you can. That, anyhow, must be the first Thing. Something of the manners and customs of the Times we want also: some Lights from other contemporary Authors also: and then, "Gentlemen, you will now consider your Verdict, and please yourselves."

Can't you act on Spedding's Advice and have your Prolegomena separate, if considerable in size? I don't doubt its Goodness: but you know how, when one wants to take a Volume of an Author on Travel, Ship-board &c. how angry one is with the Life, Commentary &c. which takes up half the first volume. This we don't complain of in George III. because he is not a Classic, and your Athenæum Critic admits that yours is the best Part of the Business by far.

To W. F. Pollock.

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE.

October 28, [1867.]

Now, my dear POLLOCK, I have put on a new Goose-quill Nib on purpose to write my best MS. to you. But the new Nib has very little to say for me: the old Story: dodging

about in my Ship for these last five months : indeed during all that time not having lain, I believe, for three consecutive Nights in Christian Sheets. But now all that is over : this very day is my little Ship being dismantled, and to-morrow will she go up to her middle in mud, and here am I anchored to my old Desk for the Winter ; and beginning, as usual, by writing to my Friends, to tell them what little there is to tell of myself, and asking them to tell what they can of themselves in return. I shall even fire a shot at old Spedding ; who would not answer my last Letters at all : innocent as they were, I am sure : and asking definite Questions, which he once told me he required if I wanted any Answer. I suppose he is now in Cumberland. What *is* become of Bacon ? Are you one of the Converted, who go the whole Hog ?

Thompson—no, I mean the Master of Trinity—has replied to my half-yearly Enquiries in a very kind Letter. He tells me that my friend Edward Cowell has pleased all the Audience he had with an inaugural Lecture about Sanskrit¹. Also, that there is such an Article in the Quarterly about the Talmud² as has not been seen (so fine an Article, I mean) for years. I have had Don Quixote, Boccaccio, and my dear Sophocles (once more) for company on board : the first of these so delightful, that I got to love the very Dictionary in which I had to look out the words : yes, and often the same words over and over again. The Book really seemed to me the most delightful of all Books : Boccaccio, delightful too, but millions of miles behind ; in fact, a whole Planet away.

¹ Delivered 23 Oct. 1867.

² By Emanuel Deutsch.

To W. A. Wright.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

Dec. 11 [1867].

Dear SIR,

When Robert Groome was with me a month ago, I was speaking to him of having found some Bacon in Montaigne: and R. G. told me that you had observed the same, and were indeed collecting some instances; I think, quotations from Seneca, so employed as to prove that Bacon had them from the Frenchman. It has been the fashion of late to scoff at Seneca; whom such men as Bacon and Montaigne quoted: perhaps not Seneca's own, but cribbed from some Greek which would have been admired by those who scoff at the Latin.

I had not noticed this Seneca coincidence: but I had observed a few passages of Montaigne's own, which seemed to me to have got into Bacon's Essays. I dare say I couldn't light upon all these now; but, having been turning over *Essai 9, Lib. III. De la Vanité*, I find one sentence which comes to the point: '*Car parfois c'est bien choisir de ne choisir pas.*' In the same Essay is a piece of King Lear, perhaps; '*De ce mesme papier où il vient d'escrire l'arrest de condamnation contre un Adultere, le Juge en desrobe un lopin pour en faire un poulet à la femme de son compaignon.*' One doesn't talk of such things as of plagiarisms, of course; as if Bacon and Shakespeare couldn't have said much better things themselves; only for the pleasure of tracing where they read, and what they were struck by. I see that '*L'Appetit vient en mangeant*' is in the same Essay.

If I light some other day on the other passages, I will

take the liberty of telling you. You see I have already taken the liberty of writing to a man, not unknown to me in several ways, but with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted personally. Perhaps I may have that pleasure one of these days; we are both connected with the same town of Beccles, and may come together. I hope so.

But I have also another reason for writing to you. Your 'Master' wrote me word the other day, among other things, that you as well as he wished for my own noble works in your Library. I quite understand that this is on the ground of my being a Trinity man. But then one should have done something worthy of ever so little a niche in Trinity Library; and that I do know is not my case. I have several times told the Master what I think, and know, of my small *Escapades* in print; nice little things, some of them, which may interest a few people (mostly friends, or through friends) for a few years. But I am always a little ashamed of having made my leisure and idleness the means of putting myself forward in print, when really so many much better people keep silent, having other work to do. This is, I know, my sincere feeling on the subject. However, as I think some of the *Translations* I have done are all I can dare to show, and as it would be making too much fuss to wait for any further asking on the subject, I will send them if you think good one of these days all done up together; the Spanish, at least, which are, I think, all of a size. Will you tell the Master so if you happen to see him and mention the subject?

Allow me to end by writing myself yours sincerely

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

To E. B. Cowell.

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT.

Dec. 28 [1867.]

My dear COWELL

...I don't think I told you about Garcin de Tassy. He sent me (as no doubt he sent you) his annual Oration. I wrote to thank him: and said I had been lately busy with another countryman of his, Mons. Nicolas, with his Omar Khayyám. On which De Tassy writes back by return of post to ask 'Where I got my Copy of Nicolas? He had not been able to get one in all Paris!' So I wrote to Quaritch: who told me the Book was to be had of Maisonneuve, or any Oriental Bookseller in Paris; but that probably the Shopman did not understand, when '*Les Rubáiyát d'Omar &c.*' were asked for, that it meant '*Les Quatrains &c.*' This (which I doubt not is the solution of the Mystery) I wrote to Garcin: at the same time offering one of my two Copies. By return of Post comes a frank acceptance of one of the Copies; and his own Translation of Attár's Birds by way of equivalent. *τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα*. Well, as I got these Birds just as I was starting here, I brought them with me, and looked them over. Here, at Lowestoft, in this same row of houses, two doors off, I was writing out the Translation I made in the Winter of 1859. I have scarce looked at Original or Translation since. But I was struck by this; that eight years had made little or no alteration in my idea of the matter: it seemed to me that I really had brought in nearly all worth remembering, and had really condensed the whole into a much compacter Image than the original. This is what I think I can do, with such discursive things: such as all the Oriental things I have

seen are. I remember you thought that I had lost the Apologues towards the close; but I believe I was right in excluding them, as the narrative grew dramatic and neared the Catastrophe. Also, it is much better to glance at the dangers of the Valley when the Birds are in it, than to let the Leader recount them before: which is not good policy, morally or dramatically. When I say all this, you need not suppose that I am vindicating the Translation as a Piece of Verse. I remember thinking it from the first rather disagreeable than not: though with some good parts. Jam satis.

There is a pretty story, which seems as if it really happened (p. 201 of De Tassy's Translation, referring to v. 3581 of the original), of the Boy falling into a well, and on being taken out senseless, the Father asking him to say but a word; and then, but one word more: which the Boy says and dies. And at p. 256, Translation (v. 4620), I read, 'Lorsque Nizâm ul-mulk fut à l'agonie, il dit: "O mon Dieu, je m'en vais entre les mains du vent."' Here is our Omar in his Friend's mouth, is it not?

I have come here to wind up accounts for our Herring-lugger: much against us, as the season has been a bad one. My dear Captain, who looks in his Cottage like King Alfred in the Story, was rather saddened by all this, as he had prophesied better things. I tell him that if he is but what I think him—and surely my sixty years of considering men will not so deceive me at last!—I would rather lose money with him than gain it with others. Indeed I never proposed Gain, as you may imagine: but only to have some Interest with this dear Fellow. Happy New Year to you Both!

I wish you would have Semelet's Gulistan which I have. You know I never cared for Sadi.

To W. F. Pollock.

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE.

Jan : 9/68.

My dear POLLOCK,

I saw advertised in my old Athenæum a Review¹ of Richardson's Novels in the January Cornhill. So I bought it: and began to think you might have written it: but was not so assured as I went on. It is however very good, in my opinion, whoever did it: though I don't think it does all justice to the interminable Original. When the Writer talks of Grandison and Clarissa being the two Characters—oh, Lovelace himself should have made the third: if unnatural (as the Reviewer says), yet not the less wonderful: quite beyond and above anything in Fielding. Whether you wrote the article or not, I know you are one of the few who have read the Book. The Reviewer admits that it might be abridged; I am convinced of that, and have done it for my own satisfaction: but you thought this was not to be done. So here is internal proof that you didn't write what Thackeray used to call the '*Hurticle*', or that you have changed your mind on that score. But you haven't. But I know better, Lord bless you: and am sure I could (with a pair of Scissors) launch old Richardson again: we shouldn't go off the stocks easy (pardon nautical metaphors), but stick by the way, amid the jeers of Reviewers who had never read the original: but we should float at last. Only I don't want to spend a lot of money to be hooted at, without having time to wait for the floating.

I have spent lots of money on my Herring-lugger, which has made but a poor season. So now we are going (like

¹ By Leslie Stephen.

wise men) to lay out a lot more for Mackerel; and my Captain (a dear Fellow) is got ill, which is much worst of all: so hey for 1868! Which is wishing you better luck next time, Sir, &c.

Spedding at last found and sent me his delightful little Paper about Twelfth Night. I was glad to be set right about Viola: but I think he makes too much of the whole play, 'finest of Comedies' &c. It seems to me quite a light, slight, sketch—for Twelfth Night—What you will &c. What else does the Name mean? Have I uttered these Impieties! No More! Nameless as shameless.

To E. B. Cowell.

WOODBIDGE: May 28/68.

My dear COWELL,

I was just about to post you your own Calcutta Review when your Letter came, asking about some Euphranors. Oh yes! I have a Lot of them: returned from Parker's when they were going to dissolve their House; I would not be at the Bother of any further negotiation with any other Bookseller, about half a dozen little Books which so few wanted: so had them all sent here. I will therefore send you six copies. I had supposed that you didn't like the second Edition so well as the first: and had a suspicion myself that, though I improved it in some respects, I had done more harm than good: and so I have never had courage to look into it since I sent it to you at Oxford. Perhaps Tennyson¹ only praised the first Edition and I don't know where to lay my hands on that. I wonder he should have thought twice about it. Not but I think the Truth is

¹ Who said that the description of the boat race with which Euphranor ends was one of the most beautiful pieces of English prose.

told : only, a Truth every one knows ! And told in a shape of Dialogue really something Platonic : but I doubt rather affectedly too. However, such as it is, I send it you. I remember being anxious about it twenty years ago, because I thought it was the Truth (as if my telling it could mend the matter !) : and I cannot but think that the Generation that has grown up in these twenty years has not profited by the Fifty Thousand Copies of this great work !

I am sorry to trouble you about Macmillan ; I should not have done so had I kept my Copy with your Corrections as well as my own. As Lamb said of himself, so I say ; that I never had any Luck with printing : I certainly don't mean that I have had much cause to complain : but, for instance, I know that Livy and Napier, put into good Verse, are just worth a corner in one of the swarm of Shilling Monthlies¹.

'Locksley Hall' is far more like Lucretius than the last Verses put into his mouth by A. T. But, once get a Name in England, and you may do anything. But I dare say that wise men too, like Spedding, will be of the same mind with the Times Critic. (I have not seen him.) What does Thompson say ? You, I, and John Allen, are among the few, I do say, who, having a good natural Insight, maintain it undimmed by public, or private, Regards.

P.S. Having consulted my Landlord, I find that I can pay carriage all through to Cambridge. Therefore it is that I send you, not only your own book, and my own, but also one of the genteel copies of Boswell's Johnson ; and Wesley's Journal : both of which I gave you, only never sent ! Now they shall go. Wesley, you will find pleasant to dip into, I think : of course, there is much sameness ; and I think you will allow some absurdity among so much wise

¹ Referring to *The Two Generals*, vol. ii. p. 483.

and good. I am almost sorry that I have not noted down on the fly-leaf some of the more remarkable Entries, as I have in my own Copy. If you have not read the little Autobiography of Wesley's Disciple, John Nelson, give a shilling for it. It seems to me something wonderful to read these Books, written in a Style that cannot alter, because natural ; while the Model Writers, Addison, Johnson, &c. have had their Day. Dryden holds, I think : he did not set up for a Model Prose man. Sir T. Browne's Style is natural to him, one feels.

WOODBIDGE : *March 1/69.*

My dear COWELL,

...My lugger Captain has just left me to go on his Mackerel Voyage to the Western Coast ; and I don't know when I shall see him again. Just after he went, a muffled bell from the Church here began to toll for somebody's death : it sounded like a Bell under the sea. He sat listening to the Hymn played by the Church chimes last evening, and said he could hear it all as if in Lowestoft church when he was a Boy, 'Jesus our Deliverer !' You can't think what a grand, tender, Soul this is, lodged in a suitable carcase.

To Mrs W. H. Thompson.

[1869]

Dear Mrs THOMPSON—

(I must get a new Pen for you—which doesn't promise to act as well as the old one—Try another.)

Dear Mrs Thompson—Mistress of Trinity—(this does better)—

I am both sorry, and glad, that you wrote me the Letter you have written to me : sorry, because I think

it was an effort to you, disabled as you are; and glad, I need not say why.

I despatched Spedding's Letter to your Master yesterday; I dare say you have read it: for there was nothing extraordinary wicked in it. But, he to talk of *my* perversity!...

My Sir Joshua is a darling. A pretty young Woman ("Girl" I won't call her) sitting with a turtle-dove in her lap, while its mate is supposed to be flying down to it from the window. I say 'supposed' for Sir J. who didn't know much of the drawing of Birds, any more than of Men and Women, has made a thing like a stuffed Bird clawing down like a Parrot. But then, the Colour, the Dove-colour, subdued so as to carry off the richer tints of the dear Girl's dress; and she, too, pensive, not sentimental: a Lady, as her Painter was a Gentleman. Faded as it is in the face (the Lake, which he would use, having partially flown), it is one of the most beautiful things of his I have seen: more varied in colour; not the simple cream-white dress he was fond of, but with a light gold-threaded Scarf, a blue sash, a green chair &c....

I was rather taken aback by the Master's having discovered my last—yes, and bonâ-fide my last—translation in the volume I sent to your Library. I thought it would slip in unobserved, and I should have given all my little contributions to my old College, without after-reckoning. Had I known you as the wife of any but the 'quondam' Greek Professor, I should very likely have sent it to you: since it was meant for those who might wish for some insight into a Play¹ which I must think they can scarcely have been tempted into before by any previous Translation. It remains to be much better done; but if Women of Sense and Taste, and Men of Sense and Taste (who don't know Greek) can read, and be interested in such a glimpse as I give them

¹ The Agamemnon.

of the Original, they must be content, and not look the Horse too close in the mouth, till a better comes to hand.

My Lugger has had (along with her neighbours) such a Season hitherto of Winds as no one remembers. We made £450 in the North Sea; and (just for fun) I did wish to realize £5 in my Pocket. But my Captain would take it all to pay Bills. But if he makes another £400 this Home Voyage! Oh, then we shall have money in our Pockets. I do wish this. For the anxiety about all these People's lives has been so much more to me than all the amusement I have got from the Business, that I think I will draw out of it if I can see my Captain sufficiently firm on his legs to carry it on alone. True, there will then be the same risk to him and his ten men, but they don't care; only I sit here listening to the Winds in the Chimney, and always thinking of the Eleven hanging at my own fingers' ends.

This Letter is all desperately about me and mine, Translations and Ships. And now I am going to walk in *my* Garden: and feed *my* Captain's Pony with white Carrots; and in the Evening have *my* Lad come and read for an hour and a half (he stumbles at every third word, and gets dreadfully tired, and so do I; but I renovate him with Cake and Sweet Wine), and I can't just now smoke the Pipe nor drink the Grog. "These are my Troubles, Mr Wesley"¹; but I am still the Master's and Mistress' loyal Servant,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

¹ FitzGerald frequently referred to a story from Wesley's Journal, which he quotes in Polonius, p. LXX. 'A gentleman of large fortune, while we were seriously conversing, ordered a servant to throw some coals on the fire. A puff of smoke came out. He threw himself back in his chair, and cried out, "O Mr Wesley, these are the crosses I meet with every day!"'

To S. Laurence.

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE.

Jan. 13/70.

My dear LAURENCE,

Can you tell me (in a line) how I should treat some old Pictures of mine which have somehow got rusty with the mixt damp and then fires (I suppose) of my new house, which, after being built at near double its proper cost, is just what I do not want, according to the usage of the Ballyblunder Family, of which I am a very legitimate offshoot?

If you were down here, I think I should make you take a life-size Oil Sketch of the Head and Shoulders of my Captain of the Lugger. You see by the enclosed that these are neither of them of a bad sort: and the Man's Soul is every way as well proportioned, missing in nothing that may become A Man, as I believe. He and I will, I doubt, part Company; well as he likes me, which is perhaps as well as a sailor cares for any one but Wife and Children: he likes to be, what he is born to be, his own sole Master, of himself, and of other men. So now I have got him a fair start, I think he will carry on the Lugger alone: I shall miss my Hobby, which is no doubt the last I shall ride in this world: but I shall also get eased of some Anxiety about the lives of a Crew for which I now feel responsible. And this last has been a Year of great Anxiety in this respect.

I had to run to London for one day about my Eyes (which, you see by my MS., are not in prime order at all) and saw a Sir Joshua at a Framer's window, and brought it down. The face faded, but elegant and lady-like always; the dress in colour quite Venetian. It was in Leicester

Square ; I can't think how all the world of Virtuosos kept passing and would not give twenty pounds for it. But you don't rate Sir Joshua in comparison with Gainsboro'.

WOODBIDGE : *Jan. 20/70.*

My dear LAURENCE,

...My Captain lives at Lowestoft, and is there at present : he also in anxiety about his Wife who was brought to bed the very same day my Landlady died, and (as a letter from him this morning tells me) has a hard time of it. I should certainly like a large Oil-sketch, like Thackeray's, done in your most hasty, and worst, style, to hang up with Thackeray and Tennyson, with whom he shares a certain Grandeur of Soul and Body. As you guess, the colouring is (when the Man is all well) as fine as his form : the finest Saxon type : with that complexion which Montaigne calls 'vif, mâle, et flamboyant ;' blue eyes ; and strictly auburn hair, that any woman might sigh to possess. He says it is coming off, as it sometimes does from those who are constantly wearing the close hot Sou'westers. We must see what can be done about a Sketch.

LOWESTOFT, *February 27 [1870].*

My dear LAURENCE,

...I came here a few days ago, for the benefit of my old Doctor, The Sea, and my Captain's Company, which is as good. He has not yet got his new Lugger home ; but will do so this week, I hope ; and then the way for us will be somewhat clearer.

If you sketch in a head, you might send it down to me to look at, so as I might be able to guess if there were any likelihood in that way of proceeding. Merely the Lines of

Feature indicated, even by Chalk, might do. As I told you, the Head is of the large type, or size, the proper Capital of a six foot Body, of the broad dimensions you see in the Photograph. The fine shape of the Nose, less than Roman, and more than Greek, scarce appears in the Photograph; the Eye, and its delicate Eyelash, of course will remain to be made out; and I think you excel in the Eye.

When I get home (which I shall do this week) I will send you two little Papers about the Sea words and Phrases used hereabout¹, for which this Man (quite unconsciously) is my main Authority. You will see in them a little of his simplicity of Soul; but not the Justice of Thought, Tenderness of Nature, and all the other good Gifts which make him a Gentleman of Nature's grandest Type.

SUFFOLK HOTEL, LOWESTOFT, *August 2/70.*

Dear LAURENCE,

...The Lugger is now preparing in the Harbour beside me; the Captain here, there, and everywhere; with a word for no one but on business; the other side of the Man you saw looking for Birds' Nests; all things in their season. I am sure the Man is fit to be King of a Kingdom as well as of a Lugger. To-day he gives the customary Dinner to his Crew before starting, and my own two men go to it; and I am asked too: but will not spoil the Fun.

I declare, you and I have seen A Man! Have we not? Made in the mould of what Humanity should be, Body and Soul, a poor Fisherman. The proud Fellow had better have kept me for a Partner in some of his responsibilities². But no; he must rule alone, as is right he should too.

¹ Printed in the East Anglian Notes and Queries for 1869 and 1870.

² The partnership was dissolved in June 1870.

I date from the Inn where my Letters are addressed ; but I write in the little Ship which I live in. My Nieces are now here ; in the Town, I mean ; and my friend Cowell and his Wife ; so I have more company than all the rest of the year. I try to shut my Eyes and Ears against all tidings of this damnable War, seeing that I can do no good to others by distressing myself.

To W. F. Pollock.

BRIDGEWOOD, *Nov. 1*, [1870].

My dear POLLOCK,

I must say that my savageness against France goes no further than wishing that the new and gay part of Paris were battered down ; not the poor working part, no, nor any of the People destroyed. But I wish ornamental Paris down, because then I think the French would be kept quiet till they had rebuilt it. For what would France be without a splendid Palace ? I should not wish any such Catastrophe, however, if Paris were now as I remember it : with a lot of old historic houses in it, old Gardens &c., which I am told are now made away with. Only Notre Dame, the Tuileries, and perhaps the beautiful gilt Dome of the Invalides do I care for. They are historical and beautiful too.

But I believe it would be a good thing if the rest of Europe would take possession of France itself, and rule it for better or worse, leaving the French themselves to amuse and enlighten the world by their Books, Plays, Songs, Bon Mots, and all the Arts and Sciences which they are so ingenious in. They can do all things but manage themselves and live at peace with others : and they should themselves be glad to have their volatile Spirits kept in

order by the Good Sense and Honesty which other Nations certainly abound in more than themselves¹.

I see what I think very good remarks about them in old Palmerston's Papers quoted in my *Athenæum*². He was just the Man they wanted, I think.

WOODBIDGE, *Nov.* 15, [1870].

My dear POLLOCK,

...Ah, I should like to hear *Fidelio* again, often as I have heard it. I do not find so much 'Melody' in it as you do: understanding by Melody that which asserts itself independently of Harmony, as Mozart's *Airs* do. I miss it especially in Leonora's *Hope* song. But, what with the story itself, and the Passion and Power of the Music it is set to, the Opera is one of those that one can hear repeated as often as any.

If any one ever would take a good suggestion from me, you might suggest to Mr Sullivan, or some competent Musician, to adapt that Epilogue part of Tennyson's *King Arthur*, beginning—

'And so to bed; where yet in sleep I seem'd
To sail with Arthur &c.'

down to

'And War shall be no more'—

¹ Ten years before, Nov. 2, 1860, FitzGerald wrote to his old friend the late Mr W. E. Crowfoot of Beccles: 'I have been reading with interest some French Memoirs toward the end of the last century: when the French were a cheerful, ingenious, witty, trifling people; they had not yet tasted of the Blood of the Revolution, which really seems to me to have altered their character. The modern French Novels exhibit Vengeance as a moving Virtue: even toward one another: can we suppose they think less well of it toward us? In this respect they are really the most barbarous People of Europe.'

² 29 Oct. 1870.

to adapt this, I say, to the Music of that grand last Scene in *Fidelio*: Sullivan & Co. supplying the introductory Recitative; beginning dreamily, and increasing, crescendo, up to where the Poet begins to 'feel the truth and Stir of Day'; till Beethoven's pompous March should begin, and the Chorus, with 'Arthur is come &c.'; the chief Voices raising the words aloft (as they do in *Fidelio*), and the Chorus thundering in upon them. It is very grand in *Fidelio*: and I am persuaded might have a grand effect in this Poem. But no one will do it, of course; especially in these Days when War is so far from being no more!

I want to hear Cherubini's *Medea*, which I dare say I should find masterly and dull. I quite agree with you about the Italians: Mozart the only exception; who is all in all.

WOODBIDGE, *Dec. 5/70.*

My dear POLLOCK,

...Had not Sunday followed Saturday I was a little tempted to run up to hear Cherubini's *Medea*, which I saw advertised for the Night. But I believe I should feel strange at a Play now: and probably should not have sat the Opera half out. So you have a good Play¹, and that well acted, at last, on English Boards! At the old Haymarket, I think: the pleasantest of all the Theatres (for size and Decoration) that I remember; yes, and for the Listons and Vestrises that I remember there in the days of their Glory. Vestris, in what was called a 'Pamela Hat' with a red feather; and, again, singing 'Cherry Ripe,' one of the Dozen immortal English Tunes. That was in 'Paul Pry'. Poor Plays they were, to be sure: but the Players were good and handsome, and—oneself was young—1822-3!

¹ Gilbert's Palace of Truth.

There was Macready's Virginius at old Covent Garden, an event never to be forgotten.

One Date leads to another. In talking one day about different Quotations which get abroad without people always knowing whence they are derived, I could have sworn that I remember Spring Rice mentioning one that he himself had invented, and had been amused at seeing quoted here and there—

‘Coldly correct and critically dull.’

Now only last night I happened to see the Line quoted in the Preface to Frederick Reynolds' (the Playwright's) stupid Memoirs, published in 1827; some time before Spring Rice would have thought of such things, I suppose....

What Plays Reynolds' were, which made George III. laugh so, and put £500 apiece into the writer's Pocket! But then there were Lewis, Quick, Kemble, Edwin, Parsons, Palmer, Mrs Jordan &c. to act them.

WOODBIDGE, *Jan. 22*, [1871].

My dear POLLOCK,

My acquaintance with Spanish, as with other Literature, is almost confined to its Fiction; and of that I have read nothing to care about except Don Quixote and Calderon. The first is well worth learning Spanish for. When I began reading the Language more than twenty years ago, with Cowell who taught me nearly all I know, I tried some of the other Dramatists, Tirso de Molina, Lopé de Vega, Moratin etc. but could take but little interest in them. All Calderon's, I think, have something beautiful in them: and about a score of them bear reading again, and will be remembered if read but once. But Don Quixote is *the* Book, as you know; to be fully read, I

believe, in no language but its own, though delightful in any. You know as well as I that Spanish History has a good name; Mariana's for one: and one makes sure that the Language, at any rate, must be suitable to relate great Things with. But I do not meddle with History.

There are very good Selections from the Spanish Dramas published in good large-type Octavo by Don Ochoa, printed (I think) by Baudry, in Paris. There is one volume of Calderon; one of Lopé, I believe: and one or two made up of other Playwrights. These Books are very easily got at any foreign Bookseller's.

An Artist¹ to whom I have lent my house for a while has been teaching me 'Spanish Dominoes,' a very good Game. He, and I, and the Captain whose Photo I sent you (did I not?) had a grand bout with it the other day. If I went about in Company again I think I should do as old Rossini did, carry a Box of Dominoes, or pack of Cards, which I think would set Conversation at ease by giving people something easy to do beside conversing. I say Rossini did this; but I only know of his doing it once, at Trouville, where F. Hiller met him, who has published the Conversations they had together.

Did you read the very curious Paper in the Cornhill², a year back, I think, concerning the vexed question of Mozart's Requiem? It is curious as a piece of Evidence, irrespective of any musical Interest. Evidence, I believe, would compel a Law Court to decide that the Requiem was mainly, not Mozart's, but his pupil Süssmayer's. And perhaps the Law Court might justly so decide, if by 'mainly' one understood the more technical business of filling up the ideas suggested by the Master. But then those ideas are

¹ Edwin Edwards.

² Cornhill, June 1870. 'A Clever Forgery.'

just everything ; and no Court of Musical Equity but would decide, against all other Evidence, that those ideas were Mozart's. It is known that he was instructing Süssmayer, almost with his last breath, about some drum accompaniments to the Requiem ; and I have no doubt, hummed over the subjects, or melodies, of all.

To W. H. Thompson.

WOODBIDGE, *Feb. 1*, [1871].

My dear MASTER,

The Gorgias duly came last week, thank you : and I write rather earlier than I should otherwise have done to satisfy you on that point. Otherwise, I say, I should have waited awhile till I had gone over all the Notes more carefully, with some of the sweet-looking Text belonging to them ; which would have taken some time, as my Eyes have not been in good trim of late, whether from the Snow on the Ground, and the murky Air all about one, or because of the Eyes themselves being two years older than when they got hurt by Paraffin.

The Introduction I have read twice, and find it quite excellently written. Surely I miss some—ay, more than some—of the Proof you sent me two years ago ; some of the Argument to prove the relation between this Dialogue and the Republic, and consequently of the Date that must be assigned to it. All that interested me then as it does now, and I would rather have seen the Introduction all the longer by it. Perhaps, however, I am confounding my remembrances of the Date question (which of course follows from the matter) with the Phædrus Introduction.

Then as to what I have seen of the Notes : they seem to me as good as can be. I do not read modern Scholars,

and therefore do not know how generally the Style of English Note-writing may be [different] from that of the Latin one was used to. But your Notes, I know, seem excellent to me; I mean, in the Style of them (for of the Scholarship I am not a proper Judge); totally without pedantry of any sort, whether of solving unnecessary difficulties, carping at other Critics etc. but plainly determined to explain what needs explanation in the shortest, clearest, way, and in a Style which is most of all suited to the purpose, 'familiar but by no means vulgar,' such as we have known in such cases, whether in Latin or English. My Quotation reminds me of yours: how sparingly, and always just to the point, introduced; Polus 'gambolling' from the Theme: old Wordsworth's Robin Hood etc. And the paraphrases you give of the Greek are so just the thing. I have not read Vaughan's (?) Translation of the Republic; which I am told is good. But this I know that I never met with any readable Translation of Plato. Whewell's was intolerable. You should have translated—(that is, paraphrased, for however far some People may err on this score, rushing in where Scholars fear to tread) a Translation must be Paraphrase to be readable; and especially in these Dialogues where the familiar Grace of the Narrative and Conversation is so charming a vehicle of the Philosophy. If people will conscientiously translate ὦ βέλτιστε "Oh most excellent man," when perhaps "My good fellow" was the thing meant, and "By the Dog!" and so on, why, it is not English talk, and probably not Greek either. I say you should have, or should translate one or two Dialogues to show how they should be done; if no longer than the Lysis, or one of those small and sweet ones which I believe the Germans disclaim for Plato's.

"The Dog" however does need a Note, as I suppose

that, however far-fetched Olympiodorus' suggestion, this was an Oath familiar to Socrates alone, and which he took up for some, perhaps whimsical, reason. It is not to be found (is it?) in Aristophanes, where I suppose all the common Oaths come in; but then again I wonder that, if it were Socrates' Oath, it did not find its way into the Clouds, or perhaps into the criminal Charge against Socrates, as being a sort of mystical or scoffing Blasphemy.

I am afraid I tire you more with my Letter than you tired me with your Introduction, a good deal. And you see, to your cost, that my MS. does not argue much pleasure in the act of writing. But I would say my little say; which perhaps is all wrong....

One of your Phrases I think truly delightful, about the Treasure to be sometimes found in a weak Vessel like Proclus. That I think is very Platonic; all the more for such things coming only now and then, which makes them tell. Modern Books lose by being over-crowded with good things.

In the course of this year 1871, FitzGerald parted with his little yacht the Scandal, so called, he said, because it was the staple product of Woodbridge, and on September 4 he wrote to me,

WOODBIDGE: *Sept.* 4/71.

'I run over to Lowestoft occasionally for a few days, but do not abide there long: no longer having my dear little Ship for company. I saw her there looking very smart under her new owner ten days ago, and I felt so at home when I was once more on her Deck that—Well: I content myself with sailing on the river Deben, looking at the Crops as they grow green, yellow, russet, and are finally carried away in the red and blue Waggon with the sorrel horse.'

To W. F. Pollock.

[1871].

My dear POLLOCK,

...A night or two ago I was reading old Thackeray's Roundabouts; and (sign of a good book) heard him talking to me. I wonder at his being so fretted by what was said of him as some of these Papers show that he was: very unlike his old self, surely. Perhaps Ill Health (which Johnson said made every one a Scoundrel) had something to do with this. I don't mean that W. M. T. went this length: but in this one respect he was not so good as he used to be.

Annie Thackeray in her yearly letter wrote that she had heard from Mrs A. T. that the Laureate was still suffering. I judge from your Letter that he is better....I never heard any of his coadjutor Sullivan's Music. Is there a Tune, or originally melodious phrase, in any of it? That is what I always missed in Mendelssohn, except in two or three of his youthful Pieces; Fingal and Midsummer Night's Dream overtures, and Meeresstille. Chorley mentions as a great instance of M.'s candour, that when some of his Worshippers were sneering at Donizetti's 'Figlia,' M. silenced them by saying 'Do you [know] I should like to have written it myself.' If he meant that he ever could have written it if he had pleased, he ought to have had his nose tweaked.

I have been reading Sir Walter's Pirate again, and am very glad to find how much I like it—that is speaking far below the mark—I may say how I wonder and delight in it. I am rejoiced to find that this is so; and I am quite sure that it is not owing to my old prejudice, but to the intrinsic merit and beauty of the Book itself. With all its faults of detail, often mere carelessness, what a broad Shakespearian

Daylight over it all, and all with no Effort, and—a lot else that one may be contented to feel without having to write an Essay about. They won't beat Sir Walter in a hurry (I mean of course his earlier, Northern, Novels), and he was such a fine Fellow that I really don't believe any one would wish to cast him in the Shade¹.

To T. Carlyle.

WOODBIDGE, Dec. 20, [1871].

Dear CARLYLE,

Do not be alarmed at another Letter from me this year. It will need no answer: and is only written to tell you that I have not wholly neglected the wish you expressed in your last about the Naseby stone. I was reading, some months ago, your letters about our Naseby exploits in 1842: as also one which you wrote in 1855 (I think) about that Stone, giving me an Inscription for it. And it was not wholly my fault that your wishes were not then fulfilled, though perhaps I was wanting in due energy about the matter. Thus, however, it was; that when you wrote in 1855, we had just sold Naseby to the Trustees of Lord Clifden: and, as there was some hitch in the Business (Lord Carlisle being one of the Trustees), I was told I had better not put in my oar. So the matter dropt. Since then Lord Clifden is dead: and I do not know if the Estate belongs to his Family. But, on receiving your last Letter, I wrote to the Lawyers who had managed for Lord Clifden to know about it: but up to this hour I have had no answer. Thus much I have done. If I get the Lawyer's and Agent's

¹ In 1879 he wrote to Professor Cowell, 'O, Sir Walter will fly over all their heads "come aquila" still!'

consent, I should be very glad indeed to have the stone cut, and lettered, as you wished. But whether I should pluck up spirit to go myself and set it up on the proper spot, I am not so sure; and I cannot be sure that any one else could do it for me. Those who were with me when I dug up the bones are dead, or gone; and I suppose the Plough has long ago obliterated the traces of sepulture, in these days of improved Agriculture; and perhaps even the Tradition is lost from the memory of the Generation that has sprung up since I, and the old Parson, and the Scotch Tenant, turned up the ground. You will think me very base to hesitate about such a little feat as a Journey into Northamptonshire for this purpose. But you know that one does not generally grow more active in Travel as one gets older: and I have been a bad Traveller all my life. So I will promise nothing that I am not sure of doing. Only, if you continue to desire this strongly, when next Summer comes, I will resolve upon it if I can.

These Naseby Letters of yours—they are all yours I have preserved, because (as in the case of Tennyson and Thackeray) I would not leave anything of private personal history behind me, lest it should fall into some unscrupulous hand. Even these Naseby letters—would you wish them returned to you? Only in case you should desire this, trouble yourself to answer me now.

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBIDGE, *Dec. 24*, [1871].

My dear POLLOCK,

...The Pirate is, I know, not one of Scott's best: the Women, Minna, Brenda, Norna, are poor theatrical

figures. But Magnus and Jack Bunce and Claud Halcro (though the latter rather wearisome) are substantial enough : how wholesomely they swear ! and no one ever thinks of blaming Scott for it. There is a passage where the Company at Burgh Westra are summoned by Magnus to go down to the Shore to see the Boats go off to the Deep Sea fishing, and 'they followed his stately step to the Shore as the Herd of Deer follows the leading Stag, with all manner of respectful Observance.' This, coming in at the close of the preceding unaffected Narrative is to me like Homer, whom Scott really resembles in the simplicity and ease of his Story. This is far more poetical in my Eyes than all the Effort of —, — etc. And which of them has written such a Lyric as 'Farewell to Northmaven' ? I finished the Book with Sadness ; thinking I might never read it again....

P. S. Can't you send me your Paper about the Novelists? As to which is the best of all I can't say : that Richardson (with all his twaddle) is better than Fielding, I am quite certain. There is nothing at all comparable to Lovelace in all Fielding, whose characters are common and vulgar types ; of Squires, Ostlers, Lady's maids etc., very easily drawn. I am equally sure that Miss Austen cannot be third, any more than first or second : I think you were rather drawn away by a fashion when you put her there : and really old Spedding seems to me to have been the Stag whom so many followed in that fashion. She is capital as far as she goes : but she never goes out of the Parlour ; if but Magnus Troil, or Jack Bunce, or even one of Fielding's Brutes, would but dash in upon the Gentility and swear a round Oath or two ! I must think the 'Woman in White,' with her Count Fosco, far beyond all that. Cowell constantly reads Miss Austen at night after his Sanskrit Philology

is done: it composes him, like Gruel: or like Paisiello's Music, which Napoleon liked above all other, because he said it didn't interrupt his Thoughts.

WOODBIDGE, *Dec.* 29 [1871].

My dear POLLOCK,

If you come here, come some very fine weather, when we look at our best inland, and you may take charge of my Boat on the River. I doubt I did my Eyes damage this Summer by steering in the Sun, and peering out for the Beacons that mark the Channel; but your Eyes are proof against this, and I shall resign the command to you, as you wrote that you liked it at Clovelly....

I had thought Beauty was the main object of the Arts: but these people, not having Genius, I suppose, to create any new forms of that, have recourse to the Ugly, and find their Worshippers in plenty. In Poetry, Music, and Painting, it seems to me the same. And people think all this finer than Mozart, Raffaele, and Tennyson—as he *was*—but he never ceases to be noble and pure. There was a fine passage quoted from his Last Idyll: about a Wave spending itself away on a long sandy Shore: that was Lincolnshire, I know.

Carlyle has written to remind me of putting up a Stone on the spot in Naseby field where I dug up the Dead for him thirty years ago. I will gladly have the Stone cut, and the Inscription he made for it engraved: but will I go again to Northamptonshire to see it set up? And perhaps the people there have forgotten all about the place, now that a whole Generation has passed away, and improved Farming has passed the Plough over the Ground. But we shall see.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBRIDGE. Jan. 20/72.

By way of flourishing my Eyes, I have been looking into Andrew Marvell, an old favourite of mine, who led the way for Dryden in Verse, and Swift in Prose, and was a much better fellow than the last, at any rate.

Two of his lines in the Poem on "Appleton House", with its Gardens, Grounds, &c. run :

"But most the *Hewel's* wonders are,
Who here has the *Holtsestster's* care."

The "*Hewel*" being evidently the Woodpecker, who, by tapping the Trees &c. does the work of one who measures and gauges Timber; here, rightly or wrongly, called "*Holtsestster*." "Holt" one knows: but what is "sestster"? I do not find either this word or "Hewel" in Bailey or Halliwell. But "Hewel" may be a form of "Yaffil," which I read in some Paper that Tennyson had used for the Woodpecker in his Last Tournament¹.

This reminded me that Tennyson once said to me, some thirty years ago, or more, in talking of Marvell's "Coy Mistress," where it breaks in—

"But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near."

"*That* strikes me as sublime, I can hardly tell why." Of course, this partly depends on its place in the Poem.

Apropos of the Woodpecker, a Clergyman near here was telling our Bookseller Loder, that, in one of his Parishioners' Cottages, he observed a dried Woodpecker hung up to the Ceiling indoors; and was told that it always pointed with its Bill to the Quarter whence the Wind blew.

¹ Not 'Yaffil' but 'yaffingale'.

To Miss Anna Biddell.

WOODBIDGE. *Feb. 22, [1872].*

...I have lost the Boy who read to me so long and so profitably: and now have another; a much better Scholar, but not half so agreeable or amusing a Reader as his Predecessor. We go through Tichborne without missing a Syllable, and, when Tichborne is not long enough, we take to Lothair! which has entertained me well. So far as I know of the matter, his pictures of the manners of English High Life are good: Lothair himself I do not care for, nor for the more romantic parts, Theodora, &c. Altogether the Book is like a pleasant Magic Lantern: when it is over, I shall forget it: and shall want to return to what I do not forget, some of Thackeray's monumental Figures of 'pauvre et triste Humanité', as old Napoleon called it: Humanity in its Depths, not in its superficial Appearances.

To W. F. Pollock.

THE OLD PLACE, *Feb. 25/72.*

...Aldis Wright must be right about 'sear'¹—French *serre* he says. What a pity that Spedding has not employed some of the twenty years he has lost in washing his Blackamoor in helping an Edition of Shakespeare, though not in the way of these minute archæologic Questions! I never heard him read a page but he threw some new Light upon it. When you see him pray tell him I do not write to him, because I judge from experience that it is a labour to him to answer, unless it were to do me any service I asked of him except to tell me of himself.

My heart leaped when the Boy read me the Attorney General's Quotation from A. T.²

¹ In Hamlet, ii. 2. 337, 'Whose lungs are tickle o' the sear.'

² 'Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee'. *Sea Dreams.*

From T. Carlyle.

CHELSEA. 15 June, 1872.

Dear FITZGERALD,

I am glad you are astir on the Naseby Monument question; and that the auspices are so favourable. This welcome "Agent," so willing and beneficent, will contrive, I hope, to spare you a good deal of the trouble,—except indeed that of seeing with your own eyes that the Stone is put in its right place, and the number of yards "rearward" is exactly given.

I think the Inscription will do; and as to the shape &c. of the monument, I have nothing to advise,—except that I think it ought to be of the most perfect *simplicity*, and should¹ go direct to its object and punctually stop there. A small block of Portland stone—(Portland excels all stone in the world for durability and capacity for taking an exact inscription)—block of Portland stone of size to contain the words and allow itself to be sunk firmly in the ground; to me it could have no other good quality whatever; and I should not care if the stone on three sides of it were squared with the hammer merely, and only *polished* on its front or fourth side where the letters are to be.

In short I wish *you* my dear friend to take charge of this pious act in all its details; considering me to be loyally passive to whatever you decide on respecting it. If on those terms you will let me bear half the expense and flatter myself that in this easy way I have gone halves with you in this small altogether genuine piece of patriotism, I shall be extremely obliged to you.

Pollock has told you an altogether flattering tale about my strength, as it is nearly impossible for any person still on his feet to be more completely useless. Yours ever truly²

T. CARLYLE.

¹ Thus far written in pencil by Carlyle himself. The rest of the letter except the signature and postscript is in Mr Froude's hand.

² J. A. Froude (just come to walk with me) *scripsit*.

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBIDGE, *June 16*, [1872].

My dear POLLOCK,

Some forty years ago there was a set of Lithograph Outlines from Hayter's Sketches of Pasta in Medea : caricature things, though done in earnest by a Man who had none of the Genius of the Model he admired. Looking at them now people who never saw the Original will wonder perhaps that Talma and Mrs Siddons should have said that they might go to learn of Her : and indeed it was only the Living Genius and Passion of the Woman herself that could have inspired and exalted, and enlarged her very incomplete Person (as it did her Voice) into the Grandeur, as well as the *Niobe* Pathos, of her Action and Utterance. All the nobler features of Humanity she had indeed : finely shaped Head, Neck, Bust, and Arms : all finely related to one another : the superior Features too of the Face fine : Eyes, Eyebrows—I remember Trelawny saying they reminded him of those in the East—the Nose not so fine : but the whole Face 'homogeneous' as Lavater calls it, and capable of all expression, from Tragedy to Farce. For I have seen her in the 'Prova d' un' Opera Seria,' where no one, I believe, admired her but myself, except Thomas Moore, whose Journal long after published revealed to me one who thought,—yes, and *knew*—as I did. Well, these Lithographs are as mere Skeleton Outlines of the living Woman ; but I suppose the only things now to give an Idea of her. I have been a dozen years looking out for a Copy.

I think I love the Haymarket as much as any part of London because of the Little Theatre where Vestris used to sing 'Cherry Ripe' in her prime : and (soon after) because of the old Bills on the opposite Colonnade : "MEDEA IN

CORINTO. Medea, *Signora Pasta*." You know what she said, to the Confusion of all æsthetic People, one of whom said to her, 'sans doute vous avez beaucoup étudié l'Antique?' 'Peut-être je l'ai beaucoup senti.'

My dear POLLOCK,

I have remembered, since last writing to you, that the Hayter Sketches were published by Dickenson of Bond Street, about 1825-6, I fancy. I have tried to get them, and all but succeeded two years ago. I am afraid they would give you and Miss Bateman the impression that Pasta played the Virago: which was not so at all. Her scene with her Children was among the finest of all: and it was well known at the time how deeply she felt it. But I suppose the stronger Situations offered better opportunities for the pencil, such a pencil as Hayter's. I used to admire as much as anything her Attitude and Air as she stood at the side of the Stage when Jason's Bridal Procession came on: motionless, with one finger in her golden girdle: a habit which (I heard) she inherited from Grassini. The finest thing to me in Pasta's Semiramide was her simple Action of touching Arsace's shoulder when she chose him for husband. She was always dignified in the midst of her Passion: never scolded as her Caricature Grisi did. And I remember her curbing her Arsace's redundant Action by taking hold of her (Arsace's) hands; Arsace being played by Brambilla, who was (I think) Pasta's Niece¹.

WOODBIDGE, *July 4/72*.

My dear POLLOCK,

I like your Fraser Paper very much, and recognised some points we had talked of together², but nothing

¹ This appears to be a mistake. ² At Whitsuntide.

that I can claim as my own. I suppose that I think on these points as very many educated men do think; I mean as to Principles of Art. I am not sure I understand your word 'Imagination' as opposed to realistic (d—d word) detail at p. 26, but I suppose I suppose I know what is meant, nevertheless, and agree with that. Is the Prophet of p. 24 *Gurlyle*¹? I think so. The fine head of him which figures as Frontispiece to the People's Edition of Sartor made me think of a sad Old Prophet; so that I bought the Book for the Portrait only.

The 'Brown Umbrella' pleased me greatly.

Well; and I thought there were other Papers in Fraser which made me think that, on the whole, I would take in Fraser rather than the Cornhill which you advised. Perhaps I am just now out of tune for Novels; whether that be so or not, I don't get an Appetite for Annie Thackeray's² from the two Numbers I have had.

And here is Spedding's vol. vi. which leaves me much where it found me about Bacon: but though I scarce care for him, I can read old Spedding's pleading for him for ever; that is, old Spedding's simple statement of the case, as he sees it. The Raleigh Business is quite-delightful, better than Old Kensington.

Then I have bought 3 vols of the '*Ladies Magazine*' for 1750—3 by 'Jasper Goodwill' who died at Vol. iv. It contains the Trials and Executions (16 men at a time) of the time; *Miss Blandy* above all; and such delightful Essays, Poems, and Enigmas, for *Ladies*! The Allegories are in the Rasselas style, all Oriental. The Essays 'of all the Virtues which adorn &c.' Then Anecdotes of the Day: as of a Country woman in St James' Park taking on because

¹ As Thackeray used to call Carlyle.

² Old Kensington.

she cannot go home till she has kissed the King's hand : one of the Park keepers tells one of the Pages, who tells the King, who has the Woman in to kiss his hand, and take some money beside. One wonders there weren't heaps of such loyal Subjects.

Mowbray Donne wrote me that he sent you the Fragments I had saved and transcribed of Morton's Letters ; the best part having been lost by Blackwood's People thirty years ago, as I believe I told you. But don't you think what remains capital? I wish you would get them put into some Magazine, just for the sake of some of our Day getting them in Print. You might just put a word of Preface as to the Author : an Irish Gentleman, of Estate and Fortune (which of course went the Irish way), who was Scholar, Artist, Newspaper Correspondent &c. A dozen lines would tell all that is wanted, naming no name. It might be called 'Fragments of Letters by an "Ill-starred" or "Unlucky" Man of Genius' &c. as S. M. was : 'Unlucky' being still used in Suffolk, with something of Ancient Greek meaning. See if you cannot get this done, will you? For I think many of S. M.'s friends would be glad of it : and the general Public assuredly not the worse. Some of the names would need some correction, I think : and the Letters to be put in order of Time¹. 'Do it!' as Julia in the Hunchback says.

¹ In 1873 he wrote to Miss Thackeray,

'Only yesterday I lighted upon some mention of your Father in the Letters of that mad man of Genius Morton, who came to a sudden and terrible end in Paris not long after. He was a good deal in Coram Street, and no one admired your Father more, nor made so sure of his "*doing something*" at last, so early as 1842. A Letter of Jan. 22/45 says : "I hear of Thackeray at Rome. Once there, depend upon it, he will stay there some time. There is something glutinous in

[1872.]

My dear POLLOCK,

I went to London at the end of last week, on my way to Sydenham, where my second Brother is staying, whom I had not seen these six years, nor his Wife... On Saturday I went to the Academy, for little else but to see Millais, and to disagree with you about him! I thought his three Women and his Highlanders brave pictures, which you think also; but braver than you think them. The Women looked alive: the right Eye so much smaller than the left in the Figure looking at you that I suppose it was so in the original, so that I should have chosen one of the other Sisters for the position. I could not see any analogy between the Picture and Sir Joshua's Graces, except that there were Three. Nor could I think the Highlanders in the Landscape vulgar; they seemed to me in character with the Landscape. Both Pictures want tone, which may mean Glazing: wanting which they may last the longer, and sober down of themselves without danger of cracking by any transparent Colour laid over them.

I scarce looked at anything else, not having much time. Just as I was going out, who should come up to me but Annie Thackeray, who took my hands as really glad to see her Father's old friend. I am sure she was; and I was the soil of Rome, that, like the sweet Dew that lies on the lime-leaf, ensnares the Butterfly Traveller's foot." Which is not so bad, is it? And again, still in England, and harping on Rome, whose mere name, he says, "moves the handle of the Pump of Tears in him" (one of his grotesque fancies), he suddenly bethinks him (Feb. 4/45): "This is the last day of Carnival, Thackeray is walking down the Corso with his hands in his Breeches pockets: stopping to look at some little Child. At night, millions of Moccolletti, dasht about with endless Shouts and Laughter &c."

taken aback somehow; and, out of sheer awkwardness, began to tell her that I didn't care for her new Novel! And then, after she had left her Party to come to me, I ran off! It is true, I had to be back at Sydenham: but it would have been better to forgo all that: and so I reflected when I had got halfway down Piccadilly: and so ran back, and went into the Academy again: but could not find A. T. She told me she was going to Normandy this week: and I have been so vexed with myself that I have written to tell her something of what I have told you. It was very stupid indeed.

WOODBIDGE: *November 1, [1872].*

My dear POLLOCK,

The Spectator, and also the Athenæum, somewhat over-praise Gareth, I think: but I am glad they do so....The Poem seems to me scarce more worthy of what A. T. was born to do than the other Idylls; but you will almost think it is out of contradiction that I like it better: except, of course, the original Morte. The Story of this young Knight, who can submit and conquer and do all the Devoir of Chivalry, interests me much more than the Enids, Lily Maids &c. of former Volumes. But Time *is*—Time *was*—to have done with the whole Concern: pure and noble as all is, and in parts more beautiful than any one else can do....

Rain—Rain—Rain! What will become of poor Italy? I think we ought to subscribe for her. Did you read of one French Caricature of the Pope leaving Rome with the Holy Ghost in a Bird Cage?

WOODBIDGE, *Nov.* 20.

My dear POLLOCK,

I am glad the Rogers Verses¹ gratified you. I forget where I saw them quoted, some ten years ago ; but as I had long wished for them myself, and thought others might wish for them also, I got them reprinted here in the form I sent you....I have no compunction at all in reviving this Satire upon the old Banker, whom it is only paying off in his own Coin. Spedding (of course) used to deny that R. deserved his ill Reputation : but I never heard any one else deny it. All his little malignities, unless the epigram on Ward be his, are dead along with his little sentimentalities ; while Byron's Scourge hangs over his Memory. The only one who, so far as I have seen, has given any idea of his little cavilling style, is Mrs Trench in her Letters ; her excellent Letters, so far as I can see and judge, next best to Walpole and Cowper in our Language....

I have bought Regnard, of the old Molière times, very good ; and (what is always odd to me) as French as the French of To-day : I mean, in point of Language.

[*Nov.* 1872.]

My dear POLLOCK,

In a late Box of books which I had from Mudie were Macmillan and Fraser, for 1869-1870. And in one of these—I am nearly sure, Macmillan—is an Article called 'Objects of Art'² which treats very well, I think, on the subject you and I talked of at Whitsun....

My new Reader...has been reading to me Field's 'Yesterdays with Authors,' Hawthorne, Dickens, Thackeray. The

¹ Byron's verses on Rogers.

² In Fraser's Magazine, May 1870.

latter seems to me a Caricature: the Dickens has one wonderful bit about Macready in 1869, which ought not to have been printed during his Life, but which I will copy out for you if you have not seen it. Hawthorne seems to me the most of a Man of Genius America has produced in the way of Imagination: yet I have never found an Appetite for his Books. Frederic Tennyson sent me Victor Hugo's 'Toilers of the Sea,' which he admires, I suppose; but I can't get up an Appetite for that neither. I think the Scenes being laid in the Channel Islands may have something to do with old Frederic's Liking....

The Daily News only tells me of Crises in France, Floods in Italy, Insubordination of London Policemen, and Desertion from the British Army. So I take refuge in other Topics. Do look for 'Objects of Art' among them.

Which are you for

Noi leggiavamo	}	un giorno per diletto ¹ ?
or		
Noi leggevamo		

WOODBIDGE: Nov. 28, 1872.

'Multæ Epistolæ pertransibunt et augebitur Scientia.' Our one Man of Books down here, Brooke², had told me that the old Editions on the whole favoured 'leggiavamo.' Now I shall tell him that the Germans have decided on 'leggevamo.' But Brooke quotes one Copy (1502) which reads 'leggevam,' which I had also wished for, to get rid of a fifth (and superfluous) *o* in the line. I suppose such a plural is as allowable as

Noi andavam per lo solingo Piano &c.

What is all this erudite Enquiry about? I was talking

¹ Inferno, Canto v. 127.

² F. C. Brooke of Ufford.

with Edwards one night of this passage, and of this line in particular, which came into my head as a motto for a Device¹ we were talking of; and hence all this precious fuss.

But I want to tell you what I forgot in my last letter: what Dickens himself says of his 'Holyday Romance' in a letter to Field.

July 25, 1867.

'I hope the Americans will see the joke of Holyday Romance. The writing seems to me so much like Children's, that dull folk (on *any* side of *any* water) might perhaps take it accordingly. I should like to be beside you when you read it, and particularly when you read the Pirate Story. It made me laugh to that extent that my people here thought I was out of my wits: until I gave it to them to read, when they did likewise.'

One thinks, what a delightful thing to be such an Author! Yet he died of his work, I suppose.

WOODBIDGE, Jan. 5/73.

My dear POLLOCK,

I don't know that I have anything to tell you, except a Story which I have already written to Donne and to Mrs Kemble, all the way to Rome, out of a French Book². I just now forget the name, and it is gone back to Mudie. About 1783, or a little later, a young *Danseur* of the French Opera falls in love with a young *Danseuse* of the same. She, however, takes up with a 'Militaire,' who indeed commands the Guard who are on service at the Opera. The poor *Danseur* gets mad with jealousy: attacks the *Militaire* on his post; who just bids his Soldiers tie the poor Lad to a Column, without further Injury. The Lad, though otherwise

¹ Probably a frontispiece to Omar Khayyám which was never used.

² Roqueplan, *La Vie Parisienne*.

unhurt, falls ill of Shame and Jealousy ; and dies, after bequeathing his Skeleton to the Doctor attached to the Opera, with an understanding that the said Skeleton is to be kept in the Doctor's Room at the Opera. Somehow, this Skeleton keeps its place through Revolutions, and Changes of Dynasty : and re-appears on the Scene when some Diablerie is on foot, as in Freischütz ; where, says the Book, it still produces a certain effect. I forgot to say that the *Subject* wished to be in that Doctor's Room in order that he might still be near his Beloved when she danced.

Now, is not this a capital piece of French all over ?

In Sophie Gay's 'Salons de Paris'¹ I read that when Mad^{lle} Contat (the Predecessor of Mars) was learning under Prévile and his Wife for the Stage, she gesticulated too much, as Novices do. So the Prévilles confined her Arms like '*une Momie*' she says, and then set her off with a Scene. So long as no great Passion, or Business, was needed, she felt pretty comfortable, she says : but when the Dialogue grew hot, then she could not help trying to get her hands free ; and *that*, as the Prévilles told her, sufficiently told her when Action should begin, and not till then, whether in Grave or Comic. This anecdote (told by Contat herself) has almost an exact counterpart in Mrs Siddons' practice : who recited even Lear's Curse with her hands and arms close to her side like an Egyptian Figure, and Sir Walter Scott², who heard her, said nothing could be more terrible....

The Egyptian Mummy reminds me of a clever, darling, Book we are reading on the subject, by Mr Zincke, Vicar of a Village³ near Ipswich. Did you know, or do you believe, that the Mummy was wrapt up into its Chrysalis Shape as an Emblem of Future Existence ; wrapt up, too, in bandages all inscribed with ritualistic directions for its intermediate

¹ Salons Célèbres. ² Q. Rev. No. LXVII. p. 216. ³ Wherstead.

stage, which was not one of total Sleep? I supposed that this might be a piece of ingenious Fancy: but Cowell, who has been over to see me, says it is probable.

I have brought my Eyes by careful nursing into sufficient strength to read Molière, and Montaigne, and two or three more of my old 'Standards' with all my old Relish. But I must not presume on this; and ought to spare your Eyes as well as my own in respect of this letter.

WOODBIDGE, *Jan.* 173.

My dear POLLOCK,

I have not been reading so much of my Gossip lately, to send you a good little Bit of, which I think may do you a good turn now and then. Give a look at 'Egypt of the Pharaohs' by Zincke, Vicar of a Parish near Woodbridge; the Book is written in a light, dashing (but not Cockney pert) way, easily looked over. There is a supposed Soliloquy of an English Labourer (called 'Hodge') as contrasted with the Arab, which is capital.

Do you know Taschereau's Life of Molière? I have only got that prefixed to a common Edition of 1730. But even this is a delightful serio-comic Drama. I see that H. Heine says the French are all born Actors: which always makes me wonder why they care so for the Theatre. Heine too, I find, speaks of V. Hugo's Worship of Ugliness; of which I find so much in ——— and other modern Artists, Literary, Musical, or Graphic...

What, you tell me, Palgrave said about me, I should have thought none but a very partial Friend, like Donne, would ever have thought of saying. But I'll say no more on that head. Only that, as regards the little Dialogue¹, I think it is a very pretty thing in Form, and with some very pretty

¹ Euphranor.

parts in it. But when I read it two or three years ago, there was, I am sure, some over-smart writing, and some clumsy wording; insomuch that, really liking the rest, I cut out about a sheet, and substituted another, and made a few corrections with a Pen in what remained, though plenty more might be made, little as the Book is. Well; as you like this little Fellow, and I think he is worth liking, up to a Point, I shall send you a Copy of these amended Sheets.

[*March 1873.*]

My dear POLLOCK,

7¼ p.m. After a stroll in mine own Garden, under the moon—shoes kicked off—Slippers and Dressing Gown on—A Pinch of Snuff—and hey for a Letter—to my only London Correspondent!

And to London have I been since my last Letter: and have seen the Old Masters; and finished them off by such a Symphony as was worthy of the best of them, two Acts of Mozart's 'Cosi.' You wrote me that you had 'assisted' at that also: the Singing, as you know, was inferior: but the Music itself! Between the Acts a Man sang a song of Verdi's: which was a strange Contrast, to be sure: one of Verdi's heavy Airs, however: for he has a true Genius of his own, though not Mozart's. Well: I did not like even Mozart's two Bravuras for the Ladies: a bad Despina for one: but the rest was fit for—Raffaelle, whose Christ in the Garden I had been looking at a little before. I had thought Titian's Cornaro, and a Man in Black, by a Column, worth nearly all the rest of the Gallery till I saw the Raffaelle: and I couldn't let that go with the others. All Lord Radnor's Pictures were new to me, and nearly all very fine. The Vandykes delightful: Rubens' Daniel, though all

by his own hand, not half so good as a Return from Hunting, which perhaps was not : the Sir Joshuas not first rate, I think, except a small life Figure of a Sir W. Molesworth in Uniform : the Gainsboros scratchy and superficial, *I* thought : the Romneys better, *I* thought. Two fine Cromes : Ditto Turners : and— I will make an End of my Catalogue Raisonné...

I suppose you never read Béranger's Letters : there are four thick Volumes of these, of which I have as yet only seen the Second and Third : and they are well worth reading. They make one love Béranger : partly because (odd enough) he is so little of a Frenchman in Character, French as his works are. He hated Paris, Plays, Novels, Journals, Critics, &c., hated being monstered himself as a Great Man, as he proved by flying from it ; seems to me to take a just measure of himself and others, and to be moderate in his Political as well as Literary Opinions.

I am hoping for Forster's second volume of Dickens in Mudie's forthcoming Box. Meanwhile, my Boy (whom I momentarily expect) reads me Trollope's 'He knew he was right,' the opening of which I think very fine : but which seems to be trailing off into 'longueur' as I fancy Trollope is apt to do. But he 'has a world of his own' as Tennyson said of Crabbe.

March 30/73.

My dear POLLOCK,

...You have never told me how you thought him [Spedding] looking &c. though you told me that your Boy Maurice went to sit with him. It really reminds me of some happy Athenian lad who was privileged to be with Socrates. Some Plato should put down the Conversation.

I have just finished the second volume of Forster's

Dickens : and still have no reason not to rejoice in the Man Dickens. And surely Forster does his part well ; but I can fancy that some other Correspondent but himself should be drawn in as Dickens' Life goes on, and thickens with Acquaintances.

We in the Country are having the best of it just now, I think, in these fine Days, though we have nothing to show so gay as Covent Garden Market. I am thinking of my Boat on the River...

You say I did not date my last letter : I can date this : for it is my Birthday. This it was that made me resolve to send you the Photos. Hey for my 65th year ! I think I shall plunge into a Yellow Scratch Wig to keep my head warm for the Remainder of my Days.

In September 1863 Mr Ruskin addressed a letter to 'The Translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar,' which he entrusted to an American friend, who after an interval of nearly ten years handed it to Mr Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of the History of Fine Art in Harvard University. By him it was transmitted to Carlyle, who sent it to FitzGerald, with the letter which follows.

CHELSEA, 14 April, 1873.

Dear FITZGERALD,

Mr Norton, the writer of that note, is a distinguished American (co-editor for a long time of the North American Review), an extremely amiable, intelligent and worthy man ; with whom I have had some pleasant walks, dialogues and other communications, of late months ;—in the course of which he brought to my knowledge, for the first time, your notable *Omar Khayyam*, and insisted on giving me a copy from the

third edition, which I now possess, and duly prize. From him too, by careful cross-questioning, I identified, beyond dispute, the hidden "Fitzgerald," the Translator;—and indeed found that his complete silence, and unique modesty in regard to said meritorious and successful performance, was simply a feature of my own *Edward F.*! The translation is excellent; the Book itself a kind of jewel in its way. I do Norton's mission without the least delay, as you perceive. Ruskin's message to you passes through my hands sealed. I am ever your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

Carlyle to Norton.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,

18 April 1873.

Dear NORTON,

It is possible Fitzgerald may have written to you; but whether or not I will send you his letter to myself, as a slight emblem and memorial of the peaceable, affectionate, and ultra modest man, and his innocent far niente life,—and the connexion (were there nothing more) of Omar, the Mahometan Blackguard, and Oliver Cromwell, the English Puritan!—discharging you completely, at the same time, from ever returning me this letter, or taking any notice of it, except a small silent one.

Fitzgerald to Carlyle

(enclosed in the preceding).

[15 April 1873.]

My dear CARLYLE,

Thank you for enclosing Mr Norton's Letter: and will you thank him for his enclosure of Mr Ruskin's? It is lucky for both R. and me that you did not read his Note; a sudden fit of Fancy, I suppose, which he is subject to. But as it was kindly meant on his part, I have written

to thank him. Rather late in the Day; for his Letter (which Mr Norton thinks may have lain a year or two in his Friend's Desk) is dated September 1863.

Which makes me think of our old Naseby Plans, so long talked of, and undone. I have made one more effort since I last wrote to you; by writing to the Lawyer, as well as to the Agent, of the Estate; to intercede with the Trustees thereof, whose permission seems to be necessary. But neither Agent nor Lawyer have yet answered. I feel sure that you believe that I do honestly wish this thing to be done; the plan of the Stone, and Inscription, both settled: the exact site ascertained by some who were with me when I dug for you: so as we can even specify the so many 'yards to the rear' which you stipulated for: only I believe we must write 'to the East—or Eastward'—in lieu of 'to the rear.' But for this Change we must have your Permission as well as from the Trustees theirs.

I am glad to hear from Mr Norton's Letter to you that you hold well, through all the Wet and Cold we have had for the last six months. Our Church Bell here has been tolling for one and another of us very constantly. I get out on the River in my Boat, and dabble about my five acres of Ground just outside the Town. Sometimes I have thought you might come to my pleasant home, where I never live, but where you should be treated with better fare than you had at Farlingay: where I did not like to disturb the Hostess' Economy. But I may say this: you would not come; nor could I press you to do so. But I remain yours sincerely, I assure you,

E. F. G.

P.S. Perhaps I had better write a word of thanks to Mr Norton myself: which I will do. I suppose he may be found at the address he gives.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE, *April 17/73.*

Dear Sir,

Two days ago Mr Carlyle sent me your Note, enclosing one from Mr Ruskin 'to the Translator of Omar Khayyám.' You will be a little surprized to hear that Mr Ruskin's Note is dated September 1863 : all but ten years ago ! I dare say he has forgotten all about it long before this : however, I write him a Note of Thanks for the good, too good, messages he sent me ; better late than never ; supposing that he will not be startled and bored by my Acknowledgments of a forgotten Favor rather than gratified. It is really a funny little Episode in the Ten years' Dream. I had asked Carlyle to thank you also for such trouble as you have taken in the matter. But, as your Note to him carries your Address, I think I may as well thank you for myself. I am very glad to gather from your Note that Carlyle is well, and able to walk, as well as talk, with a congenial Companion. Indeed, he speaks of such agreeable conversation with you in the Message he appends to your Letter. For which thanking you once more, allow me to write myself yours sincerely,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

To W. F. Pollock.

[5 *May*, 1873.]

Dear POLLOCK,

...I see that you were one of those who were at Macready's Funeral. I, too, feel as if I had lost a Friend, though I scarce knew him but on the Stage. But there I knew him as Virginius very well, when I was a Boy (about 1821), and when Miss Foote was his Daughter. Jackson's

Drawing of him in that Character is among the best of such Portraits, surely. I think I shall have a word about M. from Mrs Kemble, with whom I have been corresponding a little since her return to England. She has lately been staying with her Son-in-Law, Mr Leigh, at Stoneleigh Vicarage, near Kenilworth. In the Autumn she says she will go to America, never to return to England. But I tell her she will return....

My Eyes have been leaving me in the lurch again: partly perhaps from taxing them with a little more Reading: partly from going on the Water and straining after our River Beacons, in hot Sun and East Wind: partly also, and *mainly* I doubt, from growing so much older and the worse for wear. I am afraid this very Letter will be troublesome to you to read: but I must write at a Gallop if at all.....

[1873.]

My dear POLLOCK,

...This is Sunday Night: 10 p.m. And what is the Evening Service which I have been listening to? The 'Eustace Diamonds': which interest me almost as much as Tichborne. I really give the best proof I can of the Interest I take in Trollope's Novels, by constantly breaking out into Argument with the Reader (who never replies) about what is said and done by the People in the several Novels. I say 'No, no! She must have known she was lying!' 'He couldn't have been such a Fool! &c.'

[1873.]

My dear POLLOCK,

...I am very shy of 'The Greatest Poem,' The Greatest Picture, Symphony &c. but one single thing I always was assured of: that 'The School' was the best

Comedy in the English Language. Not wittier than Congreve &c. but with Human Character that one likes in it; Charles, both Teazles, Sir Oliver &c. Whereas the Congreve School inspires no sympathy with the People: who are Manners not Men, you know. Voilà de suffisamment péroré à ce sujet-là.... I set my reader last night on beginning *The Mill on the Floss*. I couldn't take to it more than to others I have tried to read by the Greatest Novelist of the Day: but I will go on a little further. Oh for some more brave Trollope; who I am sure conceals a much profounder observation than these dreadful Denners of Romance under his lightsome and sketchy touch, as Gainsboro compared to Denner.

[*July 1873.*]

My dear POLLOCK,

Thank you for the *Fraser*, and your Paper in it: which I relished very much for its Humour, Discrimination, and easy style; like all you write. Perhaps I should not agree with you about all the Pictures: but you do not give me any great desire to put that to the test.

Max Müller's Darwin Paper reminded me of an Observation in Bacon's *Sylva*¹; that Apes and Monkeys, with Organs of Speech so much like Man's have never been taught to speak an Articulate word: whereas Parrots and Starlings, with organs so unlike Man's, are easily taught to do so. Do you know if Darwin, or any of his Followers, or Antagonists, advert to this?

I have been a wonderful Journey—for me—even to Naseby in Northamptonshire; to authenticate the spot where I dug up some bones of those slain there, for Gurlyle thirty years ago. We are to put up a Stone there to record the fact, if we can get leave of the present Owners of the

¹ Cent. III. § 238.

Field ; a permission, one would think, easy enough to obtain ; but I have been more than a Year trying to obtain it, notwithstanding ; and do not know that I am nearer the point after all. The Owner is a Minor : and three Trustees must sanction the thing for him : and these three Trustees are all Great People, all living in different parts of England ; and, I suppose, forgetful of such a little matter, though their Estate-agent, and Lawyer, represented it to them long ago.

I stayed at Cambridge some three hours on my way, so as to look at some of the Old, and New, Buildings, which I had not seen these dozen years and more. The Hall of Trinity looked to me very fine ; and Sir Joshua's Duke of Gloucester the most beautiful thing in it. I looked into the Chapel, where they were at work : the Roof seemed to me being overdone : and Roubiliac's Newton is now nowhere, between the Statues of Bacon and Barrow which are executed on a larger scale¹. And what does Spedding say to Macaulay in that Company ? I never saw Cambridge so empty, but not the less pleasant.

[1873.]

My dear POLLOCK,

Two or three years ago I had three or four of my Master-pieces done up together for admiring Friends. It has occurred to me to send you one of these instead of the single Dialogue which I was looking in the Box for. I

¹ In June 1871 he wrote to me, 'One Improvement I persist in recommending for your Chapel : but no one will do it. Instead of Lucretius' line (which might apply to Shakespeare &c.) at the foot of Newton's Statue, you should put the first words of Bacon's *Novum Organum*, (Homo) '*Naturæ Minister et Interpres*' : which eminently becomes Newton, as he stands, with his Prism ; and connects him with his great Cambridge Predecessor, who now (I believe) sits in the Ante-Chapel along with him.'

think you have seen, or had, all the things but the last¹, which is the most impudent of all. It was, however, not meant for Scholars: mainly for Mrs Kemble: but as I can't read myself, nor expect others of my age to read a long MS. I had it printed by a cheap friend (to the bane of other Friends), and here it is. You will see by the notice that Æschylus is left 'nowhere,' and why; a modest proviso. Still I think the Story is well compacted: the Dialogue good, (with one single little originality; of riding into Rhyme as Passion grows) and the Choruses (mostly 'rot' quoad Poetry) still serving to carry on the subject of the Story in the way of Inter-act. Try one or two Women with a dose of it one day; not Lady Pollock, who knows better.... When I look over the little Prose Dialogue, I see lots that might be weeded. I wonder at one word which is already crossed—'*Emergency*.' 'An *Emergency*!' I think Blake could have made a Picture of it as he did of the Flea. Something of the same disgusting Shape too.... Blake seems to me to have fine things: but as by random, like those of a Child, or a Madman, of Genius. Is there one good whole Piece, of ever so few lines?...

What do you think of a French saying quoted by Heine, that when 'Le bon Dieu' gets rather bored in Heaven, he opens the windows, and takes a look at the Boulevards? Heine's account of the Cholera in France is wonderful.

[1873.]

My dear POLLOCK,

I am wondering in what Idiom you will one day answer my last². . Meanwhile, I have to thank you for Lady Pollock's Article on American Literature: which I like, as all of hers. Only, I cannot understand her Admiration of

¹ Agamemnon.

² Written in French, 22 July, 1873.

Emerson's 'Humble Bee'; which, without her Comment, I should have taken for a Burlesque on Barry Cornwall, or some of that London School. Surely, that 'Animated Torrid Zone' without which 'All is Martyrdom &c.' is rather out of Proportion. I wish she had been able to tell us that ten copies of Crabbe sold in America for one in England: rather than Philip of Artevelde. Perhaps Crabbe does too. What do you and Miladi think of these two Lines of his which returned to me the other day? Talking of poor Vagrants &c.,

'Whom Law condemns, and Justice with a Sigh
Pursuing, shakes her Sword, and passes by¹.'

There are heaps of such things lying hid in the tangle of Crabbe's careless verse; and yet such things, you know, are not the best of him, the distressing Old Man! Who would expect such a Prettyness as this of him?

'As of fair Virgins dancing in a round,
Each binds the others, and herself is bound²—

so the several Callings and Duties of Men in Civilized Life &c. Come! If Lady Pollock will write the Reason of all this, I will supply her with a Lot of it without her having the trouble of looking through all the eight volumes for it. I really can do little more than like, or dislike, Dr Fell, without a further Reason: which is none at all, though it may be a very good one. So I distinguish *Phil*-osophers, and *Fell*-osophers; which is rather a small piece of Wit. And I don't like the Humble Bee: and I won't like the Humble Bee, in spite of all the good reasons Miladi gives why I should; and so tell her: and tell her to forgive hers and yours always

E. F. G.

¹ 'The Family of Love,' vol. viii. p. 43.

² Ibid. p. 40.

To W. B. Donne.

ALDE COTTAGE, ALDEBURGH.

August 18, [1873].

My dear DONNE,

There being a change of servants in Market Hill, Woodbridge, I came here for a week, bringing Tacitus¹ in my Pocket. You know I don't pretend to judge of History: I can only say that you tell the Story of Tacitus' own Life, and of what he has to tell of others, very readably indeed to my Thinking: and so far I think my Thinking is to be relied on. Some of the Translations from T. by your other hands read so well also that I have wished to get at the original. But I really want an Edition such as you promised to begin upon. Thirty years ago I thought I could make out these Latins and Greeks sufficiently well for my own purpose; I do not think so now; and want good help of other men's Scholarship, and also of better Eyes than my own.

I am not sure if you were ever at this place: I fancy you once were. It is duller even than it used to be: because of even the Fishing having almost died away. But the Sea and the Shore remain the same; as to Nero, in that famous passage² I remember you pointed out to me: not quite so sad to me as to him, but not very lively. I have brought a volume or two of Walpole's Letters by way of amusement. I wish you were here; and I will wait here if you care to come. Might not the Sea Air do you good?

¹ Tacitus by W. B. Donne, in *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, 1873.

² Ann. XIV. 10.

*To T. Carlyle.*WOODBRIDGE. *Sept.* 8/73.

My dear CARLYLE,

Enclosed is the Naseby Lawyer's answer on behalf of the Naseby Trustees. I think it will seem marvellous in your Eyes, as it does in mine.

You will see that I had suggested whether moving the *Obelisk*, the "foolish Obelisk," might not be accomplished in case the Stone were rejected. You see also that my Lawyer offers his mediation in the matter if wished. I cannot believe the Trustees would listen to this Scheme any more than to the other. Nor do I suppose you would be satisfied with the foolish Obelisk's Inscription, which warns Kings not to exceed their just Prerogative, nor Subjects [to swerve from] their lawful Obedience &c. but does not say that it stands on the very spot where the Ashes of the Dead told of the final Struggle.

I say, I do not suppose any good will come of this second Application. The Trouble is nothing to me ; but I will not trouble this Lawyer, Agent &c. till I hear from you that you wish me to do so. I suppose you are now away from Chelsea; I hope among your own old places in the North. For I think, and I find, that as one grows old one returns to one's old haunts. However, my letter will reach you sooner or later, I dare say: and, if one may judge from what has passed, there will be no hurry in any future Decision of the "Three Incomprehensibles."

I have nothing to tell of myself; having been nowhere but to that Naseby. I am among my old haunts: so have not to travel. But I shall be very glad to hear that you are the better for having done so: and remain your ancient
Bedesman

E. F. G.

From T. Carlyle.

THE HILL, DUMFRIES, N.B.

13 Sep., 1873.

Dear FITZGERALD

There is something at once pathetic and ridiculous and altogether miserable and contemptible in the fact you at last announce that by one caprice and another of human folly perversity and general length of ear, our poor little enterprize is definitively forbidden to us. Alas, our poor little "inscription," so far as I remember it, was not more criminal than that of a number on a milestone; in fact the whole adventure was like that of setting up an authentic *milestone* in a tract of country (spiritual and physical) mournfully in want of measurement; that was *our* highly innocent offer had the unfortunate Rulers of the Element in that quarter been able to perceive it at all! Well; since they haven't, one thing at least is clear, that our attempt is finished, and that from this hour we will devoutly give it up. That of shifting the now existing pyramid from Naseby village and rebuilding it on Broadmoor seems to me entirely inadmissible;—and in fact unless *you* yourself should resolve, which I don't counsel, on marking, by way of foot-note, on the now existing pyramid, accurately how many yards off and in what direction the real battle ground lies from it, there is nothing visible to me which can without ridiculous impropriety be done.

The trouble and bother you have had with all this, which I know are very great, cannot be repaid you, dear old friend, except by my pious thankfulness, which I can well assure you shall not be wanting. But actual *money*, much or little, which the surrounding blockheads connected with this matter have first and last cost you, this I do request that you will accurately sum up that I may pay the half of it, as is my clear debt and right. This I do still expect from you; after which *Finis* upon this matter for ever and a day.....

Good be ever with you, dear FitzGerald,

I am and remain Yours truly

(Signed) T. CARLYLE.

To W. F. Pollock.

[16 Dec. 1873.]

...What do you think I am reading? Voltaire's 'Pucelle': the Epic he was fitted for. It is poor in Invention, I think: but wonderful for easy Wit, and the Verse much more agreeable to me than the regularly rhymed Alexandrines. I think Byron was indebted to it in his Vision of Judgment, and Juan: his best works. There are fine things too: as when Grisbourdon suddenly slain tells his Story to the Devils in Hell where he unexpectedly makes his Appearance,

'Et tout l'Enfer en rit d'assez bon cœur.'

This is nearer the Sublime, I fancy, than anything in the *Henriade*. And one Canto ends:

'J'ai dans mon temps possédé des maîtresses,
Et j'aime encore à retrouver mon cœur'—

is very pretty in the old Sinner....

I am engaged in preparing to depart from these dear Rooms where I have been thirteen years, and don't know yet where I am going¹.

¹ In January 1874, Donne wrote to Thompson, 'You probably know that our friend E. F. G. has been turned out of his long inhabited lodgings by a widow weighing at least fourteen stone, who is soon to espouse, and sure to rule over, his landlord, who weighs at most nine stone—"impar congressus." "Ordinary men and Christians" would occupy a new and commodious house which they have built, and which, in this case, you doubtless have seen. But the FitzGeralds are not *ordinary* men, however *Christian* they may be, and our friend is now looking for an alien home for himself, his books, pictures, and other "rich moveables."'

To S. Laurence.

GRANGE FARM, WOODBRIDGE.

February 26/74.

My dear LAURENCE,

...I am not very solicitous about the Likeness¹ as I might be of some dear Friend; but I was willing to have a Portrait of the Poet whom I am afraid I read more than any other of late and with whose Family (as you know) I am kindly connected. The other Portrait, which you wanted to see, and I hope have not seen, is by Phillips; and just represents what I least wanted, Crabbe's company look; whereas Pickersgill represents the Thinker. So I fancy, at least.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

[July 4/74.]

My dear LAURENCE,

...I am (for a wonder) going out on a few days' visit....And, once out, I meditate a run to Edinburgh, only to see where Sir Walter Scott lived and wrote about. But as I have meditated this great Enterprize for these 30 years, it may perhaps now end again in meditation only....

I am just finishing Forster's Dickens: very good, I think: only, he has no very nice perception of Character, I think, or chooses not to let his readers into it. But there is enough to show that Dickens was a very noble fellow as well as a very wonderful one.... I, for one, worship Dickens, in spite of Carlyle and the Critics: and wish to see his Gadshill as I wished to see Shakespeare's Stratford and Scott's Abbotsford. One must love the Man for that.

¹ A copy of Pickersgill's portrait of Crabbe.

To W. F. Pollock.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

July 23, [1874].

But I did get to Abbotsford, and was rejoiced to find it was not at all Cockney, not a Castle, but only in the half-castellated style of heaps of other houses in Scotland ; the Grounds simply and broadly laid out before the windows, down to a field, down to the Tweed, with the woods which he left so little, now well aloft and flourishing, and I was glad. I could not find my way to Maida's Grave in the Garden, with its false Quantity,

Ad jänuam Domini &c.

which the Whigs and Critics taunted Scott with, and Lockhart had done it. 'You know I don't care a curse about what I write ;' nor about what was imputed to him. In this, surely like Shakespeare : as also in other respects. I will worship him, in spite of Gurlyle, who sent me an ugly Autotype of Knox whom I was to worship instead.

Then I went to see Jedburgh¹ Abbey, in a half ruined corner of which he lies entombed—Lockhart beside him—a beautiful place, with his own Tweed still running close by, and his Eildon Hills looking on. The man who drove me about showed me a hill which Sir Walter was very fond of visiting, from which he could see over the Border &c. This hill is between Abbotsford and Jedburgh¹: and when his Coach horses, who drew his Hearse, got there, to that hill, they could scarce be got on.

My mission to Scotland was done ; but some civil

¹ Dryburgh.

pleasant people, whom I met at Abbotsford, made me go with them (under Cook's guidance) to the Trossachs, Katrine, Lomond &c. which I did not care at all about; but it only took a day. After which, I came in a day to London, rather glad to be in my old flat land again, with a sight of my old Sea as we came along.

And in London I went to see my dear old Donne, because of wishing to assure myself with my own eyes of his condition: and I can safely say he looked better than before his Illness, near two years ago. He had a healthy colour; was erect, alert, and with his old humour, and interest in our old topics....

I looked in at the Academy, as poor a Show as ever I had seen, I thought; only Millais attracted me: a Boy with a red Sash, and that old Seaman with his half-dreaming Eyes while the Lassie reads to him. I had no Catalogue: and so thought the Book was—The Bible—to which she was drawing his thoughts, while the sea-breeze through the half open Window whispered of his old life to him. But I was told afterwards (at Donne's indeed) that it was some account of a N. W. Passage she was reading. The Roll Call I could not see, for a three deep file of worshippers before it: I only saw the 'hairy Cap' as Thackeray in his Ballad¹, and I supposed one would see all in a Print as well as in the Picture. But the Photo of Miss Thompson herself gives me a very favourable impression of her. It really looks, in face and dress, like some of Sir Joshua's Women....

Another Miss Austen! Of course under Spedding's Auspices, the Father of Evil.

¹ See The Chronicle of the Drum.

To Miss Anna Biddell.

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT.

Jan. 18/75.

Dear Miss BIDDELL,

I am sending you a Treat. The old Athenæum told me there was a Paper by 'Mr Carlyle' in this month's Magazine; and never did I lay out half-a-crown better. And you shall have the Benefit of it, if you will. Why, Carlyle's Wine, so far from weak evaporation, is only grown better by Age: losing some of its former fierceness, and grown mellow without losing Strength. It seems to me that a Child might read and relish this Paper, while it would puzzle any other Man to write such a one. I think I must write to T. C. to felicitate him on this truly 'Green Old Age.' Oh, it was good too to read it here, with the old Sea (which also has not sunk into Decrepitude) rolling in from that North: and as I looked up from the Book, there was a Norwegian Barque beating Southward, close to the Shore, and nearly all Sail set. Read—Read! you will, you must, be pleased; and write to tell me so.

This Place suits me, I think, at this time of year: there is Life about me: and that old Sea is always talking to one, telling its ancient Story.

LOWESTOFT. *Febr. 2/75.*

Dear Miss BIDDELL,

I am so glad (as the Gushingtons say) that you like the Carlyle. I have ordered the second Number and will send it to you when I have read it. Some People, I believe, hesitate in their Belief of its being T. C. or one of his School: I don't for a moment: if for no other reason

than that an Imitator always exaggerates his Model: whereas this Paper, we see, *unexaggerates* the Master himself: as one would wish at his time of Life....

I ran over for one day to Woodbridge, to pay Bills &c. But somehow I was glad to get back here. The little lodging is more to my liking than my own bigger rooms and staircases: and this cheerful Town better (at this Season) than my yet barren Garden. One little Aconite however looked up at me: Mr Churchyard (in his elegant way) used to call them 'New Year's Gifts.'

To E. B. Cowell.

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT.

Feb. 2/75.

My dear COWELL,

...I hope you have read, and liked, the Paper on the old Kings of Norway in last Fraser. I bought it because the Athenæum told me it was Carlyle's; others said it was an Imitation of him: but his it must be, if for no other reason than that the Imitator, you know, always exaggerates his Master: whereas in this Paper Carlyle is softened down from his old Self, mellowed like old Wine. Pray read, and tell me you think so too. It is quite delightful, whoever did it. I was on the point of writing a Line to tell him of my own delight: but have not done so....

I have failed in another attempt at Gil Blas. I believe I see its easy grace, humour &c. But it is (like La Fontaine) too thin a Wine for me: all sparkling with little adventures, but no one to care about; no Colour, no Breadth, like my dear Don, whom I shall resort to forthwith.

To W. F. Pollock.

LOWESTOFT, *Sept. 22*, [1875].

My dear POLLOCK,

You will scarce thank me for a letter in pencil : perhaps you would thank me less if I used the steel pen, which is my other resource. You could very well dispense with a Letter altogether : and yet I believe it is pleasant to get one when abroad.

I dare say I may have told you what Tennyson said of the Sistine Child, which he then knew only by Engraving. He first thought the Expression of his Face (as also the Attitude) almost too solemn, even for the Christ within. But some time after, when A T was married, and had a Son, he told me that Raffaele was all right : that no Man's face was so solemn as a Child's, full of Wonder. He said one morning that he watched his Babe 'worshipping the Sunbeam on the Bedpost and Curtain.' I risk telling you this again for the sake of the Holy Ground you are now standing on.

Which reminds me also of a remark of Béranger's not out of place. He says God forgot to give Raffaele to Greece, and made a 'joli cadeau' of him to the Church of Rome.

I brought here some Volumes of Lever's 'Cornelius O'Dowd' Essays, very much better reading than Addison, I think. Also some of Sainte Beuve's, better than either. A sentence in O'Dowd reminded me of your Distrust of Civil Service Examinations : 'You could not find a worse Pointer than the Poodle which would pick you out all the letters of the Alphabet.' And is not this pretty good of the World we live in ? 'You ask me if I am going to "*The Masquerade*."' I am at it : Circumspice !

So I pick out and point to other Men's Game, this Sunday Morning, when the Sun makes the Sea shine, and a

strong head wind drives the Ships with shortened Sail across it. Last night I was with some Sailors at the Inn : some one came in who said there was a Schooner with five feet water in her in the Roads : and off they went to see if anything beside water could be got out of her. But, as you say, one mustn't be epigrammatic and clever. Just before Grog and Pipe, the Band had played some German Waltzes, a bit of Verdi, Rossini's 'Cujus animam,' and a capital Sailors' Tramp-chorus from Wagner, all delightful to me, on the Pier : how much better than all the dreary oratorios going on all the week at Norwich, Elijah, St Peter, St Paul, Eli, &c. There will be an Oratorio for every Saint and Prophet ; which reminds me of my last Story. Voltaire had ^{an} especial grudge against Habakkuk. Some one proved to him that he had misrepresented facts in Habakkuk's history. 'C'est égal,' says V., 'Habakkuk était capable de tout.' Cornewall Lewis, who (like most other Whigs) had no Humour, yet tells this : I wonder if it will reach Dresden.

To Mrs W. H. Thompson.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

Sept. 23, [1875].

Dear Mrs THOMPSON,

It is very good of you to write to me, so many others as, I know, you must have to write to. I can tell you but little in return for the Story of your Summer Travel : but what little I have to say shall be said at once. As to Travel, I have got no further than Norfolk, and am rather sorry I did not go further North, to the Scottish Border, at any rate. But now it is too late. I have contented myself with my Boat on the River here : with my Garden, Pigeons, Ducks &c. ; a great Philosopher indeed ! But (to make an

end of oneself) I have not been well all the summer; unsteady in head and feet; the Beginning of the End, I suppose; and if the End won't be too long spinning out, one cannot complain of its coming too soon....

I had a kindly Letter from Carlyle some days ago: he was summering at some place near Bromley in Kent, lent him by a Lady Derby; once, he says, Lady Salisbury, which I don't understand. He had also the use of a Phaeton and Pony; which latter he calls "*Shenstone*" from a partiality to stopping at every Inn door. Carlyle had been a little touched in revisiting Eltham, and remembering Frank Edgeworth who resided there forty years ago "with a little Spanish Wife, but no pupils." Carlyle would name him with a sort of sneer in the *Life of Sterling*¹; could not see that any such notice was more than needless, just after Edgeworth's Death. This is all a little Scotch indelicacy to other people's feelings. But now Time and his own Mortality soften him. I have been looking over his Letters to me about Cromwell: the amazing perseverance and accuracy of the Man, who writes so passionately! In a letter of about 1845 or 6 he says he has burned at least six attempts at Cromwell's *Life*: and finally falls back on sorting and elucidating the Letters, as a sure Groundwork....

I have this Summer made the Acquaintance of a great Lady, with whom I have become perfectly intimate, through her Letters, Madame de Sévigné. I had hitherto kept aloof from her, because of that eternal Daughter of hers; but "it's all Truth and Daylight," as Kitty Clive said of Mrs Siddons. Her Letters from Brittany are best of all, not those from Paris, for she loved the Country, dear Creature; and now I want to go and visit her "*Rochers*," but never shall.

¹ Chapter IV.

To E. B. Cowell.

My dear COWELL,

...I told Elizabeth, I think, all I had to write about Arthur C. I had a letter from him a few days ago, hoping to see me in London, where I thought I might be going about this time, and where I would not go without giving him notice to meet me, poor lad. As yet however I cannot screw my Courage to go up : I have no Curiosity about what is to be seen or heard there ; my Day is done. I have not been very well all this Summer, and fancy that I begin to 'smell the Ground,' as Sailors say of the Ship that slackens speed as the Water shallows under her. I can't say I have much care for long Life : but still less for long Death : I mean a lingering one.

Did you ever read Madame de Sévigné? I never did till this summer, rather repelled by her perpetual harping on her Daughter. But it is all genuine, and the same intense Feeling expressed in a hundred natural yet graceful ways : and beside all this such good Sense, good Feeling, Humour, Love of Books and Country Life, as makes her certainly the Queen of all Letter writers.

To C. E. Norton.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK.

(*Post Mark Dec. 8.*) Dec. 9/75.

My dear SIR,

Mr Carlyle's Niece has sent me a Card from you, asking for a Copy of an Agamemnon : taken—I must not say, translated—from Æschylus. It was not meant for Greek Scholars, like yourself, but for those who do not

know the original, which it very much misrepresents. I think it is my friend Mrs Kemble who has made it a little known on your wide Continent. As you have taken the trouble to enquire for it all across the Atlantic, beside giving me reason before to confide in your friendly reception of it, I post you one along with this letter. I can fancy you might find some to be interested in it who do not know the original: more interested than in more faithful Translations of more ability. But there I will leave it: only begging that you will not make any trouble of acknowledging so small a Gift.

Some eighty of Carlyle's Friends and Admirers have been presenting him with a Gold Medal of himself, and an Address of Congratulation on his 80th Birthday. I should not have supposed that either Medal or Address would be much to his Taste: but, as more important People than myself joined in the Thing, I did not think it became me to demur. But I shall not the less write him my half-yearly Letter of Good Hopes and Good Wishes. He seems to have been well and happy in our pretty County of Kent during the Summer.

Believe me, with Thanks for the Interest you have taken in my *Libretti*, yours sincerely E. FITZGERALD.

P. S. I am doing an odd thing in bethinking me of sending you two Calderon Plays, which my friend Mrs Kemble has spoken of also in your Country. So you might one day hear of them: and, if you liked what came before, wish to see them. So here they are, for better or worse; and, at any rate, one Note of Thanks (which I doubt you will feel bound to write) will do for both, and you can read as little as you please of either. All these things have been done partly as an amusement in a lonely life: partly

to give some sort of idea of the originals to friends who knew them not : and printed, because (like many others, I suppose) I can only dress my best when seeing myself in Type, in the same way as I can scarce read others unless in such a form. I suppose there was some Vanity in it all : but really, if I had that strong, I might have done (considering what little I can do) like Crabbe's Bachelor—

‘I might have made a Book, but that my Pride
In the not making was more gratified¹.’

Do you read more of Crabbe than we his Countrymen?

To Miss Aitken².

WOODBIDGE. Dec. 9/75.

Dear Miss AITKEN,

It is a fact that the night before last I thought I would write my half-yearly Enquiry about your Uncle : and at Noon came your Note. I judge from it that he is well. I think he will thrash me (as Bentley said) even now.

I must say I scarce knew what to do when asked to join in that Birthday Address. I did not know whether it would be agreeable to your Uncle : and of course I could not ask him. So I asked Spedding and Pollock, and found they were of the Party : so it did not become me to hesitate. I hope we were not all amiss.

But as to Agamemnon the King : I shall certainly send Mr Norton a Copy, as he has taken the trouble to send across the Atlantic for it. But as to Mr Carlyle, ‘c’est une autre affaire.’ It was not meant for any Greek Scholar, and

¹ Tales of the Hall. Book x. (vol. vi. p. 246).

² Carlyle's niece, now Mrs Alexander Carlyle.

only for a few not Greek, who I thought would be interested, as they have been, in my curious Version. Among these was Mrs Kemble, who I suppose it is has praised it in a way that somehow gains ground in America. But your Uncle—a few years ago he would have been perhaps a little irritated with it; and now would not, I feel sure, care to spend his Eyes over its sixty or seventy pages. He would even now think—but in Pity now—how much better one might have spent one's time (though not very much was spent) than in such Dilettanteism. So tell him not quite to break his heart if I don't put him to the Trial: but still believe me his, and, if you will allow me, yours sincerely,

E. FITZGERALD.

Fragment of a letter to Miss Biddell.

Dec. 1875.

Thank you for the paragraph about Shelley. Somehow I don't believe the Story¹, in spite of Trelawney's Authority. Let them produce the Confessor who is reported to tell the Story; otherwise one does not need any more than such a Squall as we have late had in these Seas, and yet more sudden, I believe, in those, to account for the Disaster.

I believe I told you that my Captain Newson and his Nephew, my trusty Jack, went in the Snow to the Norfolk Coast, by Cromer, to find Newson's Boy. They found him, what remained of him, in a Barn there: brought him home through the Snow by Rail thus far: and through the Snow by Boat to Felixstow, where he is to lie among his Brothers and Sisters, to the Peace of his Father's Heart.

¹ That his boat was intentionally run down by a felucca.

To S. Laurence.

WOODBIDGE. Dec. 30/75.

My dear LAURENCE,

...I cannot get on with Books about the Daily Life which I find rather insufferable in practice about me. I never could read Miss Austen, nor (later) the famous George Eliot. Give me People, Places, and Things, which I don't and can't see; Antiquaries, Jeanie Deans, Dalgettys &c....As to Thackeray's, they are terrible; I really look at them on the shelf, and am half afraid to touch them. He, you know, could go deeper into the Springs of Common Action than these Ladies: wonderful he is, but not Delightful, which one thirsts for as one gets old and dry.

To C. E. Norton.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE. Jan. 23/76.

My dear SIR,

...I suppose you may see one of the Carlyle Medallions: and you can judge better of the Likeness than I, who have not been to Chelsea, and hardly out of Suffolk, these fifteen years and more. I dare say it is like him: but his Profile is not his best phase. In two notes dictated by him since that Business he has not adverted to it: I think he must be a little ashamed of it, though it would not do to say so in return, I suppose. And yet I think he might have declined the Honours of a Life of 'Heroism.' I have no doubt he would have played a Brave Man's Part if called on; but, meanwhile, he has only sat pretty comfortably at Chelsea, scolding all the world for not being Heroic, and not always very precise in telling them how. He has, how-

ever, been so far heroic, as to be always independent, whether of Wealth, Rank, and Coteries of all sorts: nay, apt to fly in the face of some who courted him. I suppose he is changed, or subdued, at eighty: but up to the last ten years he seemed to me just the same as when I first knew him five and thirty years ago. What a Fortune he might have made by showing himself about as a Lecturer, as Thackeray and Dickens did; I don't mean they did it for Vanity: but to make money: and that to spend generously. Carlyle did indeed lecture near forty years ago before he was a Lion to be shown, and when he had but few Readers. I heard his 'Heroes' which now seems to me one of his best Books. He looked very handsome then, with his black hair, fine Eyes, and a sort of crucified Expression.

I know of course (in Books) several of those you name in your Letter: Longfellow, whom I may say I love, and so (I see) can't call him *Mister*: and Emerson whom I admire, for I don't feel that I know the Philosopher so well as the Poet: and Mr Lowell's 'Among my Books' is among mine. I also have always much liked, I think rather loved, O. W. Holmes. I scarce know why I could never take to that man of true Genius, Hawthorne. There is a little of my Confession of Faith about your Countrymen, and I should say mine, if I were not more Irish than English.

[WOODBIDGE. Feb. 7/76.]

My dear SIR,

I will not look on the Book you have sent me as any Return for the Booklet I sent you, but as a free and kindly Gift. I really don't know that you could have sent me a better. I have read it with more continuous attention and gratification than I now usually feel, and always (as Lamb suggested) well disposed to say Grace after reading.

Seeing what Mr Lowell has done for Dante, Rousseau, &c. one does not wish him to be limited in his Subjects: but I do wish he would do for English Writers what Ste. Beuve has done for French. Mr Lowell so far goes along with him as to give so much of each Writer's Life as may illustrate his Writings; he has more Humour (in which alone I fancy S. B. somewhat wanting), more extensive Reading, I suppose; and a power of metaphorical Illustration which (if I may say so) seems to me to want only a little reserve in its use: as was the case perhaps with Hazlitt. But Mr Lowell is not biassed by Hazlitt's—(by anybody's, so far as I see)—party or personal prejudices; and altogether seems to me the man most fitted to do this Good Work, where it has not (as with Carlyle's Johnson) been done, for good and all, before. Of course, one only wants the Great Men, in their kind: Chaucer, Pope (Dryden being done¹), and perhaps some of the 'minora sidera' clustered together, as Hazlitt has done them. Perhaps all this will come forth in some future Series even now gathering in Mr Lowell's Head. However that may be, this present Series will make me return to some whom I have not lately looked up. Dante's face I have not seen these ten years: only his Back on my Book Shelf. What Mr Lowell says of him recalled to me what Tennyson said to me some thirty-five or forty years ago. We were stopping before a shop in Regent Street where were two Figures of Dante and Goethe. I (I suppose) said, 'What is there in old Dante's Face that is missing in Goethe's?' And Tennyson (whose Profile then had certainly a remarkable likeness to Dante's) said: 'The Divine.' Then Milton; I don't think I've read him these forty years; the whole Scheme of the Poem, and certain Parts of it, looming as grand as anything in my Memory; but I never

¹ Among my Books. First series.

could read ten lines together without stumbling at some Pedantry that tipped me at once out of Paradise, or even Hell, into the Schoolroom, worse than either. Tennyson again used to say that the two grandest of all Similes were those of the Ships hanging in the Air, and 'the Gunpowder one,' which he used slowly and grimly to enact, in the Days that are no more. He certainly then thought Milton the sublimest of all the Gang; his Diction modelled on Virgil, as perhaps Dante's.

Spenser I never could get on with, and (spite of Mr Lowell's good word) shall still content myself with such delightful Quotations from him as one lights upon here and there: the last from Mr Lowell.

Then, old 'Daddy Wordsworth,' as he was sometimes called, I am afraid, from my Christening, he is now, I suppose, passing under the Eclipse consequent on the Glory which followed his obscure Rise. I remember fifty years ago at our Cambridge, when the Battle was fighting for him by the Few against the Many of us who only laughed at 'Louisa in the Shade' &c. His Brother was then Master of Trinity College; like all Wordsworths (unless the drowned Sailor) pompous and priggish. He used to drawl out the Chapel responses so that we called him the 'Mēēserable Sinner' and his brother the 'Meeserable Poet.' Poor fun enough: but I never can forgive the Lakers all who first despised, and then patronized 'Walter Scott,' as they loftily called him: and He, dear, noble, Fellow, thought they were quite justified. Well, your Emerson has done him far more Justice than his own Countryman Carlyle, who won't allow him to be a Hero in any way, but sets up such a cantankerous narrow-minded Bigot as John Knox in his stead. I did go to worship at Abbotsford, as to Stratford on Avon: and saw that it was good to have so done. If you, if Mr

Lowell, have not lately read it, pray read Lockhart's account of his Journey to Douglas Dale on (I think) July 18 or 19, 1831. It is a piece of Tragedy, even to the muttering Thunder, like the Lammermuir, which does not look very small beside Peter Bell and Co.

My dear Sir, this is a desperate Letter; and that last Sentence will lead to another dirty little Story about my Daddy: to which you must listen or I should feel like the Fine Lady in one of Vanburgh's Plays, 'Oh my God, that you won't listen to a Woman of Quality when her Heart is bursting with Malice!' And perhaps you on the other Side of the Great Water may be amused with a little of your old Granny's Gossip.

Well then: about 1826, or 7, Professor Airy (now our Astronomer Royal) and his Brother William called on The Daddy at Rydal. In the course of Conversation Daddy mentioned that sometimes when genteel Parties came to visit him, he contrived to slip out of the room, and down the garden walk to where 'The Party's' travelling Carriage stood. This Carriage he would look into to see what Books they carried with them: and he observed it was generally 'WALTER SCOTT'S.' It was Airy's Brother (a very veracious man, and an Admirer of Wordsworth, but, to be sure, more of Sir Walter) who told me this. It is this conceit that diminishes Wordsworth's stature among us, in spite of the mountain Mists he lived among. Also, a little stinginess; not like Sir Walter in that! I remember Hartley Coleridge telling us at Ambleside how Professor Wilson and some one else (H. C. himself perhaps) stole a Leg of Mutton from Wordsworth's Larder for the fun of the Thing.

Here then is a long Letter of old world Gossip from the old Home. I hope it won't tire you out: it need not, you know.

P.S. By way of something better from the old World, I post you Hazlitt's own Copy of his English Poets, with a few of his marks for another Edition in it. If you like to keep it, pray do: if you like better to give it to Hazlitt's successor, Mr Lowell, do that from yourself.

To Mrs Cowell.

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT.

April 8/76.

...If you go to Brittany you must go to my dear Sévigné's 'Rochers.' If I had the 'Go' in me, I should get there this Summer too: as to Abbotsford and Stratford. She has been my Companion here; quite alive in the Room with me. I sometimes lament I did not know her before: but perhaps such an Acquaintance comes in best to cheer one toward the End.

To C. E. Norton.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

June 10¹, [1876].

My dear SIR,

I don't know that I should trouble you so soon again—(only, don't trouble yourself to answer for form's sake only)—but that there is a good deal of Wordsworth in the late Memoir of Haydon by his Son. All this you might like to see; as also Mr Lowell. And do you, or he, know of some dozen very good Letters of Wordsworth's addressed to a Mr Gillies who published them in what he calls the Life of a Literary Veteran some thirty years ago²,

¹ June 10, 1876 was a Saturday. Perhaps the letter was finished on Sunday.

² In 1851. Wordsworth's Letters are in the second volume, pp. 145—173.

I think? This Book, of scarce any value except for those few Letters, and a few Notices of Sir Walter Scott, all good, is now not very common, I think. If you or Mr Lowell would like to have a Copy, I can send you one, through Quaritch, if not per Post: I have the Letters separately bound up from another Copy of long ago. There is also a favorable account of a meeting between Wordsworth and Foscolo in an otherwise rather valueless Memoir of Bewick the Painter. I tell you of all this Wordsworth, because you have, I think, a more religious regard for him than we on this side the water: he is not so much honoured in his own Country, I mean, his Poetry. I, for one, feel all his lofty aspiration, and occasional Inspiration, but I cannot say that, on the whole, he makes much of it; his little pastoral pieces seem to me his best: less than a Quarter of him. But I may be wrong.

I am very much obliged to you for wishing me to see Mr Ticknor's Life &c. I hope to make sure of that through our Briareus-handed Mudie; and have marked the Book for my next Order. For I suppose that it finds its way to English Publishers, or Librarians. I remember his Spanish Literature coming out, and being for a long time in the hands of my friend Professor Cowell, who taught me what I know of Spanish. Only a week ago I began my dear Don Quixote over again; as welcome and fresh as the Flowers of May. The Second Part is my favorite, in spite of what Lamb and Coleridge (I think) say; when, as old Hallam says, Cervantes has fallen in Love with the Hero whom he began by ridiculing. When this Letter is done I shall get out into my Garden with him, Sunday though it be.

We have also Memoirs of Godwin, very dry, I think; indeed with very little worth reading, except two or three Letters of dear Charles Lamb, 'Saint Charles,' as Thackeray

once called him, while looking at one of his half-mad Letters, and remember[ing] his Devotion to that quite mad Sister. I must say I think his Letters infinitely better than his Essays; and Patmore says his Conversation, when just enough animated by Gin and Water, was better than either: which I believe too. Procter said he was far beyond the Coleridges, Wordsworths, Southey's &c. And I am afraid I believe that also.

I am afraid too this is a long letter nearly-[all] about my own Likes and Dislikes. 'The Great Twalmley's'.¹ But I began only thinking about Wordsworth. Pray do believe that I do not wish you to write unless you care to answer on that score. And now for the Garden and the Don: always in a common old Spanish Edition. Their coarse prints always make him look more of the Gentleman than the better Artists of other Countries have hitherto done.

Carlyle, I hear, is pretty well, though somewhat shrunk: scolding away at Darwin, The Turk, &c.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

Sept. 10/76.

My dear SIR,

When your Letter reached me a few days ago I looked up Gillies: and found the Wordsworth Letters so good, kindly, sincere, and modest, that I thought you and Mr Lowell should have the Volume they are in at once. So it travels by Post along with this Letter. The other two volumes shall go one day in some parcel of Quaritch's if he will do me that Courtesy; but there is, I think, little you would care for, unless a little more of 'Walter Scott's' generosity and kindness to Gillies in the midst of his own Ruin; a stretch of Goodness that Wordsworth would not, I think,

¹ Boswell's Johnson, VIII. 183.

have reached. However, these Letters of his make me think I ought to feel more filially to my Daddy: I must dip myself again in Mr Lowell's excellent Account of him with a more reverent Spirit. Do you remember the fine Picture that Haydon gives of him sitting with his grey head in the free Benches of some London Church¹? I wonder that more of such Letters as these to Gillies are not preserved or produced; perhaps Mr Lowell will make use of them on some future occasion; some new Edition, perhaps, of his last volume. I can assure you and him that I read that volume with that Interest and Pleasure that made me sure I should often return to it: as indeed I did more than once till—lent out to three several Friends! It is now in the hands of a very civilized, well-lettered, and agreeable Archdeacon², of this District.

I bought Mr Ticknor's Memoirs in an Edition published, I hope with due Licence, by Sampson Low. What a just, sincere, kindly, modest Man he too! With more shrewd perception of the many fine folks he mixed with than he cared to indulge in or set down on Paper, I fancy: judging from some sketchy touches of Macaulay, Talfourd, Bulwer &c. His account of his Lord Fitzwilliam's is surely very creditable to English Nobility. Macaulay's Memoirs were less interesting to me; though I quite believe in him as a brave, honest, affectionate man, as well (of course) as a very powerful one. It is wonderful how he, Hallam and Mackintosh could roar and bawl at one another over such Questions as Which is the Greatest Poet? Which is the greatest Work of that Greatest Poet? &c. like Boys at some Debating Society.

You can imagine the little dull Country town on whose

¹ Haydon's Memoirs, III. 199.

² Archdeacon Groome, Rector of Monk Soham, Suffolk.

Border I live ; our one merit is an Estuary that brings up Tidings of the Sea twice in the twenty-four hours, and on which I sail in my Boat whenever I can.

I must add a P.S. to say that having written my half-yearly Letter to Carlyle, just to ask how he was &c. I hear from his Niece that he has been to his own Dumfries, has driven a great deal about the Country : but has returned to Chelsea very weak, she says, though not in any way ill. He had even ceased to care about Books ; but, since his Return, has begun to interest himself in them a little again. In short, his own Chelsea is the best Place for him.

Another reason for this other half Sheet is—that—Yes ! I wish very much for your Translation of the Vita Nuova, which I did read in a slovenly (slovenly with Dante !) way twenty or thirty years ago, but which I did not at all understand. I should know much more about it now with you and Mr Lowell.

I could without ‘roaring’ persuade you about Don Quixote, I think ; if I were to roar over the Atlantic as to ‘Which is the best of the Two Parts’ in the style of Macaulay & Co. ‘Oh for a Pot of Ale &c.’ rather than such Alarums. Better dull Woodbridge ! What bothered me in London was—all the Clever People going wrong with such clever Reasons for so doing which I couldn’t confute. I will send an original Omar if I find one.

To E. B. Cowell.

WOODBIDGE. *October 5/76.*

My dear COWELL,

...I bought Clemencin’s Quixote after all : but have looked little into him as yet, as I had finished my last Reading of the Don before he came...I fear his Notes are

more than one wants about errors, or inaccuracies of Style &c. Cervantes had some of the noble carelessness of Shakespeare, Scott &c., as about Sancho's stolen Dicky¹. But why should Clemencin, and his Predecessors, decide that Cervantes changed the title of his second Part from 'Hidalgo' to 'Caballero' from negligence? Why should he not have intended the change for reasons of his own? Anyhow, they should have printed the Title as he printed it, and pointed out what they thought the oversight in a Note. This makes one think they may have altered other things also: which perhaps I shall see when I begin another Reading: which (if I live) won't be very far off. I think I almost inspired Alfred Tennyson (who suddenly came here a Fortnight ago) to begin on the Spanish. Yes: A. T. called one day, after near twenty years' separation, and we were in a moment as if we had been together all that while. He had his son Hallam with him: whom I liked much: unaffected and unpretentious: so attentive to his Father, with a humorous sense of his Character as well as a loving and respectful. It was good to see them together. We went one day down the Orwell and back again by Steamer: but the weather was not very propitious. Altogether, I think we were all pleased with our meeting.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. *Novr.* 8/76.

My dear SIR,

'Vita Nuova' reached me safe, and 'siempre verde,' untarnished by its Voyage. I am afraid I liked your account of it more than itself: I mean, I was more interested: I suppose it is too mystical for me. So I felt when

¹ Suffolk for 'donkey.'

I tried to read it in the original twenty years ago: and I fear I must despair of relishing it as I ought now I have your Version of it, which, it seems to me, must be so good. I don't think you needed to bring in Rossetti, still less Theodore Martin, to bear Witness, or to put your Work in any other Light than its own.

After once more going through my Don Quixote ('siempre verde' too, if ever Book was), I returned to another of the Evergreens, Boccaccio, which I found by a Pencil mark at the Volume's end I had last read on board the little Ship I then had, nine years ago. And I have shut out the accursed 'Eastern Question' by reading the Stories, as the 'lieta Brigata' shut out the Plague by telling them. Perhaps Mr Lowell will give us Boccaccio one day, and Cervantes? And many more, whom Ste. Beuve has left to be done by him. I fancy Boccaccio must be read in his Italian, as Cervantes in his Spanish: the Language fitting either 'like a Glove' as we say. Boccaccio's Humour in his Country People, Friars, Scolds &c. is capital: as well, of course, as the easy Grace and Tenderness of other Parts. One thinks that no one who had well read him and Don Quixote would ever write with a strain again, as is the curse of nearly all modern Literature. I know that 'Easy Writing is d—d hard Reading.' Of course the Man must be a Man of Genius to take his Ease: but, if he be, let him take it. I suppose that such as Dante, and Milton, and my Daddy, took it far from easy: well, they dwell apart in the Empyrean; but for Human Delight, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Boccaccio, and Scott!

Tennyson (a Man of Genius, who, I think, has crippled his growth by over-elaboration) came suddenly upon me here six weeks ago: and, many years as it was since we had met, there seemed not a Day's Interval between. He looked

very well; and very happy; having with him his eldest Son, a very nice Fellow, who took all care of 'Papa,' as I was glad to hear him say, not 'Governor' as the Phrase now is. One Evening he was in a Stew because of some nasty Paragraph in a Newspaper about his not allowing Mr Longfellow to quote from his Poems. And he wrote a Note to Mr L. at once in this room, and his Son carried it off to the Post that same Night, just in time. So my House is so far become a Palace, being the Place of a Despatch from one Poet to the other, all over that Atlantic!

We never had the trees in Leaf so long as this Year: they are only just rusty before my window, this Nov. 8. So I thought they would die of mere Old Age: but last night came a Frost, which will hasten their End. I suppose yours have been dying in all their Glory as usual.

You must understand that this Letter is to acknowledge the Vita Nuova (which, by the by, I think ought to be the Title on the Title page as well as outside), so do not feel obliged to reply, but believe me yours truly, E. F. G.

To Miss Anna Biddell.

WOODBIDGE.

Saturday, Nov. 76.

...You spoke once of even trying Walpole's Letters; capital as they are to me, I can't be sure they would much interest, even if they did not rather disgust, you: the Man and his Times are such as you might not care for at all, though there are such men as his, and such Times too, in the world about us now. If you will have the Book on your return home, I will send you a three-volume Collection of his Letters: that is, not a Third part of all his collected Letters: but perhaps the best part, and quite

enough for a Beginning. I can scarce imagine better Christmas fare: but I can't, I say, guess how you would relish it. N.B. It is not gross or coarse: but you would not like the man, so satirical, selfish, and frivolous, you would think. But I think I could show you that he had a very loving Heart for a few, and a very firm, just, understanding under all his Wit and Fun. Even Carlyle has admitted that he was about the clearest-sighted Man of his time.

To John Allen.

LOWESTOFT. Decr. 9/76.

My dear ALLEN,

It was stupid of me not to tell you that I did not want *Contemporary* back. It had been sent me by Tennyson or his son Hallam (for I can't distinguish their MS. now), that I might see that A. S. Battle fragment¹: which is remarkable in its way, I doubt not. I see by the *Athenæum* that A. T. is bringing out another Poem—another Drama, I think—as indeed he hinted to me during his flying visit to Woodbridge. He should rest on his Oars, or ship them for good now, I think: and I was audacious to tell him as much. But he has so many Worshippers who tell him otherwise. I think he might have stopped after 1842, leaving Princesses, Ardens, Idylls &c. all unborn: all except *The Northern Farmer*, which makes me cry....

I dare say there are many as good, if not better, Arctic accounts than 'Under the Northern Lights,' but it was pleasant as read out to me by the rather intelligent Lad who now serves me with Eyes for two hours of a Night at

¹ The Song of Brunanburh by Hallam Tennyson. *Contemporary Review*, Nov. 1876.

Woodbridge...I am, you see at old Quarters: but am soon returning to Woodbridge to make some Christmas Arrangements. Will Peace and Good Will be our Song this year? Pray that it be so.

To Miss Thackeray.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

Decr. 12, 1876.

Dear ANNIE THACKERAY,

Messrs Smith and Elder very politely gave me leave to print, and may be publish, three Stanzas of your Father's "Ho, pretty Page," adapted (under proper direction) to an old Cambridge Tune, which he and I have sung together, tho' not to these fine Words, as you may guess. I asked this of Messrs Smith and Elder, because I thought they had the Copyright. But I did not mean to publish them unless with your Approval: only to print a few Copies for friends. And I will stop even that, if you don't choose. Please to tell me in half a dozen words as directly as you can.

The Words, you know, are so delightful (stanzas one, two, and the last), and the old Tune of "Troll, troll, the bonny brown Bowl" so pretty, and (with some addition) so appropriate, I think, that I fancied others beside Friends might like to have them together. But, if you don't approve, the whole thing shall be quashed. Which I ought to have asked before: but I thought your Publishers' sanction might include yours. Please, I say, to say Yes or No as soon as you can.

I have been reading the two Series of "Hours in a Library" with real delight. Some of them I had read before in Cornhill, but all together now: delighted, I say, to

find all I can so heartily concur and believe in put into a shape that I could not have wrought out for myself. I think I could have suggested a very little about Crabbe, in whom I am very much up : and one word about Clarissa¹. But God send me many more Hours in a Library in which I may shut myself up from this accursed East among other things.

To C. E. Norton.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

Dec. 22/76.

[post mark *Dec. 21.*]

My dear SIR,

...In the last Atlantic Monthly was, as you know, an Ode by Mr Lowell ; lofty in Thought and Expression : too uniformly lofty, I think, for Ode. Do you, would Mr Lowell, agree ? I should not say so, did I not admire the work very much. You are very good to speak of sending me his new Volume : but why should you ? My old Athenæum will tell me of it here, and I will be sure to get it.

You see ——— has come out with another Heroic Poem ! And the Athenæum talks of it as a Great Work &c. with (it seems to me) the false Gallop in all the Quotations. It seems to me strange that ———, ———, and ———, should go on pouring out Poem after Poem, as if such haste could prosper with any but First-rate Men :

¹ In 1863 he wrote to George Crabbe,—

‘I am now reading Clarissa Harlowe, for about the fifth time: I dare say you wouldn’t have patience to read it once: indeed the first time is the most trying. It is a very wonderful, and quite original, and unique, Book: but almost intolerable from its Length and Sentimentality.’

and I suppose they hardly reckon themselves with the very First. I feel sure that Gray's Elegy, pieced and patched together so laboriously, by a Man of almost as little Genius as abundant Taste, will outlive all these hasty Abortions. And yet there are plenty of faults in that Elegy too, resulting from the very Elaboration which yet makes it live. So I think.

I have been reading with real satisfaction, and delight, Mr L. Stephen's Hours in a Library : only, as I have told his Sister in law, I should have liked to put in a word or two for Crabbe. I think I could furnish L. S. with many Epigrams, of a very subtle sort, from Crabbe : and several paragraphs, if not pages, of comic humour as light as Molière. Both which L. S. seems to doubt in what he calls 'our excellent Crabbe,' who was not so 'excellent' (in the goody sense) as L. S. seems to intimate. But then Crabbe is my Great Gun. He will outlive ———, ——— and Co. in spite of his Carelessness. So think I again.

His Son, Vicar of a Parish near here, and very like the Father in face, was a great Friend of mine. He detested Poetry (sc. verse), and I believe had never read his Father through till some twenty years ago when I lent him the Book. Yet I used to tell him he threw out sparks now and then. As one day when we were talking of some Squires who cut down Trees (which all magnanimous Men respect and love), my old Vicar cried out 'How *scandalously* they misuse the Globe!' He was a very noble, courageous, generous Man, and worshipped his Father in his way. I always thought I could hear this Son in that fine passage which closes the Tales of The Hall, when the Elder Brother surprises the Younger by the gift of that House and Domain which are to keep them close Neighbours for ever.

Here on that lawn your Boys and Girls shall run,
And gambol, when the daily task is done ;
From yonder Window shall their Mother view
The happy tribe, and smile at all they do :
While you, more gravely hiding your Delight,
Shall cry—‘ O, childish ! ’—and enjoy the Sight.

By way of pendant to this, pray read the concluding lines of the long, ill-told, Story of ‘ Smugglers and Poachers.’ Or shall I fill up my Letter with them ? This is a sad Picture to match that sunny one.

As men may children at their sports behold,
And smile to see them, tho’ unmoved and cold,
Smile at the recollected Games, and then
Depart, and mix in the Affairs of men ;
So Rachel looks upon the World, and sees
It can no longer pain, no longer please :
But just detain the passing Thought ; just cause
A little smile of Pity, or Applause—
And then the recollected Soul repairs
Her slumbering Hope, and heeds her own Affairs.

I wish some American Publisher would publish my Edition of Tales of the Hall, edited by means of Scissors and Paste, with a few words of plain Prose to bridge over whole tracts of bad Verse ; not meaning to improve the original, but to seduce hasty Readers to study it.

What a Letter, my dear Sir ! But you encourage me to tattle over the Atlantic by your not feeling bound to answer. You are a busy man, and I quite an idle one, but yours sincerely E. FITZGERALD.

Carlyle’s Niece writes me that he is ‘ fairly well.’

Ecce iterum ! That mention of Crabbe reminds me of meeting two American Gentlemen at an Inn in Lichfield,

some thirty years ago. One of them was unwell, or feeble, and the other tended him very tenderly: and both were very gentlemanly and well-read. They had come to see the English Cathedrals, and spoke together (it was in the common Room) of Places and Names I knew very well. So that I took the Liberty of telling them something of some matters they were speaking of. Among others, this very Crabbe: and I told them, if ever they came Suffolk way, I would introduce them to the Poet's son. I suppose I gave them my Address; but I had to go away next morning before they were down: and never heard of them again.

I sometimes wonder if this eternal Crabbe is relished in America (I am not looking to my Edition, which would be a hopeless loss anywhere): he certainly is little read in his own Country. And I fancy America likes more abstract matter than Crabbe's homespun. Excuse *Ætat.* 68.

Yes, 'Gillies arise! &c.' But I remember one who used to say he never got farther with another of the Daddy's Sonnets than—

'Clarkson! It was an obstinate hill to climb &c.'

English Sonnets, like English Terza Rima, want, I think, the double rhyme.

To S. Laurence.

WOODBIDGE. *Jan.* 15/77.

My dear LAURENCE,

Then I sent you the Greek instead of the Persian whom you asked for? The two are the same size and binding: so of course I sent the wrong one. But I will send the right one directly: and you need not make a trouble of acknowledging it: I know you will thank me, and I think

you will feel a sort of 'triste Plaisir' in it, as others beside myself have felt. It is a desperate sort of thing, unfortunately at the bottom of all thinking men's minds; but made Music of... I shall soon be going to old ugly Lowestoft again to be with Nephews and Nieces. The Great Man...is yet there: commanding a Crew of those who prefer being his Men to having command of their own. And they are right; for the Man is Royal, tho' with the faults of ancient Vikings...His Glory is somewhat marred; but he looks every inch a King in his Lugger now. At home (when he is there, and not at the Tavern) he sits among his Dogs, Cats, Birds &c., always with a great Dog following abroad, and aboard. This is altogether the Greatest Man I have known.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. *February 1/77.*

My dear SIR,

I really only write now to prevent your doing so in acknowledgment of Thackeray's Song which I sent you, and you perhaps knew the handwriting of the Address. Pray don't write about such a thing, so soon after the very kind Letter I have just had from you. Why I sent you the Song I can hardly tell, not knowing if you care for Thackeray or Music: but that must be as it is; only, do not, pray, write expressly about it. *

The Song is what it pretends to be: the words speak for themselves; very beautiful, I think: the Tune is one which Thackeray and I knew at College, belonging to some rather free Cavalier words,

'Troll, troll, the bonny brown Bowl,'

with four bars interpolated to let in the Page. I have so sung it (without a Voice) to myself these dozen years, since his Death, and so I have got the words decently arranged, in case others should like them as well as myself. Voilà tout !

I thought, after I had written my last, that I ought not to have said anything of an American Publisher of Crabbe, as it might (as it has done) set you on thinking how to provide one for me. I spoke of America, knowing that no one in England would do such a thing, and not knowing if Crabbe were more read in your Country than in his own. Some years ago I got some one to ask Murray if he would publish a Selection from all Crabbe's Poems : as has been done of Wordsworth and others. But Murray (to whom Crabbe's collected Works have always been a loss) would not meddle... You shall one day see my 'Tales of the Hall,' when I can get it decently arranged, and written out (what is to be written), and then you shall judge of what chance it has of success. I want neither any profit, whether of money, or reputation : I only want to have Crabbe read more than he is. Women and young People never will like him, I think : but I believe every thinking man will like him more as he grows older ; see if this be not so with yourself and your friends. Your Mother's Recollection of him is, I am sure, the just one : Crabbe never showed himself in Company, unless to a very close and experienced observer : his Company manner was exactly the reverse of his Books : almost, as Moore says, '*doucereux* ;' the apologetic politeness of the old School over-done, as by one who was not born to it. But Campbell observed his 'shrewd Vigilance' awake under all his 'politesse,' and John Murray said that Crabbe said uncommon things in so common a way that they escaped recognition. It appears, I think, that he not

only said, but wrote, such things: even to such Readers as Mr Stephen; who can see very little Humour, and no Epigram, in him. I will engage to find plenty of both. I think Mr Stephen could hardly have read the later Books: viz. Tales of the Hall, and the Posthumous Poems: which, though careless and incomplete, contain Crabbe's most mature Self, I think. Enough of him for the present: and altogether enough, unless I wish to become a 'seccatore' by my repeated, long, letters...

Mr Lowell was good enough to send me his Odes, and I have written to acknowledge them with many thanks and a few observations, not meant to instruct such a Man, but just to show that I had read with Attention, as I did. I think I had much the same to say of them as I said to you: and so I won't say it again. I think it is a mistake to rely on the reading, or recitation, for an Effect which ought to speak for itself in any capable Reader's Head. Tennyson, with the grand Voice he had (I fancy it is somewhat weakened now) could make sonorous music of such a beginning to an Ode as

'Bury the Great Duke!'

The Thought is simple and massy enough: but where is a Vowel? Dryden opened better:

'Twās at the rōyal Feast o'er Persia won.'

But Mr Lowell's Odes, which do not fail in the Vowel, are noble in Thought, with a good Organ roll in the music, which perhaps he thinks more fitted to Subject and occasion.

To Mrs Cowell.

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT.

March 11/77.

...I scarce like your taking any pains about my Works, whether in Verse, Prose, or Music. I never see any Paper but my old Athenæum, which, by the way, now tells me of some Lady's Edition of Omar which is to discover all my Errors and Perversions. So this will very likely turn the little Wind that blew my little Skiff on. Or the Critic who incautiously helped that may avenge himself on Agamemnon King, as he pleases. If the Pall Mall Critic knew Greek, I am rather surprised he should have vouchsafed even so much praise as the words you quoted. But I certainly have found that those few whom I meant it for, not Greek scholars, have been more interested in it than I expected. Not you, I think, who, though you judge only too favourably of all I do, are not fond of such Subjects.

I have here two Volumes of my dear Sévigné's Letters lately discovered at Dijon; and I am writing out for my own use a Dictionary of the Dramatis Personæ figuring in her Correspondence, whom I am always forgetting and confounding.

In May 1877 his old boatman West died and FitzGerald wrote to Professor Cowell, 'I have not had heart to go on our river since the death of my old Companion West, with whom I had traversed reach after reach for these dozen years. I am almost as averse to them now as Peter Grimes. So now I content myself with the River Side.'

To W. A. Wright.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

June 23/77.

My dear WRIGHT,

...I have been regaling myself, in my unscholarly way, with Mr Munro's admirable Lucretius. Surely, it must be one of the most admirable Editions of a Classic ever made! I don't understand the Latin punctuation, but I dare say there is good reason for it. The English Translation reads very fine to me: I think I should have thought so independent of the original: all except the dry theoretic System, which I must say I do all but skip in the Latin. Yet I venerate the earnestness of the man, and the power with which he makes some music even from his hardest Atoms; a very different Didactic from Virgil, whose Georgics, *quoad* Georgics, are what every man, woman, and child, must have known; but, his Teaching apart, no one loves him better than I do. I forget if Lucretius is in Dante: he should have been the Guide thro' Hell: but perhaps he was too deep in it to get out for a Holiday. That is a very noble Poussin Landscape, v. 1370-8 'Inque dies magis &c.'

I had always observed that mournful '*Nequicquam*' which comes to throw cold water on us after a little glow of Hope. When Tennyson went with me to Harwich, I was pointing out an old Collier rolling by to the tune of

'Trudit agens magnam magno molimine navem.' [iv. 902.]

That word '*Magnus*' rules in Lucretius as much as '*Nequicquam*.' I was rejoiced to meet Tennyson quoted in the notes too, and my old Montaigne who discourses so on the text of

'Pascit amore avidos inhians in te, Dea, visus.' [i. 36.]

Ask Mr Munro, when he reprints, to quote old Montaigne's Version of

‘*Nam veræ voces tum demum &c.*’

‘A ce dernier rôle de la Mort, et de nous, il n’y a plus que feindre, il faut parler Français ; il faut montrer ce qu’il y a de bon et de net dans le fond du pot¹.’ And tell him (damn my impudence !) I don’t like my old Fathers ‘*dancing*’ under the yellow and ferruginous awnings².

There is a coincidence with Bacon in verses 1026-9 of Book II. (Lucretius, I mean).

To John Allen.

My dear ARCHDEACON,

I have little else to send you in reply to your letter (which I believe however was in reply to one of mine) except the enclosed from Notes and Queries: which I think you will like to read, and to return to me.

I think I will send you (when I can lay hand on it) two volumes of some one’s Memorials of Wesley’s Family: which you can look over, if you do not read, and return to me also. I wonder at your writing to me that I gave you his Journal so long as thirty years ago. I scarce knew that I was so constant in my Affections: and yet I think I do *not* change in literary cases. Pray read Southey’s Life of him again: it does not tell all, I think, which might be told of Wesley’s own character from his own Mouth: but then it errs on the right side: it does not presumptuously *guess* at Qualities and Motives which are not to be found in Wesley: unlike Carlyle and the modern Historians, Southey, I think, cannot be wrong by keeping so much within the bounds of Conjecture: Conjecture about any other Man’s Soul and Motives!

¹ *Essais*, i. 18.

² *Lucr.* iv. 76—80.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. *August 21/77.*

My dear Sir,

You have doubtless heard from Mr Lowell since he got to Spain: he may have mentioned that unaccomplished visit to me which he was to have undertaken at your Desire. I doubt the two letters I wrote to be given him in London (through Quaritch) did not reach him: only the first which said my house was full of Nieces, so as I must lodge him (as I did our Laureate) at the Inn: but the second Letter was to say that I had Houseroom, and would meet him at the Train any day and hour. He wrote to me the day before he left for Paris to say that he had never intended to do more than just run down for the Day, shake hands, and away! That I had an Instinct against: that one half-day's meeting of two Septuagenarians (I believe), to see one another's face for that once, 'But here, upon that Bank and Shoal of Time and' then, 'jump the Life to come' as well as the Life before. No: I say I am glad he did not do that: but I had my house all ready to entertain him as best I could; and had even planned a little Visit to our neighbouring Coast, where are the Village remains of a once large Town devoured by the Sea: and, yet undevoured (except by Henry VIII.), the grey walls of a Grey Friars' Priory, beside which they used to walk, under such Sunsets as illumine them still. This pathetic Ruin, still remaining by the Sea, would (I feel sure) have been more to one from the New Atlantis than all London can show: but I should have liked better had Mr Lowell seen it on returning to America, rather than going to Spain, where the yet older and more splendid Moors would soon have effaced the memory of our poor Dunwich. If you have a Map of England, look

for it on the Eastern Coast. If Mr Lowell should return this way, and return in the proper Season for such cold Climate as ours, he shall see it: and so shall you, if you will, under like conditions; including a reasonable and available degree of Health in myself to do the honours....

I live down in such a Corner of this little Country that I see scarce any one but my Woodbridge Fellow-townsmen, and learn but little from such Friends as could tell me of the World beyond. But the English do not generally love Letter writing: and very few of us like it the more as we get older. So I have but little to say that deserves an Answer from you: but please to write me a little: a word about Mr Lowell, whom you have doubtless heard from. [One politeness I had prepared for him here was, to show him some sentences in his Books which I did not like!] Which also leads me to say that some one sent me a number of your American 'Nation' with a Review of my redoubtable Agamemnon: written by a superior hand, and, I think, quite discriminating in its distribution of Blame and Praise: though I will not say the Praise was not more than deserved; but it was where deserved, I think.

*To J. R. Lowell*¹.

WOODBIDGE. *August 26/77.*

My dear SIR,

I ought scarce to trouble you amid your diplomatic cares and dignities. But I will, so far as to say I hope you had my second letter before you left London: saying that my house was emptied of Nieces, and I was ready to receive you for as long as you would. Indeed, I chiefly flinched at the thought of your taking the trouble to come

¹ The Hon. J. R. Lowell, formerly United States Minister at the Courts of Madrid and St James'.

down only for a Day: which means, less than half a Day: a sort of meeting that seems a mockery in the lives of two men, one of whom I know by Register to be close on Seventy. I do indeed deprecate any one coming down out of his way: but, if he come, I would rather he did so for such time as would allow of some palpable Acquaintance. And I meant to take you to no other sight than the bare grey walls of an old Grey Friars' Priory near the Sea; and I proposed to make myself further agreeable by showing you three or two passages in your Books that I do not like amid all the rest which I like so much: and had even meant to give you a very small thirty year old Dialogue of my own, which one of your 'Study Windows' reminded me of. All this I meant; and, any how, wrote to say that I and my house were ready. And there is enough of the matter. You are busied with other and greater things. Nor must you think yourself called on to answer this letter at all.

When you were to start for Spain, I was thinking what a hot time of it you would have there: in Madrid too, I suppose, worst of all, I have heard. But you have Titian and Velasquez to refresh you. Cervantes too is not far. We have here (some two or three years old) a Book 'Un-trodden Spain'; unaffectedly and pleasantly written by some Clergyman, Rose, who lived chiefly among the mining folk. But there is a Chapter in Vol. 2 entitled '[*El*] Pajaro,' and giving account of a day's sport with [Pedro the Barber] who carries a Decoy Bird, which is ~~as~~ another Chapter to Don Quixote. Ah! I look at him on my Shelf, and know that I can take him down when I will, and that I shall do so many a time before 1878 if I live....

Tell me something of the Spanish Drama, Lopé, or Calderon. I think you could get one acted by Virtue of your Office.

WOODBRIDGE. [*October, 1877.*]

My dear SIR—(which I will exchange for your own name if you will set me Example)

You see I write to you ; but do not expect any answer from the midst of all your Business. But I have lately been re-reading—(at that same old Dunwich, too)—those Essays of yours on which you wished to see my ‘Adversaria.’ These are too few and insignificant to specify by Letter : when you return to English-speaking World, you shall, if you please, see my Copy, or Copies, marked with a Query at such places as I stumbled at. Were not the whole so really admirable, both in Thought and Diction, I should not stumble at such Straws ; such Straws as you can easily blow away if you should ever care to do so. Only, pray understand (what I really mean) that, in all my remarks, I do not pretend to the level of an original Writer like yourself : only as a Reader of Taste, which is a very different thing you know, however useful now and then in the Service of Genius. I am accredited with the Aphorism, ‘Taste is the Feminine of Genius.’ However that may be, I have some confidence in my own. And, as I have read these Essays of yours more than once and again, and with increasing Satisfaction, so I believe will other men long after me ; not as Literary Essays only, but comprehending very much beside of Human and Divine, all treated with such a very full and universal Faculty, both in Thought and Word, that I really do not know where to match in any work of the kind. I could make comparisons with the best : but I don’t like comparisons. But I think your Work will last, as I think of very few Books indeed. You are yet two good years from sixty (Mr Norton tells me), and have yet at least a dozen more of Dryden’s later harvest : pray make good use of it : Cervantes, at any rate, I think to live to

read, though one of your great merits is, not being in a hurry: and so your work completes itself. But I nearer seventy than you sixty....

You should get Dryden's Prefaces published separately in America, with your own remarks on them, and also Johnson's very fine praise: in which he praises Dryden for those unexpected turns in which he himself is so deficient. But pray love old Johnson, a little more than I think you do. We have, you may know, a rather clumsy Edition of this Dryden Prose in four 8vo volumes by Malone; the first volume all Life and a few Letters. I have bought some three or four Copies of this work, more or less worse for wear, to give away: one extra Copy, much the worse for wear, on a back shelf now, waiting its destination. No English Publisher, I suppose, would do this work, unless under some great name: perhaps under yours, if your own Country were not the fitter place. As in the case of your Essays, I don't pretend to say which is finest: but I think that to me Dryden's Prose, *quoad* Prose, is the finest Style of all. So Gray, I believe, thought: that man of Taste, very far removed, perhaps as far as feminine from masculine, from the Man he admired.

Your Wordsworth should introduce any future Edition of him, as I think some of Ste. Beuve's Essays do some of his men. He rarely, you know, gets beyond French.

Now, as I see my Paper draws short, I turn from your Works to those of 'The Great Twainley,' viz.: the Dialogue I mentioned, and you ask for. I really got it out: but, on reading it again after many years, was so much disappointed even in the little I expected that I won't send it to you, or any one more. It is only eighty 12mo. pages, and about twenty too long, and the rest over-pointed (Oh Cervantes!), and all somewhat antiquated. But the Form of it is pretty:

and the little Narrative part : and one day I may strike out &c. and make you a present of a pretty Toy. But it won't do now.

I have at last bid Adieu to poor old Dunwich : the Robin singing in the Ivy that hangs on those old Priory walls. A month ago I wrote to ask Carlyle's Niece about her Uncle, and telling her of this Priory, and how her Uncle would once have called me Dilettante ; all which she read him ; he only said ' Poor, Poor old Priory ! ' She says he is very well, and abusing V. Hugo's ' Misérables.' I have been reading his Cromwell, and not abusing it. You tell all the Truth about him.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. *October 28/77.*

My dear SIR (' *Norton* ' I will write in my next if you will anticipate me by a reciprocal Familiarity).

I wish I had some English Life, Woodbridge, or other, to send you : but Woodbridge, I sometimes say, is as Pompeii, in that respect ; and I know little of the World beyond but what a stray Newspaper tells me. So I must get back to my Friends on the Shelf.

Thence I lately took down Mr Lowell's (I have proposed to *un-mister* him too), Lowell's Essays, and carried them with me to that old Dunwich, which I suppose I shall see no more this year. Robin Redbreast—have you him?—was piping in the Ivy along the Walls ; and, under them, Blackberries ripening from stems which those old Grey Friars picked from. And I had the Essays abroad, and within-doors ; and marked with a Query some words, or sentences, which I stumbled at : which I should not have stumbled at had all the rest not been such capital Reading. I really believe I know not, on the whole, any such Essays, of that kind : and

that a very comprehensive kind, both in Subject, and Treatment. I think he settles many Questions that every one discusses: and on which a Final Verdict is what we now want. I believe the Books will endure: and that is why I want a few blemishes, as I presume to think them, removed: and the Author is to see my Pencil marks, when he returns to England, or to her 'Gigantic Daughter of the West.' I hope he will live to write many more such Books: Cervantes, first of all!

I have also been reading Carlyle's *Cromwell*: which I think will last also, and so carry along with it many of his more perishable tirades. I don't know indeed if his is the Final Verdict on Oliver: or on so many of the subordinate Characters whom he sketches in so confidently. A shrewd Man is he; but it is not so easy to judge of men by a few stray hints of them in Books. A quaint instance of this Carlyle himself supplied me with, in his total misapprehension of his hitherto unseen Correspondent 'Squire,' who burned the *Cromwell* Diary. I was the intelligent Friend who interviewed Squire; as unlike as might be in Age, Person, and Character, to the Man Carlyle had prefigured from his Letters. One day I will send you the little Correspondence between T. C. and his intelligent Friend, as rather a Curiosity in Historical Acumen.

I, Dryasdust, want to know if the Moon, the 'Harvest' Moon, too, really 'waded through the Clouds' on the night before Dunbar Battle. She makes so good a Figure in the Scene that I wish the Almanack to authorize her Presence. Carlyle is, I believe, generally accurate in these as in sublunary matters, but I had just found him writing of Orion looking down on Paris on August 9, when Orion is hardly up before Sunrise....

And you have been so near where once I lived as

Wherstead ! in which Parish my Family resided from about 1822 to 1835, at a large Square House on the hill opposite to the Vicarage. I know no more of Mr Zincke than his Books, which are very good, I think : there is a bit concerning Hodge, the English Labourer's, inward thoughts as he works in a ditch through a Winter's Day, that is—a piece of Shakespeare. It is one of my few recital pieces : and I was quoting it the other day to two People, who wondered they had never observed it in the Book it came from, which is 'Egypt under the Pharaohs', I think.

WOODBIDGE. *February 14/78.*

My dear SIR,

It is so long since I have heard from you that, in spite of knowing how inopportunately an idle Letter may reach any one amid any sorrows, or much business, I venture one, you see : but whether it be a trouble to read or not, do not feel bound to answer it except in the fewest words, in case you are any way indisposed. You have—a family : you had an aged Mother, when last I heard from you : room enough for anxieties and sorrows !

I had your printed Report on Olympia, which I do not pretend to be a Judge [of]. I lent it to one who thinks he returned it, but certainly did not : and I wanted to lend it to another much more competent Judge, very much interested in the Subject, Edward Cowell, a Brother Professor of yours at our Cambridge : the most learned man there, I believe, and the most amiable and delightful, I believe, also. He came here to see me a month ago : and I had one more search for the Pamphlet which I knew was no longer 'penes me', which he much wished to see. Will you send me another Copy for him : if not to 'Professor Cowell, Cambridge, England' direct ?

I have been rubbing up a little Latin from some Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus, by H. Munro, who edited Lucretius so capitally that even German Scholars, I am told, accept it with a respect which they accord to very few English. Do you know it in America? If not, do. The Text and capital English prose Translation in vol. I; and Notes in vol. II: all admirable, it seems to me, though I do not understand his English Punctuation. I do not follow all Lucretius' Atoms &c.: but other parts are as fine to me as any Poet has done. Catullus I have never taken much to: though some of him too is as fine as anything else in its way, I think. So I have read through this Book of Munro's, only 240 pages, not commenting on the best of the Poems, but on those which most needed Elucidation; which are many of them the least interesting, and even most disagreeable. Like your Olympia, I don't understand much: but what I do understand is so good that I feel sure the rest (and that is the larger and perhaps more important part) is as good for those it is intended for.

Just as I shut up Catullus, I opened Keats' Love Letters just published; and really felt no shock of change between the one Poet and the other. This Book will doubtless have been in America long before my Letter reaches it. Mr Lowell, who justly writes (in his Keats) that there is much in a Name, will wish Keats' mistress went by some other than 'Fanny Brawne', which I cannot digest.

And Mr Lowell himself? I do not like to write to him amid his diplomatic avocations; if I did, I should perhaps tell him that I did not like the style of his 'Moosehead Journal,' which has been sent me by I know not whom. I hope he is getting on with his Cervantes; which I know I shall like, if it be at all of the same Complexion as his other two Volumes, which I still think are best of their kind.

WOODBIDGE. *February 20/78.*

My dear NORTON !

If Packet follows Packet duly, you will have received ere this a letter I wrote you, and posted, a few hours before yours reached me. You will have seen that I guessed at some Shadow as of Illness in your household: no wonderful conjecture in this World in any case; still less where a Life of eighty years is concerned. It is in vain to wish well: but I wish the best.

Your mention of your Mother reminded me of another Eighty years that I had forgotten to tell you of—Carlyle. I wrote to enquire about him of his Niece a month ago: he *had been* very poorly, she said, but was himself again; only going in Carriage, not on foot, for his daily Exercise: wrapt up in furry Dressing-gown, and wondering that any one else complained of Cold. He kept on reading assiduously, sometimes till past midnight, in spite of all endeavours to get him to bed. ‘Qu’est ce que cela fait si je m’amuse?’ as old Voltaire said on like occasions.

I have got down the Doudan¹ you recommended me: but have not yet begun with him. Pepys’ Diary and Sir Walter, read to me for two hours of a night, have made those two hours almost the best of the twenty-four for all these winter months. That Eve of Preston Battle, with the old Baron’s Prayers to his Troop! He is tiresome afterwards, I know, with his Bootjack. But Sir Walter for ever! What a fine Picture would that make of Evan Dhu’s entrance into Tully Veolan Breakfast Hall, with a message from his Chief; he standing erect in his Tartan, while the Baron keeps his State, and pretty Rose at the Table. There is a subject for one of your Artists. Another very pretty one (I thought the

¹ *Mélanges et Lettres.*

other Day) would be that of the child Keats keeping guard with a drawn sword at his sick Mother's Chamber door. Millais might do it over here: but I don't know him...

I will send you Carlyle's Squire correspondence, which you will keep to yourself and Lowell: you being Carlyle's personal friend as well as myself. Not that there is anything that should not be further divulged: but one must respect private Letters. Carlyle's proves a droll instance of even so shrewd a man wholly mistaking a man's character from his Letters: had now that Letter been two hundred years old! and no intelligent Friend to set C. right by ocular Demonstration.

To J. R. Lowell.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

February 28/78.

My dear SIR,

I ventured to send you Keats' Love Letters to Miss—*Brawne*! a name in which there is much, as you say of his, and other names... Well, I thought you might—must—wish to see these Letters, and, may be, not get them so readily in Spain. So I made bold. The Letters, I doubt not, are genuine: whether rightly or wrongly published I can't say: only I, for one, am glad of them. I had just been hammering out some Notes on Catullus, by our Cambridge Munro, Editor of *Lucretius*, which you ought to have; English Notes to both, and the Prose Version of *Lucretius* quite readable by itself. Well, when Keats came, I scarce felt a change from Catullus: both such fiery Souls as wore out their Bodies early; and I can even imagine Keats writing such filthy Libels against any one he had a spite against, even Armitage Brown, had Keats lived two thousand years ago....

I had a kind letter lately from Mr Norton : and have just posted him some Carlyle letters about that Squire business. If you return to America before very long you will find them there. How long is your official Stay in Spain? Limited, or Unlimited? By the by of Carlyle, I heard from his Niece some weeks ago that he had been poorly : but, when she wrote, himself again : only taking his daily walk in a Carriage, and sitting up till past Midnight with his Books, in spite of Warnings to Bed. As old Voltaire said to his Niece on like occasion, 'Qu'est ce que cela fait si je m'amuse?' I have from Mudie a sensible dull Book of Letters from a Miss Wynn : with this one good thing in it. She has been to visit Carlyle in 1845 : he has just been to visit Bishop Thirlwall in Wales, and duly attended Morning Chapel, as a Bishop's Guest should. 'It was very well done ; it was like so many Souls pouring in through all the Doors to offer their orisons to God who sent them on Earth. We were no longer Men, and had nothing to do with Men's usages ; and, after it was over, all those Souls seemed to disperse again silent into Space. And not till we all met afterward in the common Room, came the Human Greetings and Civilities¹.' This is, I think, a little piece worth sending to Madrid ; I am sure, the best I have to offer.

I have had read to me of nights some of Sir Walter's Scotch Novels ; Waverley, Rob, Midlothian, now the Antiquary : eking them out as charily as I may. For I feel, in parting with each, as parting with an old Friend whom I may never see again. Plenty of dull, and even some bad, I know : but parts so admirable, and the Whole so delightful. It is wonderful how he sows the seed of his Story from the

¹ Memorials of Charlotte Williams-Wynn, p. 59.

very beginning, and in what seems barren ground: but all comes up in due course, and there is the whole beautiful Story at last. I think all this Fore-cast is to be read in Scott's shrewd, humorous, Face: as one sees it in Chantrey's Bust; and as he seems meditating on his Edinburgh Monument. I feel a wish to see that, and Abbotsford again; taking a look at Dunbar by the way: but I suppose I shall get no further than Dunwich.

Some one (not you) sent me your Moosehead Journal: but I told Mr Norton I should tell you, if I wrote, that I did not like the Style of it at all; all 'too clever by half.' Do you not say so yourself after Cervantes, Scott, Montaigne, &c.? I don't know I ought to say all this to you: but you can well afford to be told it by one of far more authority than yours most sincerely

E. FITZGERALD.

To W. A. Wright.

WOODBIDGE. *March 3/78.*

My dear WRIGHT,

... You may infer that I have been reading—yes, and with great Interest, however little Scholarship—your Fellow-Collegian's new Book of Notes &c¹. And just as I had done my best with his Catullus, came to hand the Love Letters of a kindred Spirit, Keats; whose peevish Jealousy might, two thousand years ago, have made him as bitter and indecent against his friend Armitage Brown, as Catullus against Cæsar. But in him too Malice was not stronger than Love, any more than in Catullus, not only of the Lesbia-Brawne, but of the Fraternal, kind. Keats sighs after 'Poor Tom' as well as he whose 'Frater ave atque

¹ Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus, by H. A. J. Munro.

vale' continues sighing down to these times. (I hope I don't misquote, more Hibernorum.)

That is a fine Figure of old Cæsar entertaining his Lampooner at the Feast. And I have often thought what a pretty picture, for Millais to do, of the child Keats keeping guard outside his sick Mother's Chamber with a drawn Sword. If Catullus, however, were only *Fescennining*, his 'Malice' was not against Cæsar but against the Nemesis that might else be revenged on him—eh? But I don't understand how Suetonius, or those he wrote for, could have forgotten, though for party purposes they may have ignored, the nature and humour of that *Fescennine* which is known to Scholars two thousand years after. How very learned, and probably all wrong, have I become, since becoming interested in this Book!

WOODBIDGE. *March 21* [1878].

My dear WRIGHT,

...The Enclosed only adds a little to the little Paper of *Data*¹: you may care to add so much in better MS. than mine to the leaves I sent you. Those leaves were more intended for such an Edition of the Letters in batches, as now edited; and, as many of them are private right, *so* edited they must continue for some time, I suppose.

An odd coincidence happened only yesterday about them. I was looking to Lamb's Letter to Manning of Feb. 26, 1808, where he extols Braham, the Singer, who (he says) led his Spirit "as the Boys follow Tom the Piper." I had not thought who Tom was: rather acquiesced in some idea of the "pied Piper of Hamelin;" and, not

¹ Of Lamb's Life, mentioned in the following letter.

half an hour after, chancing to take down Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*¹, found Tom against the Maypole, with a ring of Dancers about him. I suppose Tom survived in "*Folklore*"...till dear Lamb's time: but how he, a Cockney, knew of it, I don't know.

I was looking for Keats (when I happened on Browne) to find the passage you quote: but (of course) I could not find the Book I wanted. Nor can I construe him any more than so much of Shakespeare: whether from the negligent hurry of both (Johnson says Shakespeare often contented himself with a halfborn expression), or from some Printer's error. The *meaning* is clear enough to me, if I conjecture the context right; and more so to you, I dare say. The passage is one of those bad ones, except the first line, which he afterwards repeated, *mutatis mutandis*,

"The leaves

That *tremble* round a Nightingale,"

and is one of those which justly incensed the Quarterly, and which K. himself knew were bad: but he must throw off the Poem red hot, and could not alter.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBRIDGE. April 4, 1878.

My dear NORTON,

I wish you would not impose on yourself to write me a Letter; which you say is 'in your head.' You have Literary work, and a Family to enjoy with you what spare time your Professional Studies leave you. Whereas I have nothing of any sort that I am engaged to do: all alone for months together: taking up such Books as I please; and rather liking to write Letters to my Friends, whom I now

¹ Book II. Song 2.

only communicate with by such means. And very few of my oldest Friends, here in England, care to answer me, though I know from no want of Regard: but I know that few sensible men, who have their own occupations, care to write Letters unless on some special purpose; and I now rarely get more than one yearly Letter from each. Seeing which, indeed, I now rarely trouble them for more. So pray be at ease in this respect: you have written to me, as I to you, more than has passed between myself and my fifty years old Friends for some years past. I have had two notes from you quite lately: one to tell me that Squire reached you; and another that he was on his way back here. I was in no hurry for him, knowing that, if he got safe into your hands, he would continue there as safe as in my own. I also had your other two Copies of *Olympia*: one of which I sent to Cowell, who is also always too busy to write to me, except about twice a year, in his Holydays.

I am quite content to take History as you do, that is, as the Squire-Carlyle presents it to us; not looking the Gift Horse in the Mouth. Also, I am sure you are quite right about the Keats' Letters. I hope I should have revolted from the Book had anything in it detracted from the man: but all seemed to me in his favour, and therefore I did not feel I did wrong in having the secret of that heart opened to me. I hope Mr Lowell will not resent my thinking he might so far sympathize with me. In fact, could he, could you, resist taking up, and reading, the Letters, however doubtful their publication might have seemed to your Conscience?

Now I enclose you a little work of mine¹ which I hope does no irreverence to the Man it talks of. It is meant

¹ Charles Lamb. A calendar of his life in four pages.

quite otherwise. I often got puzzled, in reading Lamb's Letters, about some Data in his Life to which the Letters referred: so I drew up the enclosed for my own behoof, and then thought that others might be glad of it also. If I set down his Miseries, and the one Failing for which those Miseries are such a Justification, I only set down what has been long and publicly known, and what, except in a Noodle's eyes, must enhance the dear Fellow's character, instead of lessening it. 'Saint Charles!' said Thackeray to me thirty years ago, putting one of C. L.'s letters¹ to his forehead; and old Wordsworth said of him: 'If there be a Good Man, Charles Lamb is one.'

I have been interested in the Memoir and Letters of C. Sumner: a thoroughly sincere, able, and (I should think) affectionate man to a few; without Humour, I suppose, or much artistic Feeling. You might like to look over a slight, and probably partial, Memoir of A. de Musset, by his Brother, who (whether well or ill) leaves out the Absinthe, which is generally supposed to have shortened the Life of that man of Genius. Think of Clarissa being one of his favourite Books; he could not endure the modern Parisian Romance. It reminded me of our Tennyson (who has some likeness, 'mutatis mutandis' of French Morals, Absinthe &c., to the Frenchman)—of his once saying to me of Clarissa, 'I love those large, still, Books.'

I parted from Doudan with regret; that is, from two volumes of him; all I had: but I think I see four quoted. That is pretty, his writing to his Brother, who is dwelling (1870—1) in some fortified Town, on whose ramparts, now mounted with cannon, 'I used to gather Violets.' And I cannot forget what he says to a Friend at that crisis,

¹ That to Bernard Barton about Mitford's vases, December 1, 1824.

‘Engage in some long course of Study to drown Trouble in’: and he quotes Ste. Beuve saying, one long Summer Day in the Country, ‘Lisons tout Madame de Sévigné.’ You may have to advise me to some such course before long. I will avoid speaking, or, so far as I can, thinking, of what I cannot prevent, or alter.

You say you like my Letters: which I say is liking what comes from this old Country, more yours than mine. I have heard that some of your People would even secure a Brick, or Stone, from some old Church here to imbed in some new Church a-building over the Atlantic. Plenty of such materials might be had, for this foolish People are restoring, and rebuilding, old Village Churches that have grown together in their Fields for Centuries. Only yesterday I wrote to decline helping such a work on a poor little Church I remember these sixty years. Well, you like my Letters; I think there is too much of this one; but I will end, as I believe I began, in praying you not to be at any trouble in answering it, or any other, from

Yours sincerely

E. F. G.

Pray read the Scene at Mrs McCandlish’s Inn when Colonel Mannering returns from India to Ellangowan. It is Shakespeare.

WOODBIDGE. *April 16/1878.*

Only a word; to say that yesterday came Squire-Carlyle from you: and a kind long letter from Mr Lowell: and—and the first Nightingale, who sang in my Garden the same song as in Shakespeare’s days: and, before the Day had closed, Dandie Dinmont came into my room on his visit to young Bertram in Portanferry Gaol-house.

To J. R. Lowell.

WOODBIDGE. *April 17/78.*

My dear (SIR—)—(LOWELL)?

Your letter reached me just after hearing this year's first Nightingale in my Garden: both very welcome. I am very glad you did not feel bound to answer me before; I should not write otherwise to you or to some very old Friends who, like most sensible men as they grow older, dislike all unnecessary writing more and more. So that I scarce remind them of myself more than once a year now. I shall feel sure of your good Will toward me whether you write or not; as I do of theirs.

Mr Norton thinks, as a Gentleman should, that Keats' Letters should not have been published. I hope I should not have bought them, had I not gathered from the Reviews that they were not derogatory to him. You know, I suppose, that she of whom K. wrote about to others so warmly, his Charmian, was not Fanny Brawne. Some years ago Lord Houghton wrote me it was: but he is a busy man of the World, though really a very good Fellow: indeed, he did not deserve your *skit* about his 'Finsbury Circus gentility,' which I dare say you have forgotten. I have not seen him, any more than much older and dearer friends, for these twenty years: never indeed was very intimate with him; but always found him a good natured, unaffected, man. He sent me a printed Copy of the first draught of the opening of Keats' Hyperion; very different from the final one: if you wished, I would manage to send it to you, quarto size as it is. This now reminds me that I will ask his Lordship why it was not published (as I suppose it was not). For it ought to be. He said he did not know if it were not the second

draught rather than the first. But he could hardly have doubted if he gave his thoughts to it, I think....

I want you to do De Quincey; certainly a very remarkable Figure in Literature, and not yet decisively drawn, as you could do it. There is a Memoir of him by one Page, showing a good deal of his familiar, and Family, Life: all amiable: perhaps the frailties omitted. It is curious, his regard to Language even when writing (as quite naturally he does) to his Daughter, 'I was disturbed last night at finding no natural, or spontaneous, opening—how barbarous by the way, is this collision of *ings*—*finding*—*opening* &c.' And some other instances.

I cannot understand why I have not yet taken to Hawthorne, a Man of real Genius, and that of a kind which I thought I could relish. I will have another Shot. His Notes of Travel seemed to me very shrewd, original, and sincere. Charles Sumner, of so different a Genius, also appears to me very truthful, and, I still fancy, strongly attached to the few he might care for. I am sorry he got a wrong idea of Sir Walter from Lord Brougham, and the Whigs, who always hated Scott. Indeed (as I well remember) it was a point of Faith with them that Scott had not written the Novels, till the Catastrophe discovered him: on which they changed their Cry into a denunciation of his having written them only for money, 'Scott's weak point,' Sumner quotes from Brougham. As if Scott loved Money for anything else than to spend it: not only on Lands and House (which I maintain were simply those of a Scotch Gentleman) but to help any poor Devil that applied to him. Then that old Toad Rogers must tell Sumner that Manzoni's 'Sposi' were worth any ten of Scott's; yes, after Scott's Diary spoke of 'I really like Rogers &c.' and such moderate expressions of regard as Scott felt for him and his Breakfast of London Wits.

Here am I running over to Chapter II. You will be surfeited, like your Captain, if not on Turtles' Eggs. But you can eat me at intervals, you know, or not at all. Only you will certainly read my last Great Work¹, which I enclose, drawn up first for my own benefit, in reading Lamb's Letters, as now printed in batches to his several Correspondents; and so I thought others than myself might be glad of a few Data to refer the letters to. Pollock calls my Paper 'Côtelette d'Agneau à la minute.'

As to my little Dialogue, I can't send it: so pretty in Form, I think, and with some such pretty parts: but then some odious smart writing, which I had forgotten till I looked it over again before sending to you. But I will send you the Calderon which you already like.

And, if you would send me any samples of Spanish, send me some Playbill (of the old Drama, if now played), or some public Advertisement, or Newspaper; this is what I should really like. As to Books, I dare say Quaritch has pretty well ferreted them out of Spain. Give a look, if you can, at a Memoir of Alfred de Musset written by his Brother. Making allowance for French morals, and Absinthe, (which latter is not mentioned in the Book) Alfred appears to me a fine Fellow, very un-French in some respects. He did not at all relish the new Romantic School, beginning with V. Hugo, and now alive in ——— and Co.—(what I call The *Gurgoyle* School of Art, whether in Poetry, Painting, or Music)—he detested the modern 'feuilleton' Novel, and read *Clarissa*!...Many years before A. de M. died he had a bad, long, illness, and was attended by a Sister of Charity. When she left she gave him a Pen with 'Prenez à vos promesses' worked about in coloured silks: as also a little worsted

¹ A calendar of Charles Lamb's Life.

'Amphore' she had knitted at his Bed side. When he came to die, some seventeen years after, he had these two little things put with him in his Coffin.

WOODBIDGE. *May 1878.*

Ecce iterum—Crispin! I think you will soon call me 'Les FitzGeralds' as Madame de Sévigné called her too officious friend 'Les Hacquevilles'. However, I will risk that in sending you a Copy of that first Draught of an opening to Hyperion. I have got it from that Finsbury Circus Houghton, who gave me the first Copy, which I keep: so you shall have this, if you please; I know no one more worthy of it; and indeed I told Lord H. I wanted it for you; so you see he bears no malice. He is in truth a very good natured fellow....

Well, to leave that, he writes me that he had the original MS.: it was stolen from him. Fortunately, a friend of his (Edmund Lushington) had taken a MS. copy, and from that was printed what I send you. The corrections are from Lushington. I do not understand why Lord H. does not publish it. He says he has just written to Bendizsy to do something from the state purse for an aged Sister of Keats, now surviving in great Poverty. Her name is 'Fanny.' Ben might do much worse: some say he is about worse, now: I do not know; I cannot help: and I distress myself as little as I can. 'Lisons tout Madame de Sévigné,' said Ste. Beuve one day to some Friends in the Country; and Doudan (whom Mr Norton admires, as I do) bids a Friend take that advice in 1871. One may be glad of it here in England ere 1879.

A short while ago we were reading the xith Chapter of Guy Mannering, where Colonel Mannering returns to Ellan-gowan after seventeen years. A long gap in a Story, Scott

says: but scarcely so in Life, to any one who looks back so far. And, at the end of the Novel, we found a pencil note of mine, 'Finished 10½ p.m. Tuesday Dec^r. 17/1861.' Not on this account, but on account of its excellence, pray do read the Chapter if you can get the Book: it is altogether admirable—Cervantes—Shakespeare. I mean that Chapter of the Colonel's return to Mrs MacCandlish's Inn at Kippletringan.

We are now reading 'Among the Spanish People,' by the Mr Rose who wrote 'Untrodden Spain;' a really honest, good-hearted, fellow, I think: with some sentimentality amid his Manhood, and (I suppose) rather too rose-coloured in his Estimate of the People he has long lived among. But he can't help recalling Don Quixote. He has a really delightful account of a Visit he pays to a *pueblo* he calls Baños up the Sierra Morena: one would expect Don and Sancho there, by one of the old Houses with Arms over the Door. Pray get hold of this Book also if you can: else 'les Hacquevilles' will have to buy it second hand from Mudie and send—'Coals to Newcastle.'

With Keats I shall send you an Athenæum with a rather humorous account of a Cockney squabble about whether Shelley called his Lark an '*un*-bodied,' or '*em*-bodied,' Spirit. I really forget which way was settled by MS. Shelley is now the rage in Cockayne; but he is too unsubstantial for me.

It is now hot here: I suppose something [like] February in Andalusia. Do you find Madrid Climate as bad as Rose and others describe it? He has also a very pleasant [chapter] about the Lavanderas of the Manzanares. What delightful words!

To W. A. Wright.

[1878].

On looking into my dear old Montaigne, I find a passage which may have rustled in Shakespeare's head while doing Othello: it is about the pleasures of Military Life in the Chapter 'De l'Expérience' beginning 'Il n'est occupation plaisante comme la militaire &c.' in course of which occurs in Florio, 'The courageous *minde-stirring* harmonie of warlike music &c.' What a funny thing is that closing Apostrophe to Artillery—but this is not *Æsthetic*.

Bacon's appropriation you know of C'est bien choisir de ne choisir pas' (De la Vanité, I *think*).

WOODBIDGE. *June 11*, [1878].

My dear WRIGHT,

If *you* do not remember the passage in Bacon's Essays¹ about 'not to decide &c.' I must have fancied it. I am glad you recognize the Othello bit of Montaigne. You know, as I know, the nonsense of talking of Shakespeare stealing such things: one is simply pleased at finding his footsteps in the Books he read, just as one is in walking over the fields he walked about Stratford and seeing the Flowers, and hearing the Birds, he heard and saw and told of. My Canon is, there is no plagiarism when he who adopts has proved that he could originate what he adopts, and a great deal more: which certainly absolves Shakespeare from any such Charge—even 'The Cloud capt Towers &c.' That Passage in Othello about the Propontic and the Hellespont, was, I have read, an afterthought, after reading

¹ Not in the Essays but in the Colours of Good and Evil, 4: 'For as he sayth well, *Not to resolve is to resolve*.'

some Travel: and, like so many After-thoughts, I must think, a Blunder: breaking the Torrent of Passion with a piece of Natural History. One observes it particularly when acted: the actor down on his Knees &c. Were I to act Othello (there'd be many a Bellow

From Pit, Boxes &c. on that occasion)

I should leave out the passage....

An answer from Carlyle's Niece to my half-yearly enquiry tells me that he is well, and hardy, and reading Goethe which he never tires of: glancing over Reviews which he calls 'Floods of Nonsense' &c. I sent them Groome's 'Only Darter,' which I think so good that I shall get him to let me print it for others beside those of the Ipswich Journal: it seems to me a beautiful Suffolk "Idyll" (why not *Eidyll*?) and so it seemed to those at Chelsea. By the by, I will send you their Note, if Groome returns it to me.

To C. E. Norton.

July 2/78.

My dear NORTON,

You wrote me a very kind Invitation—to your own home—in America! But it is all too late for that; more on account of habit than time of life: I will not repeat what I feel sure I have told you before on that subject. You will be more interested by the enclosed note: of which this is the simple Story. Some three weeks ago I wrote my half-yearly note of enquiry to Carlyle's Niece; he was, she said, quite well; walking by the river before Breakfast: driving out of an Afternoon: constantly reading: just then reading Goethe of whom he never tired: and glancing over Magazines and Reviews which he called 'Floods of Nonsense, Cataracts

of Twaddle' &c. I had sent him the enclosed paper¹, written by a Suffolk Archdeacon for his Son's East Anglian Notes and Queries: and now reprinted, with his permission, by me, for the benefit of others, yourself among the number. Can you make out the lingo, and see what I think the pretty Idyll it tells of? If I were in America, at your home, I would recite it to you; nay, were the Telephone prepared across the Atlantic! Well: it was sent, as I say, to Carlyle: who, by what his Niece replied, I suppose liked it too. And, by way of return, I suppose, he sends me a Volume of Norway Kings and Knox: which I was very glad to have, not only as a token of his Good Will, but also because Knox was, I believe, the only one of his works I had not read. And I was obliged to confess to him in my acknowledgment of his kindly Present, that I relished these two children of his old Age as much as any of his more fiery Manhood. I had previously asked if he knew anything of John Wesley's Journal, which I was then re-perusing; as he his Goethe: yes, he knew that Wesley too, and 'thought as I did about it' his Niece said; and in reply to my Question if he knew anything of two 'mountains' (as English people called hills a hundred years ago) which Wesley says were called 'The Peas' at Dunbar²—why, here is his Answer: evincing the young Blood in the old Man still.

Wesley's Journal is very well worth reading, and having; not only as an outline of his own singular character, but of the conditions of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in the last Century. Voilà par exemple un Livre dont Mons^r Lowell pourrait faire une jolie critique, s'il en voudrait, mais

¹ The only Darter, A Suffolk Clergyman's Reminiscence. Written in the Suffolk Dialect by Archdeacon Groome under the name of John Dutfen.

² Wesley's Journal, 30 May 1786, and 22 May 1788.

il s'occupe de plus grandes choses, du Calderon, du Cervantes. I always wish to run on in bad French: but my friends would not care to read it. But pray make acquaintance with this Wesley; if you cannot find a copy in America, I will send you one from here: I believe I have given it to half a dozen Friends. Had I any interest with Publishers, I would get them to reprint parts of it, as of my old Crabbe, who still sticks in my Throat.

I have taken that single little Lodging at Dunwich for the next three months, and shall soon be under those Priory Walls again. But the poor little 'Dunwich Rose,' brought by those monks from the North Country, will have passed, after the hot weather we are at last having. Write when you will, and not till then; I believe in your friendly regard, with, or without, a Letter to assure me of it.

WOODBIDGE. *October 15/78.*

My dear NORTON,

...I got little more than a Fortnight at that old Dunwich; for my Landlady took seriously ill, and finally died: and the Friend¹ whom I went to meet there became so seriously ill also as to be obliged to return to London before August was over. So then I went to an ugly place² on the sea shore also, some fifteen miles off the old Priory; and there was with some Nephews and Nieces, trying to read the Novels from a Circulating Library, with indifferent Success. And now here am I at home once more; getting my Garden, if not my House, in order; and here I shall be probably all Winter, except for a few days visit to that sick Friend in London, if he desires it....

¹ Edwin Edwards.

² Lowestoft.

We too have been having a Fortnight of delightful weather, so as one has been able to sit abroad all the Day. And now, that Spirit which Tennyson sung of in one of his early Poems is heard, as it were, walking and talking to himself among the decaying flower-beds. This Season (such as we have been enjoying)—my old Crabbe sings of it too, in a very pathetic way to me: for it always seems to me an Image of the Decline of Life also.

‘It was a Day ere yet the Autumn closed,
When Earth before her Winter’s War reposed;
When from the Garden as we look’d above,
No Cloud was seen, and nothing seem’d to move;
[When the wide River was a silver Sheet,
And upon Ocean slept the unanchor’d fleet;]¹
When the wing’d Insect settled in our sight,
And waited wind to recommence its flight².’

You see I cross out two lines which, fine as they are, go beyond the Garden: but I am not sure if I place them aright. The two last lines you will feel, I think: for I suppose some such Insect is in America too. (You must not mind Crabbe’s self-contradiction about ‘nothing moving.’)...

I have two Letters I want to send Lowell: but I do not like writing as if to extort answers from him. You see Carlyle’s Note within: I do not want it back, thank you. Good Night: for Night it is: and my Reader is coming. We look forward to The Lammermoor, and Old Mortality before long. I made another vain attempt on George Eliot at Lowestoft, Middlemarch.

¹ These two lines are crossed out.

² Tales of the Hall, Book XI. vol. vi., p. 284, quoted from memory.

To J. R. Lowell.

WOODBIDGE. *Octr.* 17/78.

My dear SIR,

I scarce like to write to you again because of seeming to exact a Letter. I do not wish that at all, pray believe it: I don't think letter-writing men are much worth. What puts me up to writing just now is, the enclosed two Letters by other men; one of them relating to yourself; the other to the Spain you are now in. I sent Frederick Tennyson, eldest Brother of the Laureate, your Study Windows: and now you see what he says about it. He is a Poet too, as indeed all the Brethren more or less are; and is *a Poet*: only with (I think) a somewhat monotonous Lyre. But a very noble Man in all respects, and one whose good opinion is worth having, however little you read, or care for, opinion about yourself, one way or other. I do not say that I agree with all he says: but here is his Letter. I am going to send him a Volume of yours 'Among my Books,' which I know is a maturer work than the Windows; and you know what I think of it.

The other Letter, or piece of Letter, is from our Professor Cowell, and has surely a good Suggestion concerning a Spanish Dictionary. You might put some Spanish Scholar on the Scent. And so much about my two Letters.

I was but little at my old Dunwich this Summer, for my Landlady fell sick, and died: and the Friend I went to be with was obliged to leave; I doubt his Brain is becoming another Ruin to be associated with that old Priory wall, already so pathetic to me. So here am I back again at my old Desk for all the Winter, I suppose, with my old Crabbe once more open before me, disembowelled too; for I

positively meditate a Volume made up of 'Readings' from his Tales of the Hall, that is, all his better Verse connected with as few words of my own Prose as will connect it intelligibly together.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. Decr. 15/78.

My dear NORTON:

You are very good to ask for my *Ædipodes* &c. And when I can find Eyes as well as Courage to copy out a '*brouillon*,' I will see what can be done. Only, you and Professor Goodwin must not feel any way bound to print them, even if you both approved of them; and that is not at all certain. How would you two Scholars approve of two whole Scenes omitted in either *Ædipus* (as I know to be the case), and the *Choephoroi*¹ reduced almost to an Act? So that would be, I doubt. Then, as you know, Sophocles does not strike Fire out of the Flint, as old *Æschylus* does; and though my Sophocles has lain by me (lookt at now and then) these ten years, I was then a dozen years older than when Agamemnon haunted me, until I laid his Ghost so far as I myself was concerned. By the way, I see that Dr Kennedy, Professor of Greek at our Cambridge, has published a Translation of Agamemnon in 'rhythmic English.' So, at any rate, I have been the cause of waking up two great men (Browning and Kennedy) and a minor Third (I forget his name) to the Trial, if it were only for the purpose of extinguishing my rash attempt. However that may be, I cannot say my attempt on Sophocles would please you and my American Patrons (in England I have none) so well as *Æschylus*; indeed I only see in what I

¹ This was never finished.

remember to have done, good English, and fair Verse, beyond the chief merit of shaping the Plays to modern Taste by the very excisions which Scholars will most deprecate. However, you shall see, one day....

I want to send you a very little volume by Charles Tennyson, long ago published: too modest to make a noise: worth not only all me, but all ———, ——— & Co. put together. Three such little volumes have appeared, but just appeared; like Violets, I say: to be overlooked by the 'madding Crowd,' but I believe to smell sweet and blossom when all the gaudy Growths now in fashion are faded and gone. He ought to be known in America—everywhere; is he?

To J. R. Lowell.

WOODBIDGE. Decr. 19/78.

My dear SIR,

I am writing to you because you say you like to hear from me. I dare say, a Letter from your home, or mine, is acceptable in Madrid, which, by the by, if Travellers' Stories be true, must be terrible this winter: and I always try to stuff my Letters with all I can about other people more or less worth hearing of. But for that I have but little to say, certainly nothing worth your keeping. But if you like me to write, no matter why. I wish I could find you a short Letter written to me this time last year by C. Merivale, Dean of Ely, Roman Historian; a man of infinite dry humour, and quaint fancy. I have put it away in some safe place where (of course) I can't find it. Perhaps the like may happen to yourself now and then. I tell him that some one should pick up his Table-talk and Letter-talk: for he of course would not do it himself. I have known him from

College days, fifty years ago; but have never read his History: never having read any History but Herodotus, I believe. But I should like you to see how an English Dean and Roman Historian can write in spite of Toga and Canonicals.

December 22.

I left off when my Reader came to finish the *Bride of Lammermoor*; as wonderful to me as ever. O, the Austens, Eliots, and even Thackerays, won't eclipse Sir Walter for long.

To come down rather a little from him, my Calderon, which you speak of—very many beside myself, with as much fair Dramatic Spirit, knowledge of good English and English Verse, would do quite as well as you think I do, if they would not hamper themselves with Forms of Verse, and Thought, irreconcilable with English Language and English Ways of Thinking. I am persuaded that, to keep Life in the Work (as Drama must) the Translator (however inferior to his Original) must re-cast that original into his own Likeness, more or less: the less like his original, so much the worse: but still, the live Dog better than the dead Lion; in Drama, I say. As to Epic, is not Cary still the best Dante? Cowper and Pope were both Men of Genius, out of my Sphere; but whose Homer still holds its own? The elaborately exact, or the 'teacup-time' Parody? Is not Fairfax' Tasso good? I never read Harington's Ariosto, English or Italian. Another shot have I made at Faust in Bayard Taylor's Version: but I do not even get on with him as with Hayward, hampered as he (Taylor) is with his allegiance to original metres &c. His Notes I was interested in: but I shall die ungoethed, I doubt, so far as Poetry goes: I always believe he was Philosopher and Critic.

But, harking back to Calderon, surely you have seen the 'Mágico' printed from the Duc d'Osuna's original MS., with many variations from the text as we have it. This volume is edited, in French, by 'Alfred Morel Fatio,' printed at 'Heilbronn' (wherever that is), and to be bought of 'M. Murillo, Calle de Alcalá, Num. 18, Madrid.' It contains a Facsimile of the old Boy's MS. I will send you my Copy if there be 'no Coal in Newcastle.'

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. *May 18/79.*

My dear NORTON:

It is over six months, I believe, since we exchanged a letter; mine the last shot: which I mention only because that has been my reason for not writing again till I should hear from you that all was well enough with you and yours to justify my writing an idle letter. You have spoken of an aged Mother:—if your Winter has been such as ours! And not over yet, as scarce a leaf on the trees, and a N. E. wind blowing Cold, Cough, Bronchitis &c. and the confounded Bell of a neighbouring Church announcing a Death, day after day. I certainly never remember so long, and so mortal a Winter: among young as well as old. Among the latter, I have just lost my elder, and only surviving Brother. But I shall close this Bill of Mortality before turning over the leaf.

Well: it is Mr Clarke's pamphlet which has encouraged me to 'take up the pen,' for I think it was you who sent it to me. All I am qualified to say about it is, that it is very well and earnestly written; but on a Subject, like your own Olympia, that I am no Judge of. I think of forwarding it to

Cowell at our Cambridge, who is a Judge of Everything, I think, while pretending to Nothing....

This reminds me of all the pains he bestowed on me five and twenty years ago; of which the result is one final Edition of Omar and Jámí....Omar remains as he was; Jámí (Salámán) is cut down to two-thirds of his former proportion, and very much improved, I think. It is still in a wrong key: Verse of Miltonic strain, unlike the simple Eastern; I remember trying that at first, but could not succeed. So there is little but the Allegory itself (not a bad one), and now condensed into a very fair Bird's Eye view; quite enough for any Allegory, I think....

And—(this Letter is to be all about myself)—by this post I send you my Handbook of Crabbe's Tales of the Hall, of which I am so doubtful that I do not yet care to publish it. I wished to draw a few readers to a Book which nobody reads, by an Abstract of the most readable Parts connected with as little of my Prose as would tell the story of much prosaic Verse, but that very amount of prosy Verse may help to soak the story into the mind (as Richardson &c.) in a way that my more readable Abstract does not. So it may only serve to remind any one of a Book—which he never read! The Original must be more obsolete in America than here in England; however, I should like to know what you make of it: and you see that you may tell me very plainly, for it is not as an Author, but only as Author's Showman that I appear.

It is rather shameful to take another Sheet because of almost filling the first with myself. And I have but little to tell in it. Carlyle I have not heard of for these six months: nor Tennyson: I must write to hear how they have weathered this mortal Winter. Tennyson's elder, not eldest, Brother Charles is dead: and I was writing only yesterday to per-

suade Spedding to insist on Macmillan publishing a complete edition of Charles' Sonnets: graceful, tender, beautiful, and quite original, little things. Two thirds of them would be enough: but no one can select in such a case, you know. I have been reading again your Hawthorne's Journal in England when he was Consul here; this I have: I cannot get his 'Our old Home,' nor his Foreign Notes: can you send me any small, handy, Edition of these two last? I delight in them because of their fearless Truthfulness as well as for their Genius. I have just taken down his Novels, or Romances, to read again, and try to relish more than I have yet done; but I feel sure the fault must be with me, as I feel about Goethe, who is yet as sealed a Book to me as ever....I have (alas!) got through all Sir Walter's Scotch Novels this winter, even venturing further on Kenilworth: which is wonderful for Plot: and one Scene, Elizabeth reconciling her Rival Earls at Greenwich, seeming to me as good as Shakespeare's Henry VIII., which is mainly Fletcher's, I am told. I have heard nothing of Mr Lowell since I heard of you, and do think that I will pitch him a Crabbe into the midst of Madrid, if he be still there. (N.B. Some of Crabbe is not in the Text but from MS. first (and best) readings printed in the Son's edition.)

The Nightingale is now telling me that he is not dead.

To J. R. Lowell.

WOODBIDGE. *May 20/79.*

My dear SIR,

By this post I send you a bit of a Book, in which you see that I only play very second Fiddle. It is not published yet, as I wait for a few friends to tell me

if it be worth publishing, or better kept among ourselves, who know Crabbe as well as myself. You could tell me better than any one, only that I doubt if any Transatlantic Man can care, even if he knows of a Writer whose Books are all but unread by his own Countrymen, so obsolete as has become his Subject (in this Book) as well as his way of treating it. So I think I may exonerate you from giving an opinion, and will only send it to you for such amusement as it may afford you in your Exile. I fancied I could make a pleasant Abstract of a much too long and clumsy Book, and draw a few Readers to the well-nigh forgotten Author. But, on looking over my little work, I doubt that my short and readable Handybook will not leave any such impression as the long, rather un-readable, original; mere length having, you know, the inherent Virtue of soaking it in: so as my Book will scarce do but as a reminder of the original, which nobody reads!...

Voilà assez sur ce sujet là. I think that you will one day give us an account of your Spanish Consulship, as Hawthorne did of his English: a noble Book which I have just been reading over again. His 'Our old Home' is out of print here; and I have asked Mr Norton to send me any handy Edition of it, as also of the Italian Journal, my Copies having been lent out past recovery. I am going to begin again with his Scarlet Letter and Seven Gables; which (oddly to myself) I did not take to. And yet I think they are not out of my line, or reach, I ought to say.

We have had such a long, and mortal Winter as never do I remember in my seventy years, which struck 70 on March 31 last. I have just lost a Brother—75. Proximus ardet &c. But I escaped through all these seven months Winter, till a week or ten days ago, when a South Wind and Sunshine came for a Day, and one expatiated abroad,

and then down comes a North Easter &c. I was like the Soldier in Crabbe's Old Bachelor (now with you), who compares himself to the Soldier stricken by a random Shot, when resting on his Arms &c. So Cold, Cough, Bronchitis &c. And To-day Sunshine again, and Ruiseñor (do you know him?) in my Shrubs only just be-greening, and I am a Butterfly again. I have heard nothing of Carlyles, Tennysons &c. save that the latter had written some Ballad about Lucknow. I shall be glad to hear a word of yourself, Calderon, and Don Quixote, the latter of whom *σαίνει με* from my Bookshelf. Yes, yes, I am soon coming.

WOODBIDGE. *June 13/79.*

My dear SIR,

I had just written a Letter to Tennyson, a thing I had not done these two years, when one was brought to me with what I thought his Subscription, which I have not seen for twice two years, I suppose. Well, but the Letter was from you. I ought not to write again so quick: but you know I never exact a Reply: especially as you never will answer what I ask you, which I rather admire too. To be sure you have so much filled your Letter with my Crabbe that you have told me nothing of yourself, Calderon, and Cervantes, both of whom, I suppose, are fermenting, and maturing, in your head. Cowell says he will come to this coast this Summer with Don Quixote that we may read him together: so, if you should come, you will find yourself at home. I have said all I can say about your taking any such trouble as coming down here only to shake hands with me, as you talk of. I never make any sort of 'hospitality' to the few who ever do come this way, but just put a fowl in the Pot (as Don Quixote's *ama*

might do), and hire a Shandrydan for a Drive, or a Boat on the river, and 'There you are,' as one of Dickens' pleasant young fellows says. But I never can ask any one to come, and out of his way, to see me, a very ancient, and solitary, Reed indeed. But you know all about it. 'Parlons d'autres choses,' as Sévigné says.

I was curious to know what an American, and of your Quality, would say of Crabbe. The manner and topics (Whig, Tory &c.) are almost obsolete in this country, though I remember them well: how then must they appear to you and yours? The 'Ceremoniousness' you speak of is overdone for Crabbe's time: he overdid it in his familiar intercourse, so as to disappoint everybody who expected 'Nature's sternest Poet' &c.; but he was all the while observing. I know not why he persists in his Thee and Thou, which certainly Country Squires did not talk of, except for an occasional Joke, at the time his Poem dates from, 1819: and I warned my Readers in that still-born Preface to change that form into simple 'You.' If this Book leaves a melancholy impression on you, what then would all his others? Leslie Stephen says his Humour is heavy (Q^y is not his Tragedy?), and wonders how Miss Austen could admire him as it appears she did; and you discern a relation between her and him. I find plenty of grave humour in this Book: in the Spinster, the Bachelor, the Widow &c. All which I pointed out (in the still-born) to L. S.... He says too that Crabbe is 'incapable of Epigram,' which also you do not agree in; Epigrams more of Humour than Wit; sometimes only hinted, as in those two last lines of that disagreeable, and rather incomprehensible Sir Owen Dale. I think he will do in the land of Cervantes still.

When my Copy of Tennyson's *Lover's Tale* comes home I will send it to you....As to Gray—Ah, to think of that

little Elegy inscribed among the Stars, while ———, ——— & Co. are blazing away with their Fireworks here below. I always think that there is more Genius in most of the three volume Novels than in Gray: but by the most exquisite Taste, and indefatigable lubrication, he made of his own few thoughts, and many of other men's, a something which we all love to keep ever about us¹. I do not think his scarcity of work was from Design: he had but a little to say, I believe, and took his time to say it....

Only think of old Carlyle, who was very feeble indeed during the winter, having read through all Shakespeare to himself during these latter Spring months. So his Niece writes me. I do not hear of his doing the like by his Goethe.

I had another shot at your Hawthorne, a Man of fifty times Gray's Genius, but I could not take to him. Painfully microscopic and elaborate on dismal subjects, I still thought: but I am quite ready to admit that (as in Goethe's case) the fault lies in me. I think I have a good feeling for such things; but 'non omnia possumus &c.;' some Screw loose. 'C'est égal.' That is a serviceable word for so much.

Now have I any more that turns up for this wonderful Letter? I should put it in, for I do think it might amuse you in Madrid. But nothing does turn up this Evening. Tea, and a Walk on our River bank, and then, what do

¹ A year before, FitzGerald wrote to Professor Cowell:

'I was trying yesterday to recover Gray's Elegy, as you had been doing down here at Christmas, with shut Eyes. But I had to return to the Book: and am far from perfect yet: though I leave out several Stanzas; reserving one of the most beautiful which Gray omitted. Plenty of faults still: but one doats on almost every line, every line being a Proverb now.'

you think? An hour's reading (to me) of a very celebrated Murder which I remember just thirty years ago at Norwich: then 'Ten minutes' Refreshment;' and then, Nicholas Nickleby! Then one Pipe: and then to Bed. Yours sincerely
E. F. G.

This Letter shall sleep a night too before Travelling. Next Morning. Revenons à notre Crabbe. 'Principles and Pew' very bad. 'The Flowers &c. cut by busy hands &c.' are, or were, common on the leaden roofs of old Houses, Churches &c. I made him stop at 'Till the Does ventured on our Solitude¹,' without adding '*We were so still!*,' which is quite 'de trop.' You will see by the enclosed prefatory Notice what I have done in the matter, as little as I could in doing what was to be done. My own Copy is full of improvements. Yes, for any Poetaster may improve three-fourths of the careless old Fellow's Verse: but it would puzzle a Poet to improve the better part. I think that Crabbe differs from Pope in this thing for one: that he aims at Truth, not at Wit, in his Epigram. How almost graceful he can sometimes be too!

'What we beheld in Love's perspective Glass
Has pass'd away—one Sigh! and let it pass².'

LOWESTOFT. August 20/79.

My dear SIR,

Mr Norton wrote me that you had been detained in Spain by Mrs Lowell's severe, nay, dangerous, illness; a very great affliction to you. I venture a bit of a Letter, which you are not to answer, even by a word; no, not even read further than now you have got, unless a better day

¹ Tales of the Hall, Book XIV. (vol. vii. p. 89).

² Ibid, p. 94.

has dawned on you, and unless you feel wholly at liberty to write. I should be very glad to hear, in ever so few words, that your anxiety was over.

I do not think I shall make a long letter of this ; for I do not think of much that can amuse you in the least, even if you should be open to such sort of amusement as I could give you. I am come here to be a month with my friend Cowell ; he and I are reading the Second Part of Don Quixote together, as we used to read together thirty years ago ; he always the Teacher, and I the Pupil, although he is quite unaware of that Relation between us ; indeed, rather reverses it. It so happens that he is not so well acquainted with this Second Part as with the First ; indeed not so well with the Story of it as I, but then he is so much a better Scholar in all ways that he lights up passages of the Book in a way that is all new to me. Some of the strange words reminded me again of his wish for a Spanish Dictionary in the style of Littré's French : he would assuredly be the Man to do it, but he has his Sanskrit Professorship to mind.

There is a Book rather worth reading called 'On Foot through Spain¹;' meaning, as much of Spain as extends from St Sebastian on the Bay of Biscay to Barcelona on the Mediterranean ; with a good deal of Cervantesque Ventas, Carreteros &c. in it. There is an account of the Obsequies of PAU PI (Basque?) on the last Day of Carnival at Saragossa, which reminded me of the 'Cortes de Muerte' &c. Hawthorne (whose admirable Italian Journal I brought with me here) says that originally the Italian Carnival ended with somewhat of the same Burlesque Ceremonial, but was thought to mimic too Graciosoly that of the Church. I believe the Moccoli &c. are a remainder of it.

¹ On Foot¹ in Spain by J. S. Campion, 1879.

‘Eso allá se ha de entender, respondió Sancho, con los *que nacióron en las malvas*’ (II. c. 4), made my Master jump at once to Job xxx. 4.

I cannot but suppose that you are gradually gathering materials for some Essay on Spanish Literature, and it is a rare Quality in these days to be in no hurry about such work, but to wait till one can do it thoroughly; as is the case with you. I suppose you know Lopé: of whom I have read, and now shall read, nothing: even Cowell, who has read some, is not much interested in him. He delights in Calderon, of whom he has one thick Volume here, and still finds many obscure passages to clear up. He was telling me of one about Madrid¹, which (as you are now there) I must quote by way of filling up this Second Sheet of Letter. But, to do this, I must wait till I have been with him for our morning’s reading, so as I may give it you Chapter and Verse.

P.S. Here is my Professor’s MS. note for you, which I told him I wanted to send. We have been reading Chapters 14—15 of Don Quixote, Second Part. Do you know why Carrasco finds an *Algebrista* for his hurts? Why the Moorish *Aljabro*=the setting of Fractions &c. So said my dear Pundit at once. Ah! you would like to be with us, for the sake of him, rather than of yours sincerely E. F. G.

To C. E. Norton.

LOWESTOFT. *Sept.* 3/79.

My dear NORTON,

I must write you a few lines, on my knee (not, on my knees, however), in return for your kind letter.

¹ From Calderon’s *Cada uno para sí*, the seven lines beginning ‘Bien dijo uno, que su planta’ (Comedias, ed. Keil, iv. 731).

As to my thinking you could be 'importunate' in asking again for my two Sophocles Abstracts, you must know that such importunity cannot but be grateful. I am only rather ashamed that you should have to repeat it. I laid the Plays by after looking them over some months ago, meaning to wait till another year* to clear up some parts, if not all. Thus do my little works arrive at such form as they result in, good or bad; so as, however I may be blamed for the liberties I take with the Great, I cannot be accused of over haste in doing so, though blamed I may be for rashness in meddling with them at all. Anyhow, I would not send you any but a fair MS. if I sent MS. at all; and may perhaps print it in a small way, not to publish, but so as to ensure a final Revision, such as will also be more fitting for you to read. It is positively the last of my Works! having been by me these dozen years, I believe, occasionally looked at. So much for that.

Now, you would like to be here along with me and my delightful Cowell, when we read the Second Part of Don Quixote together of a morning. This we have been doing for three weeks; and shall continue to do for some ten days more, I suppose: and then he will be returning to his Cambridge. If we read very continuously we should be almost through the Book by this time: but, as you may imagine we play as well as work; some passage in the dear Book leads Cowell off into Sanskrit, Persian, or Goody Two Shoes, for all comes within the compass of his Memory and Application. Job came in to the help of Sancho a few days ago: and the Duenna Rodriguez' age brought up a story Cowell recollected of an old Lady who persisted in remaining at 50; till being told (by his Mother) that she could not be elected to a Charity because of not being 64, she said 'She thought she could manage it;' and the

Professor shakes with Laughter not loud but deep, from the centre...

Pray read in our Athenæum some letters of Severn's about Keats, full of Love and intelligent Admiration, all the better for coming straight from the heart without any style at all. If I thought that Mr Lowell would not find these Athenæums somewhere in Madrid, I would send them to him, as I would also to you in a like predicament...

This letter has run on further than I expected: and I am now going to see Sancho off to his Island, under convoy of my Professor.

To S. Laurence.

11 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT.

Sept. 22/79.

My dear LAURENCE,

Your letter found me here this morning: here, where I have now been near six weeks, for a month of which Edward Cowell and his Wife were my neighbours; and we had two or three hours of Don Quixote's company of a morning, and only ourselves for company at night. They are gone, however; and I might have gone to my own home also, but that some Nephews and Nieces wished to see a little more of me; and I thought also that Lowestoft would be more amusing than Woodbridge to a young London Clerk, a Nephew of the Cowells, who comes to me for a short Holyday, when he can get away from his Desk. But early in October I shall be back at my old routine, stale enough. I think that, as a general rule, people should die at 70.

Yes: though Edwards was comparatively a Friend of late growth—he, and his brave wife—they encountered me

down in my own country here, and we somehow suited one another; and I feel sad thinking of the pleasant days at Dunwich, which the Tide now rolling up here will soon reach'....

I am here re-reading Forster's Life of Dickens, which seems to me a very good Book, though people say, I believe, there is too much Forster in it. At any rate, there is enough to show the wonderful Dæmonic Dickens: as pure an instance of Genius as ever lived; and, it seems to me, a Man I can love also.

Sentence from a letter written to Prof. Norton Feb. 22/80.

'I cannot yet get the 2nd Part (Coloneus) to fit as I wish to the first: finding (what I never doubted) that nothing is less true than Goethe's saying that these two Plays and Antigone must be read in Sequence, as a Trilogy.'

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. *March 4, 1880.*

My dear NORTON,

Herewith you will receive, I suppose, Part 1. of *Œdipus*, which I found on my return here after a week's absence. I really hope you will like it, after taking the trouble more than once to ask for it: only (according to my laudable rule of Give or Take in such cases) say no more of it to me than to point out anything amendable: for which, you see, I leave a wide margin, for my own behoof as well as my reader's. And again I will say that I wish you would keep it wholly to yourself: and, above

¹ Edwards died on Sept. 15. 'Those two and their little Dunwich in Summer were among my Pleasures; and will be, I doubt, among my Regrets.' So he wrote to me at the end of 1877.

all, not let a word about it cross the Atlantic. I will not send a Copy even to Professor Goodwin, to whom you can show yours, if he should happen to mention the subject; nor will I send one to Mrs Kemble, the only other whom I had thought of. In short, you, my dear Sir, are the only Depository of this precious Document, which I would have you keep as though it were very precious indeed.

You will see at once that it is not even a Paraphrase, but an Adaptation, of the Original: not as more adapted to an Athenian Audience 400 years B.C. but to a merely English Reader 1800 years A.D. Some dropt stitches in the Story, not considered by the old Genius of those days, I have, I think, 'taken up,' as any little Dramatist of these Days can do: though the fundamental absurdity of the Plot (equal to Tom Jones according to Coleridge!) remains; namely, that Œdipus, after so many years reigning in Thebes as to have a Family about him, should apparently never have heard of Laius' murder till the Play begins. One acceptable thing I have done, I think, omitting very much rhetorical fuss about the poor man's Fatality, which I leave for the Action itself to discover; as also a good deal of that rhetorical Scolding, which, I think, becomes tiresome even in its Greek: as the Scene between Œdipus and Creon after Tiresias: and equally unreasonable. The Choruses which I believe are thought fine by Scholars, I have left to old Potter to supply, as I was hopeless of making anything of them; pasting, you see, his 'Finale' over that which I had tried.

I believe that I must leave Part II. for the present, being rather wearied with the present stupendous Effort, at Ætat. 71. If I live another year, and am still free from the ills incident to my Time, I will make an end of it, and of all my Doings in that way.

To Charles Keene¹.

Friday.

My dear KEENE,

...Beckford's Hunting is an old friend of mine : excellently written ; such a relief (like Wesley and the religious men) to the Essayist style of the time. Do not fail to read the capital Squire's Letter in recommendation of a Stable-man, dated from Great Addington, Northants, 1734 : of which some little is omitted after Edition I. ; which edition has also a Letter from Beckford's Huntsman about a wicked 'Daufter,' wholly omitted. This first Edition is a pretty small 4to 1781, with a Frontispiece by Cipriani !...

If you come down this Spring, but not before May, I will show you some of these things in a Book² I have, which I might call 'Half Hours with the Worst Authors,' and very fine things by them. It would be the very best Book of the sort ever published, if published ; but no one would think so but myself, and perhaps you, and half a dozen more. If my Eyes hold out I will copy a delightful bit by way of return for your Ballad.

To C. E. Norton.

May 1, 1880.

My dear NORTON :

I must thank you for the Crabbe Review³ you sent me, though, had it been your own writing, I should probably not tell you how very good I think it. I am somewhat disappointed that Mr Woodberry dismisses

¹ C. K. of Punch.

² Now in my possession.

³ In the Atlantic Monthly for May 1880, 'A Neglected Poet,' by G. E. Woodberry.

Crabbe's 'Trials at Humour' as summarily as Mr Leslie Stephen does; it was mainly for the Humour's sake that I made my little work: Humour so evident to me in so many of the Tales (and Conversations), and which I meant to try and get a hearing for in the short Preface I had written in case the Book had been published. I thought these Tales showed the 'stern Painter' softened by his Grand Climacteric, removed from the gloom and sadness of his early associations, and looking to the Follies rather than to the Vices of Men, and treating them often in something of a Molière way, only with some pathetic humour mixt, so as these Tales were almost the only one of his Works which left an agreeable impression behind them. But if so good a Judge as Mr Woodberry does not see all this, I certainly could not have persuaded John Bull to see it: and perhaps am wrong myself in seeing what is not there.

I doubt not that Mr Woodberry is quite right in what he says of Crabbe not having Imagination to draw that Soul from Nature of which he enumerates the phenomena: but he at any rate does so enumerate and select them as to suggest something more to his Reader, something more than mere catalogue could suggest. He may go yet further in such a description, as that other Autumnal one in 'Delay has Danger,' beginning—

'Early he rose, and look'd with many a sigh,
On the red Light that fill'd the Eastern sky &c.'

Where, as he says, the Decay and gloom of Nature seem reflected in—nay, as it were, to take a reflection from—the Hero's troubled Soul. In the Autumn Scene which Mr Woodberry quotes¹, and contrasts with those of other more

¹ Tales of the Hall, Book IV. vol. vi. p. 71.

imaginative Poets, would not a more imaginative representation of the scene have been out of character with the English Country Squire who sees and reflects on it? As would have been more evident if Mr W. had quoted a line or two further—

‘While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees
The Squire beheld not with his wonted ease,
But to his own reflections made reply,
And said aloud—“Yes, doubtless we must die.”’

οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή—

This Dramatic Picture touches me more than Mr Arnold.

One thing more I will say, that I do not know where old Wordsworth condemned Crabbe as unpoetical (except in the truly ‘priggish’ candle case) though I doubt not that Mr Woodberry does know. We all know that of Crabbe’s ‘Village’ one passage was one of the first that struck young Wordsworth: and when Crabbe’s son was editing his Father’s Poems in 1834, old Wordsworth wrote to him that, because of their combined Truth and Poetry, those Poems would last as long at least as any that had been written since, including Wordsworth’s own. And Wordsworth was too honest, as well as too exclusive, to write so much even to a Son of the dead Poet, without meaning all he said.

I should not have written all this were it not that I think so much of Mr Woodberry’s Paper; but I doubt I could not persuade him to think more of my old Man than he sees good to think for himself. I rejoice that he thinks even so well of the Poet: even if his modified Praise does not induce others to try and think likewise. The verses he quotes—

‘Where is that virtue which the generous boy &c.’¹

¹ Tales of the Hall, Book III. vol. vi. p. 61.

made my heart glow—yes, even out at my Eyes—though so familiar to me. Only in my private Copy, instead of

‘When Vice had triumph—*who his tear bestow’d*
On injured merit—’

in place of that ‘*bestowed Tear*,’ I cannot help reading

‘When Vice and Insolence in triumph rode &c.’

which is, of course, only for myself, and you, it seems: for I never mentioned that, and some scores of such impudencies.

To R. C. Trench.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

May 9/80.

My dear LORD,

You are old enough, like myself, to remember People reading and talking of Crabbe. I know not if you did so yourself; but you know that no one, unless as old as ourselves, does so now. As he has always been one of my Apollos, in spite of so many a cracked string, I wanted to get a few others to listen a little as I did; and so printed the Volume which I send you: printed it, not by way of improving, or superseding, the original, but to entice some to read the original in all its length, and (one must say) uncouth and wearisome ‘*longueurs*’ and want of what is now called ‘Art.’ These Tales are perhaps as open to that charge as any of his; and, moreover, not principally made up of that ‘sternest’ stuff which Byron celebrated as being most characteristic of him. When writing these Tales, the Poet had reached his Grand Climacteric, and liked to look on somewhat of the sunnier side of things; more on the Comedy than the Tragedy of Human Life: and hence these Tales are, with all their faults, the one work of his which

leaves me (ten years past my grand Climacteric also) with a pleasant Impression. So I tried to make others think ; but I was told by Friends whose Judgment I could trust that no Public would listen to me....And so I paid for my printing, and kept my Book to be given away to some few as old as myself, and brought up in somewhat of another Fashion than what now reigns. And so I now take heart to send it to you whose Poems and Writings prove that you belong to another, and, as I think, far better School, whether you care for Crabbe or not. I dare say you will feel bound to acknowledge the Book ; but pray do so, if at all, by a simple acknowledgment of its receipt ; I mean, so far as I am concerned in it: any word about Crabbe I shall be glad to have if you care to write it ; but I always maintain it best to say nothing, unless to find fault, with what is sent to one in this Book Line. And so to be done by.

WOODBIDGE. *May 18/80.*

My dear LORD :

I should have sent a line before now to thank you for your Calderon, had I not waited for some tidings of Donne from Mowbray, to whom I wrote some days ago. Not hearing from him, I suppose that he is out holyday-making somewhere ; and therefore I will delay no longer.

You gave me your Calderon when it first came out, now some five and twenty years ago ! I am always glad to know that it, or any of your writings, Prose or Verse, still flourish—which I think not many others of the kind will do after the Generation they are born in. I remember that you regretted having tried the asonante, and you now decide that Prose is best for English Translation. It may be so ; in a great degree it must be so ; but I think this experiment

might yet be tried ; namely, the short trochaic line, regardless of an assonant that will not speak in our thin vowels, but looped up at intervals with a strong monosyllabic rhyme, without which the English trochaic, assonant or not, is apt to fray out, or run away too watery-like without some such interruption ; I mean when running to any considerable length, as I should think would be the case in Longfellow's *Hiawatha* ; which I have not however seen since it appeared. Were I a dozen years younger I might try this with Calderon which I have found to succeed in some much shorter flights : but it is too late now, and you may think it well that it is so, with one who takes such great liberties with great Poets, himself pretending to be little more than a Versifier. I know not how it is with you who are really a Poet ; and perhaps you may think I am as wrong about my trochee as about my iambic.

As for the modern Poetry, I have cared for none of the last thirty years, not even Tennyson, except in parts : pure, lofty and noble as he always is. Much less can I endure the *Gurgoyles* school (I call it) begun, I suppose, by V. Hugo. ...I do think you will find something better than that in the discarded Crabbe ; whose writings Wordsworth (not given to compliment any man on any occasion) wrote to Crabbe's Son and Editor would continue as long at least as any Poetry written since, on account of their mingled 'Truth and Poetry.' And this includes Wordsworth's own. So I must think my old Crabbe will come up again, though never to be popular.

This reminds me that just after I had written to you, Crabbe's Grandson, one of the best, most amiable, and most agreeable, of my friends, paid me a two days' Visit, and told me that a Nephew of yours was learning to farm with a Steward of Lord Walsingham at Merton in Norfolk,

George Crabbe's own parish ; I mean the living George, who spoke of your Nephew as a very gentlemanly young man indeed. I think *he* will not gainsay what I write to you of his 'Parson.'

Your kind Letter has encouraged me to write all this. I felt some hesitation in addressing you again after an interval of some fifteen years, I think ; and now I think I shall venture on writing to you once again before another year be gone, if we both live to see 1881 in, and out.

To Charles Keene.

WOODBIDGE. *Sunday.*

My dear KEENE,

Your Letter reached me yesterday when I was just finishing my *Séigné* ; I mean, reading it over. I have plenty of Notes for an Introductory Argument and List of *Dramatis Personæ*, and a clue to the course of her Letters, so as to set a new reader off on the right tack, with some previous acquaintance with the People and Places she lives among. But I shrink from trying to put such Notes into shape ; all writing always distasteful to me, and now very difficult, at seventy odd. Some such Introduction would be very useful : people being in general puzzled with Persons, Dates, &c., if not revolted by the eternal, though quite sincere, fuss about her Daughter, which the Eye gradually learns to skim over, and get to the fun. I felt a pang when arriving at—

Ci git

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal

Marquise de Séigné

Décédée le 18 Avril 1696

still to be found, I believe, on a Tablet in the Church of Grignan in Provence. I have been half minded to run over

to Brittany just to see Les Rochers; but a French 'Murray' informed me that the present owner will not let it be seen by Strangers attracted by all those 'paperasses,' as he calls her Letters. Probably I should not have gone in any case when it came to proof...

I did not forget Waterloo Day. Just as I and my Reader Boy were going into the Pantry for some *grub*, I thought of young Ensign Leeke, not 18, who carried the Colours of that famous 52nd which gave the 'coup de grace' to the Imperial Guard about 8 p.m. and then marched to Rossomme, seeing the Battle was won: and the Colour-serjeant found some bread in some French Soldier's knapsack, and brought a bit to his Ensign, 'You must want a bit, Sir, and I am sure you have deserved it.' That was a Compliment worth having!

I have, like you, always have, and from a Child had, a mysterious feeling about that 'Sizewell Gap.' There were reports of kegs of Hollands found under the Altar Cloth of Theberton Church near by: and we Children looked with awe on the 'Revenue Cutters' which passed Aldbro', especially remembering one that went down with all hands, 'The Ranger.'

They have half spoilt Aldbro'; but now that Dunwich is crossed out from my visiting Book by the loss of that fine fellow¹, whom this time of year especially reminds me of, I must return to Aldbro' now and then. Why can't you go there with me? I say no more of your coming here, for you ought to be assured that you would be welcome at any time; but I never do ask any busy, or otherwise engaged man to come....

Here is a good Warwickshire word—'I *sheered* my Eyes round the room.' So good, that it explains itself.

¹ Edwin Edwards.

WHITE LION, ALDEBURGH.

July 7/80.

My dear KEENE,

I shall worry you with Letters: here is one, however, which will call for no answer. It is written indeed in acknowledgement of your packet of Drawings, received by me yesterday at Woodbridge.

My rule concerning Books is, that Giver and Taker (each in his turn) should just say nothing. As I am not an Artist (though a very great Author) I will say that Four of your Drawings seemed capital to me: I cannot remember the Roundabouts which they initialed: except two: 1. The lazy idle Boy, which you note as not being used; I suppose, from not being considered sufficiently appropriate to the Essay (which I forget), but which I thought altogether good; and the old Man, with a look of Edwards! 2. Little Boy in Black, very pretty: 3. (I forget the Essay) People looking at Pictures: one of them, the principal, surely a recollection of W. M. T. himself. Then 4. There was a bawling Boy: subject forgotten. I looked at them many times through the forenoon: and came away here at 2 p. m.

I do not suppose, or wish, that you should make over to me all these Drawings, which I suppose are the originals from which the Wood was cut. I say I do not 'wish,' because I am in my 72nd year: and I now give away rather than accept. But I wished for one at least of your hand; for its own sake, and as a remembrance, for what short time is left me, of one whom I can sincerely say I regard greatly for himself, as also for those Dunwich days in which I first became known to him. 'Voilà qui est dit.'

And I wish you were here, not for your own sake, for it is dull enough. No Sun, no Ship, a perpetual drizzle; and to me the melancholy of another Aldbro' of years gone

by. Out of that window there 'le petit' Churchyard sketched Thorpe headland under an angry Sunset of Oct. 55 which heralded a memorable Gale that washed up a poor Woman with a Babe in her arms: and old Mitford had them buried with an inscribed Stone in the old Churchyard, peopled with dead 'Mariners'; and Inscription and Stone are now gone. Yesterday I got out in a Boat, drizzly as it was: but to-day there is too much Sea to put off. I am to be home by the week's end, if not before. The melancholy of Slaughden last night, with the same Sloops sticking side-long in the mud as sixty years ago! And I the venerable Remembrancer.

My dear KEENE,

I ought to have acknowledged the receipt of your Paris map, which is excellent; so that, eyes permitting, I can follow my Sévigné about from her Rue St Catherine over the Seine to the Faubourg St Germain quite distinctly. These cold East winds, however, coming so suddenly after the heat, put those Eyes of mine in a pickle, so as I am obliged to let them lie fallow, looking only at the blessed Green of the Trees before my Window, or on my Quarter-deck¹. My two Nieces are with me, so that I leave all the house to them, except my one Room downstairs, which serves for Parlour, Bedroom and all. And it does very well for me; reminding me of my former Cabin life in my little Ship 'd'autrefois.'...

Do not you forget (as you will) to tell Mr Millais one day of the pretty Subject I told you; little Keats standing sentry before his sick Mother's Door with a drawn sword;

¹ A sheltered path in the field next his garden, where he walked for hours together.

in his Shirt it might be, with some Rembrandtish Light and Shade. The Story is to be found at the beginning of Lord Houghton's Life.

Also, for any Painter you know of what they call the 'Genre' School :

Sévigé and the 'de Villars' looking through the key-hole at Mignard painting Madame de Fontevrauld (Rochechouart) while the Abbé Têtu talks to her (Letter of Sept. 6, 1675). It might be done in two compartments, with the wall split between, so as to show both Parties, as one has seen on the Stage.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. Nov. 3, 1880.

My dear NORTON :

...With all your knowledge, and all the use you can make of it, I wonder that you can think twice of such things as I can offer you in return for what you send me : but I take you at your word, and shall perhaps send you the last half of *Cædipus*, if I can prepare him for the Printer ; a rather hard business to me now, when turned of seventy, and reminded by some intimations about the Heart that I am not likely to exceed the time which those of my Family have stopped going at. But this is no great Regret to me.

I have sent you a better Book than any I can send you of my own : or of any one else's in the way of Verse, I think : the Sonnets of Alfred Tennyson's Brother Charles. Two thirds of them I do not care for : but there is scarce one without some fine thought or expression : some of them quite beautiful to me : all pure, true, and original. I think you in America may like these leaves from the Life of a quiet Lincolnshire Parson.

...We have had the Leaves green unusually late this year, I think: but so I have thought often before, I am told. The last few nights have brought Frost, however: and changed the countenance of all. A Blackbird (have you him as the 'ousel'?) whom I kept alive, I think, through last hard winter by a saucer of Bread and Milk, has come to look for it again.

To Miss Anna Biddell.

Nov. 30, 1880.

One day I went into the Abbey at 3½ p.m. while a beautiful anthem was beautifully sung, and then the prayers and collects, not less beautiful, well intoned on one single note by the Minister. And when I looked up and about me, I thought that Abbey a wonderful structure for Monkeys to have raised. The last night, Mesdames Kemble and Edwards had each of them company, so I went into my old Opera House in the Haymarket, where I remembered the very place where Pasta stood as Medea on the Stage, and Rubini singing his return to his Betrothed in the Puritani, and Taglioni floating everywhere about: and the several Boxes in which sat the several Ranks and Beauties of forty and fifty years ago: my Mother's Box on the third Tier, in which I often figured as a Specimen of both. The Audience all changed much for the worse, I thought: and Opera and Singers also; only one of them who could sing at all, and she sang very well indeed; Trebelli, her name. The opera by a Frenchman on the Wagner plan: excellent instrumentation, but not one new or melodious idea through the whole.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. *February 20, 1881.*

My dear NORTON,

...I have little to say about Carlyle, but that my heart did follow him to Ecclefechan, from which place I have, or had, several letters dated by him. I think it was fine that he should anticipate all Westminster Abbey honours, and determine to be laid where he was born, among his own kindred, and with all the simple and dignified obsequies of (I suppose) his own old Puritan Church. The Care of his Posthumous Memory will be left in good hands, I believe, if in those of Mr Froude. His Niece, who had not answered a Note of Enquiry I wrote her some two months ago, answered it a few days after his Death: she had told him, she said, of my letter, and he said, 'You must answer that.'

To Mrs Kemble.

[*March,*] 1881.

My dear LADY,

It was very, very good and kind of you to write to me about Spedding. Yes: Aldis Wright had apprised me of the matter just after it happened, he happening to be in London at the time; and but two days after the accident heard that Spedding was quite calm, and even cheerful; only anxious that Wright himself should not be kept waiting for some communication that S. had promised him! Whether to live, or to die, he will be Socrates still.

Directly that I heard from Wright, I wrote to Mowbray Donne to send me just a Post Card daily, if he or his Wife could, with but one or two words on it, 'Better,' 'Less well,' or whatever it might be. This morning I hear that

all is going on even better than could be expected, according to Miss Spedding. But I suppose the Crisis, which you tell me of, is not yet come; and I have always a terror of that French Adage, 'Monsieur se porte mal—Monsieur se porte mieux—Monsieur est—!' Ah, you know, or you guess, the rest.

My dear old Spedding, though I have not seen him these twenty years and more, and probably should never see again; but he lives, his old Self, in my heart of hearts; and all I hear of him does but embellish the recollection of him, if it could be embellished; for he is but the same that he was from a Boy, all that is best in Heart and Head, a man that would be incredible had one not known him.

I certainly should have gone up to London, even with Eyes that will scarce face the lamps of Woodbridge, not to see him, but to hear the first intelligence I could about him. But I rely on the Post-card for but a Night's delay. Laurence, Mowbray tells me, had been to see him, and found him as calm as had been reported by Wright. But the Doctors had said that he should be kept as quiet as possible.

I think, from what Mowbray also says, that you may have seen our other old friend Donne in somewhat worse plight than usual because of his being much shocked at this accident. He would feel it indeed!—as you do.

I had even thought of writing to tell you all this, but could not but suppose that you were more likely to know of it than myself; though sometimes one is greatly mistaken with these 'of course you knows &c.' But you have known it all: and have very kindly written of it to me, whom you might also have supposed already informed of it: but you took the trouble to write, not relying on 'of course you know &c.'

I have thought lately that I ought to make some enquiry about Arthur Malkin, who was always very kind to me. I had meant to send him my Crabbe, who was a great favourite of his Father's, 'an excellent Companion for Old Age' he told—Donne, I think. But I do not know if I ever did send him the Book; and now, judging by what you tell me, it is too late to do so, unless for Compliment.

The Sun, I see, has put my Fire out, for which I only thank him, and will go to look for him himself in my Garden, only with a Green Shade over my Eyes. I must get to London to see you before you move away to Leamington; when I can bear Sun or Lamp without odious blue glasses &c. I dare to think those Eyes are better, though not Sun-proof.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. *March 13, [1881.]*

My dear NORTON,

I send you along with this Letter Part II. of *Cædipus*, with some corrections or suggestions which I have been obliged to make in Pencil, because of the Paper blotting under the lightest Penwork. And, along with it, a preliminary Letter, which I believe I told you of also, addressed to your Initial: for I did not wish to compromise you even with yourself in such a Business. I know you will like it probably more than it deserves, and excuse its inroads on the Original, though you may, and probably will, think I might better have left it alone, or followed it more faithfully. As to those Students you tell me of who are meditating, or by this time may have accomplished, their Representation, they could only look on me as a Blasphemer....

It seems almost wrong or unreasonable of me to be talking thus of myself and my little Doings, when not only Carlyle has departed from us, but one, not so illustrious in Genius, but certainly not less wise, my dear old Friend of sixty years, James Spedding¹: whose name you will know as connected with Lord Bacon. To re-edit his Works, which did not want any such re-edition, and to vindicate his Character which could not be cleared, did this Spedding sacrifice forty years which he might well have given to accomplish much greater things; Shakespeare, for one. But Spedding had no sort of Ambition, and liked to be kept at one long work which he knew would not glorify himself. He was the wisest man I have known: not the less so for plenty of the Boy in him; a great sense of Humour, a Socrates in Life and in Death, which he faced with all Serenity so long as Consciousness lasted. I suppose something of him will reach America, I mean, of his Death, run over by a Cab and dying in St George's Hospital to which he was taken, and from which he could not be removed home alive. I believe that had Carlyle been alive, and but as well as he was three months ago, he would have insisted on being carried to the Hospital to see his Friend, whom he respected as he did few others. I have just got the Carlyle Reminiscences, which will take me some little time to read, impatient as I may be to read them. What I have read is of a stuff we can scarce find in any other Autobiographer: whether his Editor Froude has done quite well in publishing them as they are, and so soon, is another matter. Carlyle's Niece thinks, not quite. She sent me a Pipe her Uncle had used, for Memorial. I had asked her for the Bowl, and an Inch of stem, of one

¹ Spedding died on March 9.

of the Clay Pipes such as I had smoked with him under that little old Pear Tree in his Chelsea garden many an Evening. But she sent me a small Meerschaum which Lady Ashburton had given him, and which he used when from home.

To S. Laurence.

March 13/81.

My dear LAURENCE,

It was very very good of you to think of writing to me at all on this occasion¹: much more, writing to me so fully, almost more fully than I dared at first to read: though all so delicately and as you always write. It is over! I shall not write about it. He was all you say.

So I turn to myself! And that is only to say that I am much as usual: here all alone for the last six months, except a two days visit to London in November to see Mrs Kemble, who is now removed from Westminster to Marshall Thompson's Hotel Cavendish Square: and Mrs Edwards who is naturally better and happier than a year ago, but who says she never should be happy unless always at work. And that work is taking off impressions of yet another—and I believe last—batch of her late Husband's Etchings. I saw and heard nothing else than these two Ladies: and some old Nurseys at St John's Wood: and dear Donne, who was infirmer than when I had seen him before, and, I hear, is infirmer still than when I saw him last.

By the by, I began to think my own Eyes, which were blazed away by Paraffin some dozen years ago, were going out of me just before Christmas. So for the two dreary months which followed I could scarce read or write. And as yet I am obliged to use them tenderly: only too glad to find that

¹ The death of Spedding.

they are better; and not quite going (as I hope) yet. I think they will light me out of this world with care. On March 31 I shall enter on my seventy-third year: and none of my Family reaches over seventy-five.

When I was in London I was all but tempted to jump into a Cab and just knock at Carlyle's door, and ask after him, and give my card, and—run away....

The cold wind will not leave us, and my Crocuses do not like it. Still I manage to sit on one of those Benches you may remember under the lee side of the hedge, and still my seventy-third year approaches.

To Miss Anna Biddell.

March 1881.

I can only say of Carlyle what you say; except that I do not find the style 'tiresome' any more than I did his Talk: which it is, only put on Paper, quite fresh, from an Individual Man of Genius, unlike almost all Autobiographic Memoirs. I doubt not that he wrote it by way of some Employment, as well as (in his Wife's case) some relief to his Feelings....

I did not know that I should feel Spedding's Loss as I do, after an interval of more than twenty years [since] meeting him. But I knew that I could always get the Word I wanted of him by Letter, and also that from time to time I should meet with some of his wise and delightful Papers in some Quarter or other. He talked of Shakespeare, I am told, when his Mind wandered. I wake almost every morning feeling as if I had lost something, as one does in a Dream: and truly enough, I have lost *him*. 'Matthew is in his Grave &c.'

To Mrs Kemble.

[20 March, 1881.]

My dear LADY,

I have let the Full Moon pass because I thought you had written to me so lately, and so kindly, about our lost Spedding, that I would not call on you so soon again. Of him I will say nothing except that his Death has made me recall very many passages in his Life in which I was partly concerned. In particular, staying at his Cumberland Home along with Tennyson in the May of 1835. 'Voilà bien longtemps de ça!' His Father and Mother were both alive: he, a wise man, who mounted his Cob after Breakfast and was at his Farm till Dinner at two; then away again till Tea: after which he sat reading by a shaded lamp: saying very little, but always courteous and quite content with any company his Son might bring to the house, so long as they let him go his way: which indeed he would have gone whether they let him or no. But he had seen enough of Poets not to like them or their Trade: Shelley, for a time living among the Lakes: Coleridge at Southey's (whom perhaps he had a respect for—Southey I mean); and Wordsworth whom I do not think he valued. He was rather jealous of 'Jem', who might have done available service in the world, he thought, giving himself up to such Dreamers; and sitting up with Tennyson conning over the *Morte d'Arthur*, Lord of Burleigh, and other things which helped to make up the two volumes of 1842. So I always associate that Arthur Idyll with Basanthwaite Lake and Skiddaw. Mrs Spedding was a sensible, motherly Lady, with whom I used to play Chess of a Night. And there was an old Friend of hers, Miss Bristowe, who always reminded me of Miss La Creevy if you know of such a person in Nickleby.

At the end of May we went to lodge for a week at Windermere, where Wordsworth's new volume of *Yarrow Revisited* reached us. W. was then at his home: but Tennyson would not go to visit him: and of course I did not: nor even saw him.

You have, I suppose, the *Carlyle Reminiscences*: of which I will say nothing except that much as we outsiders gain by them, I think that, on the whole, they had better have been kept unpublished, for some while at least.

To W. F. Pollock.

[1881.]

My dear POLLOCK,

Thank you for your kind Letter; which I forwarded, with its enclosure to Thompson, as you desired.

If Spedding's Letters, or parts of them, would not suit the Public, they would surely be a very welcome treasure to his Friends. Two or three pages of Biography would be enough to introduce them to those who knew him less long and less intimately than ourselves: and all who read would be the better, and the happier, for reading them.

I am rather surprised to find how much I dwell upon the thought of him, considering that I had not refreshed my Memory with the sight or sound of him for more than twenty years. But all the past (before that) comes upon me: I cannot help thinking of him while I wake; and when I do wake from Sleep, I have a feeling of something lost, as in a Dream, and it is J. S.

I suppose that Carlyle amused himself, after just losing his Wife, with the Records he has left: what he says of her seems a sort of penitential glorification: what of others, just enough in general: but in neither case to be made public, and so immediately after his Decease.... I keep wondering

what J. S. would have said on the matter: but I cannot ask him now, as I might have done a month ago....

Dear old Jem! His loss makes one's Life more dreary, and 'en revanche' the end of it less regretful.

To Mrs Alfred Tennyson.

WOODBIDGE: *March 22, [1881.]*

My dear MRS TENNYSON,

It is very, very [good] of you to write to me, even to remember me. I have told you before why I did not write to any other of your Party, as I might occasionally wish to do for the sake of asking about you all: the task of answering my Letter was always left to you: and I did not choose to put you to that trouble. Laurence had written me some account of his Visit to St George's: all Patience: only somewhat wishful to be at home: somewhat weary with lying without Book, or even Watch, for company. What a Man! as in Life so in Death, which, as Montaigne says, proves what is at the bottom of the Vessel. I had not seen him for more than twenty years, and should never have seen him again, unless in the Street, where Cabs were crossing! He did not want to see me; he wanted nothing, I think: but I was always thinking of him, and should have done till my own Life's end, I know. I only wrote to him about twice a year: he only cared to answer when one put some definite Question to him: and I had usually as little to ask as to tell. I was thinking that, but for that Cab, I might even now be asking him what I was to think of his Cousin Froude's Carlyle Reminiscences. I see but one Quotation in the Book, which is 'of the Days that are no more,' which clung to him when his Sorrow came, as it will to many and many who will come after him.

I certainly hope that some pious and judicious hand will gather, and choose from our dear Spedding's Letters: no fear of indelicate personality with him, you know: and many things which all the world would be the wiser and better for. Archdeacon Allen sent me the other day a Letter about Darwin's Philosophy, so wise, so true, so far as I could judge, and, though written off, all fit to go as it was into Print, and do all the World good.¹...

It was fine too of Carlyle ordering to be laid among his own homely Kindred in the Village of his Birth: without Question of Westminster Abbey. So think I, at least. And dear J. S. at Mirehouse where your Husband and I stayed, very near upon fifty years ago, in 1835 it was, in the month of May, when the Daffodil was out in a field before the house, as I see them, though not in such force, owing to cold winds, before my window now. Does A. T. remember them?

To Mrs Kemble.

[April, 1881.]

My dear MRS KEMBLE,

Somewhat before my usual time, you see; but Easter comes, and I shall be glad to hear if you keep it in London, or elsewhere. Elsewhere there has been no inducement to go until To day: when the Wind though yet East has turned to the Southern side of it; one can walk without any wrapper; and I dare to fancy we have turned the corner of Winter at last. People talk of changed Seasons: only yesterday I was reading in my dear old Sévigné, how she was with the Duke and Duchess of Chaulnes at their Chateau of Chaulnes in Picardy all but two hundred years ago: that is in 1689: and the green has

¹ Printed in the Life of Archdeacon Allen by Prebendary Grier, pp. 35—37.

not as yet ventured to shew its 'nez' nor a Nightingale to sing. You see that I have returned to her as for some Spring Music, at any rate. As for the Birds, I have nothing but a Robin who seems rather pleased when I sit down on a Bench under an old Ivied Pollard, where I suppose he has a Nest, poor little Fellow. But we have terrible Superstitions about him here; no less than that he always kills his Parents if he can: my young Reader is quite determined on this head: and there lately has been a Paper in some Magazine to the same effect.

My dear old Spedding sent me back to old Wordsworth too, who sings (his best songs I think) about the Mountains and Lakes they were both associated with: and with a quiet feeling he sings that somehow comes home to me more than ever it did before.

As to Carlyle, I thought on my first reading that he must have been *égaré* at the time of writing: a condition which I well remember saying to Spedding long ago that one of his temperament might likely fall into. And now I see that Mrs Oliphant hints at something of the sort. Her's I think an admirable Paper¹: better than has yet been written, or (I believe) is likely to be written by any one else....I must think Carlyle's judgments mostly, or mainly, true; but that he must have 'lost his head' if not when he recorded them, yet when he left them in any one's hands to decide on their publication. Especially when not about Public Men, but about their Families. It is slaying the Innocent with the Guilty. But of all this you have doubtless heard in London more than enough. 'Pauvre et triste Humanité!' One's heart opens again to him at the last: sitting alone in the middle of her Room. 'I want to die.' 'I want—a Mother.' 'Ah mamma Letizia!' Napoleon is

¹ In Macmillan's Magazine for April 1881.

said to have murmured as he lay. By way of pendant to this recurs to me the Story that when Ducis was wretched his Mother would lay his head on her Bosom—‘Ah, mon homme! mon pauvre homme!’...

And now I have written more than enough for yourself and me: whose Eyes may be the worse for it to-morrow. I still go about in Blue Glasses, and flinch from Lamp and Candle. Pray let me know about your own Eyes, and your own Self; and believe me always sincerely yours

LITTLEGRANGE.

May 8, [1881].

If still at Leamington, you look upon a sight which I used to like well; that is, the blue Avon (as in this weather it will be) roaming through buttercup meadows all the way to Warwick; unless those meadows are all built over since I was there some forty years ago....

I am got back to my Sévigné! who somehow returns to me in Spring, fresh as the Flowers. These latter have done but badly this Spring: cut off or withered by the Cold: and now parched up by this blazing Sun and dry Wind.

From another letter in the same year.

It has been what we call down here ‘smurring’ rather than raining, all day long, and I think that Flower and Herb already show their gratitude. My Blackbird (I think it is the same I have tried to keep alive during the Winter) seems also to have ‘wetted his Whistle,’ and what they call the ‘Cuckoo’s mate’ with a rather harsh scissor note announces that his Partner may be on the wing to these Latitudes. You will hear of him at Mr W. Shakespeare’s, it may be¹.

¹ Mrs Kemble was at Leamington.

There must be Violets, white and blue, somewhere about where he lies, I think. They are generally found in a Churchyard, where also (the Hunters used to say) a Hare: for the same reason of comparative security I suppose.

To Miss S. F. Spedding.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

July|81.

...As I am so very little known to yourself, or your Mother, I did not choose to trouble you with any of my own feelings about your Uncle's Death. But I am not sorry to take this opportunity of saying, and, I know, truly, there was no one I loved and honoured more; that, though I had not seen him for more than twenty years, I was always thinking of him all the while: always feeling that I could apply to him for a wise word I needed for myself; always knowing that I might light upon some wiser word than any one else's in some Review &c. and *now* always thinking I have lost all that. I say that I have not known, no, nor heard of, any mortal so prepared to step unchanged into the better world we are promised—Intellect, and Heart, and such an outer Man to them as I remember.

WOODBRIDGE: *July* 31, [1881].

...I rejoice to hear of a Collection, or Reprint, of his stray works...I used to say he wrote "Virgilian Prose." One only of his I did not care for; but that, I doubt not, was because of the subject, not of the treatment: his own printed Report of a Speech he made in what was called the "Quinquaginta Club" Debating Society (not the Union) at Cambridge about the year 1831. This Speech his Father got him to recall and re-compose in Print; wishing always that his Son should turn his faculties to such public Topics

rather than to the Poets, of whom he had seen enough in Cumberland not to have much regard for: Shelley for one, at one time stalking about the mountains with Pistols, and other such Vagaries. I do not think he was much an Admirer of Wordsworth (I don't know about Southey), and I well remember that when I was at Merehouse (as Miss Bristowe would have us call it) with A. Tennyson in 1835, Mr Spedding grudged his Son's giving up much time and thought to consultations about Morte d'Arthur's, Lords of Burleigh, &c. which were then in MS. He more than once questioned me, who was sometimes present at the meetings: 'Well, Mr F., and what is it? Mr Tennyson reads, and Jem criticizes:—is that it?' &c. This, while I might be playing Chess with dear Mrs Spedding, in May, while the Daffodils were dancing outside the Hall door.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. *August 5/81.*

My dear NORTON,

I am sorry that you felt bound to write me so fully about the Play when, as you tell me, you had so much other work on your hands. Any how, do not trouble yourself to write more. If you think my Version does as well, or better, without any introduction, why, tear that out; all, except (if you like the Verse well enough to adopt it) the first sentence of Dedication to yourself: adding your full name and Collegiate Honours whenever you care so to do.

Your account of your Harvard original in the Atlantic Monthly was quite well fitted for its purpose: a general account of it for the general reader, without going into particulars which only the Scholar would appreciate.

I believe I told you that thirty years ago at least I advised our Trinity's Master, then only Greek Professor, to

do the like with one of the Greek Tragedies, in what they call their Senate-house, well fitted for such a purpose. But our Cambridge is too well fed, and slow to stir; and I not important enough to set it a-going.

By the way, I have been there for two days; not having seen the place for those same thirty years, except in passing through some ten years ago to Naseby Field, for the purpose of doing Carlyle's will in setting up a memorial Stone with his Inscription upon it. But the present owners of the Place would not consent: and so that simple thing came to nothing.

Well, I went again, as I say, to Cambridge a month ago; not in my way to Naseby, but to my friend George Crabbe's (Grandson of my Poet) in Norfolk. I went because it was Vacation time, and no one I knew up except Cowell and Aldis Wright. Cowell, married, lives in pleasant lodging with trees before and behind, on the skirts of the town; Wright, in 'Neville's Court,' one side of which is the Library, all of Wren's design, and (I think) very good. I felt at home in the rooms there, walled with Books, large, and cool: and I was lionized over some things new to me, and some that I was glad to see again. Now I am back again, without any design to move; not even to my old haunts on our neighbouring Sea-coast. The inland Verdure suits my Eyes better than glowing sand and pebble: and I suppose that every year I grow less and less desirous of moving.

I will scarce touch upon the Carlyle Chapter: except to say that I am sorry Froude printed the *Reminiscences*; at any rate, printed them before the *Life* which he has begun so excellently in the "Nineteenth Century" for July. I think one can surely see there that Carlyle might become somewhat crazed, whether by intense meditation or Dyspepsy or both: especially as one sees that his dear good Mother was so

afflicted. But how beautiful is the Story of that home, and the Company of Lads travelling on foot to Edinburgh; and the monies which he sends home for the paternal farm: and the butter and cheese which the Farm returns to him. Ah! it is from such training that strength comes, not from luxurious fare, easy chairs, cigars, Pall Mall Clubs &c. It has all made me think of a very little Dialogue¹ I once wrote on the matter, thirty years ago and more, which I really think of putting into shape again: and, if I do, will send it to you, by way of picture of what our Cambridge was in what I think were better days than now. I see the little tract is overdone and in some respects in bad taste as it is. Now, do not ask for this, nor mention it as if it were of any importance whatsoever: it is not, but if pruned &c., just a pretty thing, which your Cambridge shall see if I can return to it.

By the by, I had meant to send you an emendation of a passage in my *Tyrannus* which you found fault with. I mean where *Œdipus*, after putting out his eyes, talks of seeing those in Hades he does not wish to see. I knew it was not Greek: but I thought that a note would be necessary to explain what the Greek was: and I confess I do not care enough for their Mythology for that. But, if you please, the passage (as I remember it) might run:

‘Eyes &c.

Which, having seen such things, henceforth, he said,
Should never by the light of day behold
Those whom he loved, nor in the after-dark
Of Hades, those he loathed, to look upon.’

All this has run me into a third *screed*, you see: a word we used at School, only calling it ‘*screet*’—“I say, do lend me a *screet* of paper,” meaning, a quarter of a foolscap sheet.

¹ Euphranor.

WOODBRIDGE. *Jan.* 18/82.

My dear NORTON,

At last I took heart, and Eyes, to return to the *Œdipus* of this time last year; and have left none of your objections unattended to, if not all complied with. Not but that you may be quite as right in objecting as I in leaving things as they were: but as I believe I said (right or wrong) a little obscurity seems to me not amiss in certain places, provided enough is left clear, I mean in matter of Grammar &c. But I see that you have good reason to object in other cases: and, on looking at the Play again, I also discover more, too many perhaps to have heart or Eyes to devote to their rectification. The Paper on which the second Part is printed will not endure Ink, which also daunts me: nevertheless, I send you a Copy pencilled, rather than references and alterations written by way of Letter: I hope the least trouble to you of either Alternative....

I scarcely know what I have written, but I know it must be bad MS.; all which I ought in good manners to rectify, or re-write. I think you in America think more of Calligraphy than we here do: a really polite accomplishment, I always maintain: and yet '*deteriora sequor.*' But you know that my eyes are not very active: and now my hand is less than usually so, possessed as I am with a Devil of a Chill (in spite, or in consequence, of warm wet weather) attended with something of Bronchitis, I think....

I forget if I told you in my last of my surprising communication with the Spanish Ambassador who sent me the Calderon medal, I doubt not at Mr Lowell's instance. But I think I must have told you. Cowell came over to me here on Monday: he, to whom a Medal is far more due than to me; always reading, and teaching, Calderon at

Cambridge now (as he did to me thirty years ago), in spite of all his Sanskrit Duties. I wish I could send him to you across the Atlantic, as easily as Arbuthnot once bid Pope 'toss Johnny Gay' to him over the Thames. Cowell is greatly delighted with Ford's '*Gatherings in Spain*', a Supplement to his Spanish Handbook, and in which he finds, as I did, a supplement to Don Quixote also. If you have not read, and cannot find, the Book, I will toss it over the Atlantic to you, a clean new Copy, if that be yet procurable, or my own second-hand one in default of a new...

To Mrs Kemble.

[Jan. 1882.]

I see my poor little Aconites—'New Year's Gifts'—still surviving in the Garden-plot before my window: 'still surviving,' I say, because of their having been out for near a month ago. I believe that Messrs Daffodil, Crocus and Snowdrop are putting in appearance above ground, but (old Coward) I have not put my own old Nose out of doors to look for them. I read (Eyes permitting) the Correspondence between Goethe and Schiller (translated) from 1798 to 1806, extremely interesting to me, though I do not understand, and generally skip, the more purely Æsthetic Parts: which is the Part of Hamlet, I suppose. But in other respects, two such men so freely discussing together their own, and each other's, works interest me greatly. At night, we have the Fortunes of Nigel; a little of it, and not every night: for the reason that I do not wish to eat my Cake too soon. The last night but one I sent my Reader to see Macbeth played by a little Shakespearian company at a Lecture Hall here. He brought me one new Reading; suggested, I doubt not by himself, from a remembrance of

Macbeth's tyrannical ways: 'Hang out our *Gallows* on the outward walls.' Nevertheless, the Boy took great Interest in the Play, and I like to encourage him in Shakespeare rather than in the Negro Melodists.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. Jan. 25/82.

My dear NORTON,

I forgot in my last letter to beg you not to write for the mere purpose of acknowledging the revised *Edipus* who was to travel along with it. You know that I am glad to hear from you at any time when you are at leisure, not otherwise; and I shall take for granted that you think my alterations are improvements, so far as they go. And that is enough.

I herewith enclose you a sort of Choral Epilogue for the second Part, which you can stick in or not as you will. I cannot say much for it: but it came together in my head after last writing to you, while I was pacing up and down a Landing-place in my house, to which I have been confined for the last ten days by a Bronchial Cold. But for which I should have been last week in London for the purpose of seeing a very dear old, coævally old, Friend¹, who has been gradually declining in Body and Mind for the last three years.

Yours always sincerely

LITTLEGRANGE.

¹ Nearly two years before, 21 March 1880, FitzGerald wrote to Professor Cowell: 'My dear Donne (who also was one object of my going) seemed to me feebler in Body and Mind than when I saw him in October: I need not say, the same Gentleman. Mrs Kemble says that he, more than any one she has known, is the man to do what Boccaccio's Hero of the Falcon did.' This was said, Mrs Kemble informs me, by her sister Mrs Sartoris.

To H. Schütz Wilson.

[1 March, 1882.]

My dear SIR,

I must thank you sincerely for your thoughts about *Salámán*, in which I recognize a good will toward the Translator, as well as liking for his work.

Of course your praise could not but help that on: but I scarce think that it is of a kind to profit so far by any review as to make it worth the expense of Time and Talent you might bestow upon it. In Omar's case it was different: he sang, in an acceptable way it seems, of what all men feel in their hearts, but had not had exprest in verse before: *Jámi* tells of what everybody knows, under cover of a not very skilful Allegory. I have undoubtedly improved the whole by boiling it down to about a Quarter of its original size; and there are many pretty things in it, though the blank Verse is too Miltonic for Oriental style.

All this considered, why did I ever meddle with it? Why, it was the first Persian Poem I read, with my friend Edward Cowell, near on forty years ago: and I was so well pleased with it then (and now think it almost the best of the Persian Poems I have read or heard about), that I published my Version of it in 1856 (I think) with Parker of the Strand. When Parker disappeared, my unsold Copies, many more than of the sold, were returned to me; some of which, if not all, I gave to little Quaritch, who, I believe, trumpeted them off to some little profit: and I thought no more of them.

But some six or seven years ago that Sheikh of mine, Edward Cowell, who liked the Version better than any one else, wished it to be reprinted. So I took it in hand, boiled it down to three-fourths of what it originally was,

and (as you see) clapt it on the back of Omar, where I still believed it would hang somewhat of a dead weight; but *that* was Quaritch's look-out, not mine. I have never heard of any notice taken of it, but just now from you: and I believe that, say what you would, people would rather have the old Sinner alone. Therefore it is that I write all this to you. I doubt not that any of your Editors would accept an Article from you on the Subject, but I believe also they would much prefer one on many another Subject: and so probably with the Public whom you write for.

Thus 'liberavi animam meam' for your behoof, as I am rightly bound to do in return for your Goodwill to me.

As to the publication of my name, I believe I could well dispense with it, were it other and better than it is. But I have some unpleasant associations with it: not the least of them being that it was borne, Christian and Surname, by a man who left College just when I went there¹.... What has become of him I know not: but he, among other causes, has made me dislike my name, and made me sign myself (half in fun, of course,) to my friends, as now I do to you, sincerely yours

(THE LAIRD OF) LITTLEGRANGE

where I date from.

To C. E. Norton.

March 7, [1882].

My dear NORTON,

You will receive by Post a volume of Translation of Dante's Inferno by Musurus Pasha into Modern Greek. I was so much interested in a quotation from it in our 'Academy' that I bought it for myself, and subsequently

¹ Edward Marlborough FitzGerald.

thought that a copy might be acceptable to you, loving both Greek and Dante as you do. Had not I bidden the London Publishers to send it direct to you, I should have written your name and my own on the fly-leaf. But you can do this for us both.

I have not as yet read much of it: for my Eyes are impatient of the Greek letter; but the Language comes out before me as the worthiest representative of the Italian: provided it be pronounced as we have learned to pronounce it, not as the modern Greek man is said to do. I always maintain that a Language is apt to sound better from a Foreigner, who idealises the pronunciation. As to the structure of the language, I doubt that I may prefer the modern to the ancient because of being cleared of many *μεν, δε, &c.* particles. I think I shall send a Copy to Professor Goodwin. This is nearly all that I have to send across the Atlantic to-day, which reminds me that I have just been quoting (in a little thing¹ I may send you),

‘The fleecy Star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic Seas.’

What a Line!

...It is, I think, worth your while to look at Dean Stanley's Volume of Bishop Thirlwall's Letters; nay, even Dean Perowne's earlier volume, if but to show how the pedantic Boy grew into the large-hearted Man, and even Bishop: but, from the first, always sincere, just, and not pretentious. I remember him at Cambridge: he, Fellow and Tutor, and I undergraduate: and he took a little fancy to me, I think.

¹ Euphranor, referred to in the following letters.

To Hallam Tennyson.

WOODBIDGE. *May 28 [1882.]*

My dear HALLAM,

I believe I ought to be ashamed of reviving the little thing which accompanies this Letter. My excuse must be that I have often been askt for a copy when I had no more to give; and a visit to Cambridge last summer, to the old familiar places, if not faces, made me take it up once more and turn it into what you now see. I should certainly not send a copy to you, or yours, but for what relates to your Father in it. He did not object, so far as I know, to what I said of him, though not by name, in a former Edition; but there is more of him in this, though still not by name, nor, as you see, intended for Publication. All of this you can read to him, if you please, at pp. 25 and 56. I do not ask him to say that he approves of what is said, or meant to be said, in his honour; and I only ask you to tell me if he disapproves of its going any further. I owed you a letter in return for the kind one you sent me; and, if I do not hear from you to the contrary, I shall take silence, if not for consent, at least not for prohibition. I really did, and do, wish my first, which is also my last, little work to record, for a few years at least, my love and admiration of that dear old Fellow, my old Friend.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. *June 9/82.*

My dear NORTON,

I told you, I think, but I scarce know when, that I would send you a very little Tract of mine written forty years ago; and reformed into its present shape in

consequence of copies being askt for when I had none to give. So a few days at Cambridge last Summer, among the old places, though not faces, set me off. 'Et voilà qui est fait,' and posted to you along with this Letter, together with a Copy for Professor Goodwin. The first and last of my little works: and I do think a pretty specimen of 'chisell'd Cherry-stone.' Having which opinion myself, I more than ever deprecate any word of praise from any to whom I send it. Nay, I even assume beforehand that you will like it too: and Professor Goodwin also (so do not let him write): as my little tribute to my own old Cambridge sent to you in your new. I think I shall send it to Mr Lowell too. So you see that I need no compliment, no, nor even acknowledgment of it...

And now here is enough written. And yet I will enclose some pretty Verses¹, some twenty years old, which I sent to 'Temple Bar,' which repaid me (as I deserved) with a dozen copies. And I am always truly yours

LITTLEGRANGE THE LAIRD.

Longfellow and Emerson²!

WOODBIDGE. *July 13/82.*

My dear NORTON:—

Here is a speedy reply to your kind Letter. For I wish to say at once that when Froude has done what he wants with my Carlyle Papers, you shall have them to do the like. He thought (as I anticipated) that he could use but two or three of the Letters, as you will also guess from the scheme and compass of his Biography, as given in the

¹ Virgil's Garden, printed in Temple Bar for April, 1882.

² Longfellow died 26 March, and Emerson 27 April, 1882.

Letter which I enclose along with this ; but, as I bade him use what he saw good, and keep the Papers as long as convenient to him, I cannot as yet ask him, how much, nor how long. When I think I may properly do so, I will: and shall be very glad that you should have them under like conditions. You know that they chiefly concern Naseby, which might do for an Episode, or separate Item, in your Book, though not for Froude's; I should also think the Letters about that Squire business would be well to clear somewhat up: but that can scarcely be done unless by vindicating Squire's honesty at the expense of his sanity: and, as I have no reason to suppose but he is yet alive, I know not how this can be decently done. Froude says he cannot see his way into the truth further than Carlyle's printed Article on the subject goes: but I think Carlyle must have told him his conviction (whatever it was) some time during their long acquaintance. Perhaps, however, he was too sick of what he thought an unimportant controversy to endure any more talk about it. I am convinced, as from the first, that Squire's story was true; and the fragments of Cromwell's despatches genuine, though (as Critics pointed out) partially misquoted by a scatter-brained fellow, ignorant of the subject, and of the Writer.

To Mrs Kemble.

[August 1882].

My dear Mrs KEMBLE,

I have let the Full Moon go by, and very well she looked too, over the Sea by which I am now staying. Not at Lowestoft; but at the old extinguished Borough of Aldeburgh, to which as to other 'premiers Amours' I revert: where more than sixty years ago I first saw, and

first felt, the Sea; where I have lodged in half the houses since; and where I have a sort of traditional acquaintance with half the population: Clare Cottage is where I write from; two little rooms, enough for me; a poor civil woman pleased to have me in them....

The Carlyle 'Reminiscences' had long indisposed me from taking up the Biography. But when I began, and as I went on with that, I found it one of the most interesting of Books: and the result is that I not only admire and respect Carlyle more than ever I did: but even love him, which I never thought of before. For he loved his Family, as well as for so long helped to maintain them out of very slender earnings of his own; and, so far as these two volumes show me, he loved his wife also, while he put her to the work which he had been used to see his own Mother and Sisters fulfil, and which was suitable to the way of Life which he had been used to. His indifference to her sufferings seems to me rather because of Blindness than Neglect; and I think his Biographer has been a little too hard upon him on the Score of selfish disregard of her.

ALDEBURGH. *Sept. 1, [1882].*

My dear Mrs KEMBLE,

Still by the Sea, from which I saw The Harvest Moon rise for her three nights' Fullness. And to-day is so wet that I shall try and pay you my plenilunal due, not much to your satisfaction; for the Wet really gets into one's Brain and Spirits, and I have as little to write of as ever any Full Moon ever brought me. And yet, if I accomplish my letter, and 'take it to the Barber's' where I sadly want to go, and after being wrought on by him, post my letter, why, you will, by your Laws, be obliged to answer it. Perhaps you

may have a little to tell me of yourself in requital for the very little you have to hear of me.

I have made a new Acquaintance here. Professor Fawcett (Postmaster General, I am told) married a daughter of one Newson Garrett of this Place, who is also Father of your Doctor Anderson. Well, the Professor (who was utterly blinded by the Discharge of his Father's Gun some twenty or five and twenty years ago) came to this Lodging to call on Aldis Wright; and, when Wright was gone, called on me, and also came and smoked a Pipe one night here. A thoroughly unaffected, unpretending, man: so modest indeed that I was ashamed afterwards to think how I had harangued him all the Evening, instead of getting him to instruct me. But I would not ask him about his Parliamentary Shop: and I should not have understood his Political Economy: and I believe he was very glad to be talked to instead, about some of those he knew, and some whom I had known. And, as we were both in Crabbe's Borough, we talked of him: the Professor, who had never read a word, I believe, about him, or of him, was pleased to hear a little; and I advised him to buy the *Life* written by Crabbe's Son; and I would give him my abstract of the *Tales of the Hall*, by way of giving him a taste of the Poet's self.

Yes; you must read Froude's Carlyle above all things, and tell me if you do not feel as I do about it.... I regret that I did not know what the Book tells us while Carlyle was alive; that I might have loved him as well as admired him. But Carlyle never spoke of himself in that way. I never heard him advert to his Works and his Fame, except one day he happened to mention 'About the time when Men began to talk of me'.

WOODBIDGE. *Oct. 17, [1882].*

My dear Mrs KEMBLE,

I suppose that you are returned from the Loire by this time ; but as I am not sure that you have returned to the 'Hotel des Deux Mondes' whence you dated your last, I make bold once more to trouble Coutts with adding your Address to my Letter. I think I shall have it from yourself not long after. I shall like to hear a word about my old France, dear to me from childish associations, and in particular of the Loire, endeared to me by Sévigné ; for I never saw the glimmer of its waters myself...

I seems to me (but I believe it seems so every year) that our trees keep their leaves very long ; I suppose, because of no severe frosts or wind up to this time. And my garden still shows some Geranium, Salvia, Nasturtium, Great Convolvulus, and that grand African Marigold whose Colour is so comfortable to us Spanish-like Paddies. I have also a dear Oleander which even now has a score of blossoms on it, and touches the top of my little Green-house ; having been sent me when 'haut comme ça,' as Marquis Somebody used to say in the days of Louis XIV. Don't you love the Oleander ? So clean in its leaves and stem, as so beautiful in its flower ; loving to stand in water which it drinks up so fast. I rather worship mine.

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBIDGE. *October 20/82.*

My dear POLLOCK,

Pray let me hear how you and yours are after your Summer Holyday. I have been no further for mine

than Aldeburgh, an hour's Rail distance from here: there I got out boating &c. and I think became the more hearty in consequence: but my Bosom friend Bronchitis puts in a reminder every now and then, and, I suppose, will come out of his Closet, or Chest, when Winter sets in.

When I was at Aldeburgh, Professor Fawcett...came to see Aldis Wright who was with me there for a Day. When Wright was gone, the Professor came to smoke a Pipe (in his case a Cigar) with me. What a brave, unpretending Fellow! I should never have guessed that a notable man in any way. 'Brave' too I say because of his cheerful Blindness; for which I should never have forgiven my Father and his Gun. To see him stalking along the Beach, regardless of Pebble and Boulder, though with some one by his side to prevent his going quite to Sea! He was on the Eve of starting for Scotland—to fish—in the dear Tweed, I think; though he scarce seemed to know much of Sir Walter.

To S. Laurence.

LITTLEGRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

Nov. 8/82.

My dear LAURENCE,

It is long since I have heard from you: which means, long since I have written to you. But do not impute this to as long forgetfulness on my part. My days and years go on one so like another: I see and hear no new thing or person; and to tell you that I go for a month or a week to our barren coast, which is all the travel I have to tell of, you can imagine all that as easily as my stay at home, with the old Pictures about me, and often the old Books to read. I went indeed to London last February for

the sole purpose of seeing our Donne: and glad am I to have done so as I heard it gave him a little pleasure. That is a closed Book now. His Death¹ was not unexpected, and even not to be deprecated, as you know; but I certainly never remember a year of such havock among my friends as this: if not by Death itself, by Death's preliminary work and warning....I wonder to find myself no worse dealt with than by Bronchitis, bad enough, which came upon me last Christmas, hung upon me all Spring, Summer, and Autumn; and though comparatively dormant for the last three wet weeks (perhaps from repeated doses of Sea Air) gives occasional Signs that it is not dead, but, on the contrary, will revive with Winter. Let me hear at least how you have been, and how are; I shall not grudge your being all well.

Aldis Wright has sent me a very fine Photo of Spedding done from one of Mrs Cameron's of which a copy is at Trinity Lodge. It is so fine that I scarce know if it gives me more pleasure or pain to look at it. Insomuch that I keep it in a drawer, not yet able to make up my mind to have it framed and so hung up before me.

My good old Housekeeper has been (along with so many more) very ill, bedded for five or six weeks; only now able to get about again. I have this morning been scolding her for sending away a woman who came to do her work, without consulting me beforehand: she makes out that the woman wanted to go: I find the woman is very ready to return. 'These are my troubles, Mr Wesley,' as a Gentleman said to him when the Footman had put too much coal on the fire.

¹ 20 June, 1882.

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBIDGE. [1882.]

My dear POLLOCK,

...The Book which has really, and deeply, interested me, and quite against Expectation, is Froude's Carlyle Biography; which has (quite contrary to expectation also) not only made me honour Carlyle more, but even love him, which I had never taken into account before. In the Biography, Froude seems to me to treat his man with Candour and Justice: even a little too severe in attributing to systematic Selfishness what seems to me rather unreflecting neglect, Carlyle's relations to his Wife, whom, so far as we read, he loved. Of his Love for his own Family, his Generosity to them, and his sturdy refusal of help from others, one cannot doubt.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. Dec. 20, [1882].

My dear NORTON :—

...You may have read somewhere of an 'Ajax' at our Cambridge over here. Thirty years ago did I tell the Greek Professor (now Master of Trinity), 'Have a Greek Tragedy in (what you call) your Senate-house.' But I was not sufficiently important to stir up the 'Dons.' Cowell invited me to see and hear 'Ajax'; but I remained here, content to snuff at it from the Athenæum of England, not of Attica. And on the very day that Ajax fretted his hour on the stage, my two old Housekeepers were celebrating their Fiftieth, or Golden, wedding over a Bottle of Port wine in the adjoining room, though in that happier Catastrophe I did not further join.

Now, to end with myself; I have hitherto escaped any severe assault from my 'Bosom-Enemy,' Bronchitis, though he occasionally intimates that he is all safe in his Closet, and will reappear with the Butterflies, I dare say. 'Dici Beatus' let no one in this country boast till May be over.

'What you put off, and what you put on,
Never change till May be gone,'

says an old Suffolk Proverb concerning our Clothing. Five of my friendly contemporaries have been struck with Paralysis during this 1882: and here am I with only Bronchitis to complain of.

WOODBIDGE. *March 7/83.*

My dear NORTON,

I wrote to you some little while before Christmas, praying you, among other things, not to put yourself to the trouble of sending me your Emerson-Carlyle Correspondence, inasmuch as I could easily get it over here; and, by way of answer, your two Volumes reached me yesterday, safe and sound from over the Atlantic. I had not time (a strange accident with me) to acknowledge the receipt of them yesterday: but make all speed to do so, with all gratitude, to-day. As you are simply the Editor of the Book, I may tell you something of my thoughts on it by and by. I doubt not that I shall find Emerson's Letters the more interesting, because the newer, to me. The Portrait at the head of Vol. II. assures me that one will find only what is good in them.

...I was glad to find from Mozley's Oriel Reminiscences that Newman had been an admirer of my old Crabbe; and Mr L. Stephen has very kindly written out for me a passage from some late work, or Lecture, of Newman's own, in

which he says that, after fifty years, he read 'Richard's Story of his Boyhood,' in the Tales of the Hall, with the same delight as on its first appearance, and he considers that a Poem which thus pleases in Age as it pleased in Youth must be called (in the 'accidental' sense of the word, logically speaking) 'Classical.'

I owe this Courtesy on Mr Stephen's part to my having sent him a little Preface to my Crabbe, in which I contested Mr Stephen's judgment as to Crabbe's Humour: and I did not choose to publish this without apprizing him, whom I know so far as he is connected with the Thackerays. He replied very kindly, and sent me the Newman quotation I tell you of. The Crabbe is the same I sent you some years ago: left in sheets, except the few Copies I sent to friends. And now I have tacked to it a little Introduction, and sent forty copies to lie on Quaritch's counter: for I do not suppose they will get further. And no great harm done if they stay where they are....

One day you must write, and tell me how you and yours have fared through this winter. It has been a very mild, even, a warm, one over here; and I for my part have not yet had much to complain of in point of health thus far; no, not even though winter has come at last in Snow and Storm for the last three days. I do not know if we are yet come to the worst, so terrible a Gale has been predicted, I am told, for the middle of March. Yesterday morning I distinctly heard the Sea moaning some dozen miles away; and to-day, why, the enclosed little scrap¹, enclosed to me, will tell you what it was about,

¹ A newspaper cutting: 'ALDEBURGH. THE STORM. On Tuesday evening the tide ran over the Promenade, in many places the river and sea meeting. The cattle are all sent inland, and all the houses at Slaughden are evacuated.'

on my very old Crabbe's shore. It (the Sea) will assuredly cut off his old Borough from the Slaughden River-quay where he went to work, and whence he sailed in the 'Unity' Smack (one of whose Crew is still alive) on his first adventure to London. But all this can but little interest you, considering that we in England (except some few in this Eastern corner of it) scarce know more of Crabbe and his whereabouts than by name.

To W. F. Pollock.

[Easter, 1883].

My dear POLLOCK,

...Professor Norton sent me his Carlyle-Emerson—all to the credit of all parties, I think. I must tell the Professor that in my opinion he should have omitted some personal observations which are all fair in a private letter; as about Tennyson being of a 'gloomy' turn (which you know is not so), Thackeray's 'enormous appetite' ditto; and such mention of Richard Milnes as a 'Robin Redbreast' &c.; which may be less untrue, though not more proper to be published of a clever, useful, and amiable man, now living.

To C. E. Norton.

WOODBIDGE. May 12/83.

My dear NORTON,

Your Emerson-Carlyle of course interested me very much, as I believe a large public also. I had most to learn of Emerson, and that all good: but Carlyle came out in somewhat of a new light to me also. Now we have him in his Jane's letters, as we had seen something of him before in the Reminiscences: but a yet more tragic Story; so tragic

that I know not if it ought not to have been withheld from the Public: assuredly, it seems to me, ought to have been but half of the whole that now is. But I do not the less recognize Carlyle for more admirable than before—if for no other reason than his thus furnishing the world with weapons against himself which the World in general is glad to turn against him...

And, by way of finishing what I have to say on Carlyle for the present, I will tell you that I had to go up to our huge, hideous, London a week ago, on disagreeable business; which Business, however, I got over in time for me to run to Chelsea before I returned home at Evening. I wanted to see the Statue on the Chelsea Embankment which I had not yet seen: and the old No. 5 of Cheyne Row, which I had not seen for five and twenty years. The Statue I thought very good, though looking somewhat small and ill set-off by its dingy surroundings. And No. 5 (now 24), which had cost her so much of her Life, one may say, to make habitable for him, now all neglected, unswept, ungarnished, uninhabited

"TO LET". I cannot get it out of my head, the tarnished Scene of the Tragedy (one must call it) there enacted.

Well, I was glad to get away from it, and the London of which it was a small part, and get down here to my own dull home, and by no means sorry not to be a Genius at such a Cost. 'Parlons d'autres choses.'

I got our Woodbridge Bookseller to enquire for your Mr Child's Ballad-book; but could only hear, and indeed be shown a specimen, of a large Quarto Edition, *de luxe* I believe, and would not meddle with that. I do not love any unwieldy Book, even a Dictionary; and I believe that I am contented enough with such Knowledge as I have of the old

Ballads in many a handy Edition. Not but I admire Mr Child for such an undertaking as his; but I think his Book will be more for Great Libraries, Public or Private, than for my scanty Shelves at my age of seventy-five. I have already given away to Friends all that I had of any rarity or value, especially if over octavo.

By the way there was one good observation, I think, in Mrs Oliphant's superficial, or hasty, History of English 18th Century Literature, viz. that when the Beatties, Blacks, and other recognized Poets of the Day were all writing in a 'classical' way, and tried to persuade Burns to do the like, it was certain Old Ladies who wrote so many of the Ballads, which, many of them, have passed as ancient, 'Sir Patrick Spence' for one, I think.

Our Spring flowers have been almost all spoilt by Winter weather, and the Trees before my window only just now beginning to

'Stand in a mist of Green,'

as Tennyson sings. Let us hope their Verdure, late arrayed, will last the longer. I continue pretty well, with occasional reminders from Bronchitis, who is my established Brownie.

To S. Laurence.

WOODBIDGE. *Tuesday,*

[*June 12, 1883*].

My dear LAURENCE,

It is very kind of you to remember one who does so little to remind you of himself. Your drawing of Allen always seemed to me excellent, for which reason it was that I thought his Wife should have it, as being the Record of her husband in his younger days. So of the portrait of Tennyson which I gave his Wife. Not that I did

not value them myself, but because I did value them, as the most agreeable Portraits I knew of the two men; and, for that very reason, presented them to those whom they were naturally dearer to than even to myself. I have never liked any Portrait of Tennyson since he grew a Beard; Allen, I suppose, has kept out of that.

If I do not write, it is because I have absolutely nothing to tell you that you have not known for the last twenty years. Here I live still, reading, and being read to, part of my time; walking abroad three or four times a day, or night, in spite of wakening a Bronchitis, which has lodged like the household "Brownie" within; pottering about my Garden (as I have just been doing) and snipping off dead Roses like Miss Tox; and now and then a visit to the neighbouring Seaside, and a splash to Sea in one of the Boats. I never see a new Picture, nor hear a note of Music except when I drum out some old Tune in Winter on an Organ, which might almost be carried about the Streets with a handle to turn, and a Monkey on the top of it. So I go on, living a life far too comfortable as compared with that of better, and wiser men: but ever expecting a reverse in health such as my seventy-five years are subject to. What a tragedy is that of ——! So brisk, bright, good, a little woman, who seemed made to live! And now the Doctors allot her but two years longer at most, and her friends think that a year will see the End! And poor ——, tender, true, and brave! His letters to me are quite fine in telling about it. Mrs Kemble wrote me word some two or three months ago that he was looking very old: no wonder. I am told that she keeps up her Spirits the better of the two. Ah, Providence might have spared 'pauvre et triste Humanité' that Trial, together with a few others which (one would think) would have made no difference to its Supremacy.

‘Voilà ma petite protestation respectueuse à la Providence,’ as Madame de Sévigné says.

To-morrow I am going (for my one annual Visit) to G. Crabbe’s, where I am to meet his Sisters, and talk over old Bredfield Vicarage days. Two of my eight Nieces are now with me here in my house, for a two months’ visit, I suppose and hope. And I think this is all I have to tell you of

Yours ever sincerely

E. F. G.

This was in all probability the last letter FitzGerald ever wrote. On the following day, Wednesday, June 13, he went to pay his annual visit at Merton Rectory. On Friday the 15th I received from Mr Crabbe the announcement of his peaceful end: ‘I grieve to have to tell you that our dear friend Edward FitzGerald died here this morning [June 14]. He came last evening to pay his usual visit with my sisters, but did not seem in his usual spirits, and did not eat anything... At ten he said he would go to bed. I went up with him... At a quarter to eight I tapped at his door to ask how he was, and getting no answer went in and found him as if sleeping peacefully but quite dead. A very noble character has passed away.’ On the following Tuesday, June 19, he was buried in the little churchyard of Boulge, and the stone which marks his grave bears the simple inscription ‘Edward FitzGerald, Born 21 March 1809, Died 14 June 1883. It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves.’

For some time before his death he seems to have had a foreboding that the end was not far distant. In one of the last conversations I had with him, certainly during my last visit at Easter 1883, he spoke of his mother’s death, in its

suddenness very like his own, and at the same age. 'We none of us get beyond seventy-five,' he said. At this age his eldest brother had died, four years before. And in a letter to one of his nieces, after speaking of the fatal malady by which the wife of a dear friend was attacked, he added, 'It seems strange to me to be so seemingly alert—certainly, alive—amid such fatalities with younger and stronger people. But, even while I say so, the hair may break, and the suspended Sword fall. If it would but do so at once, and effectually !' Sixteen days later his wish was fulfilled.

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